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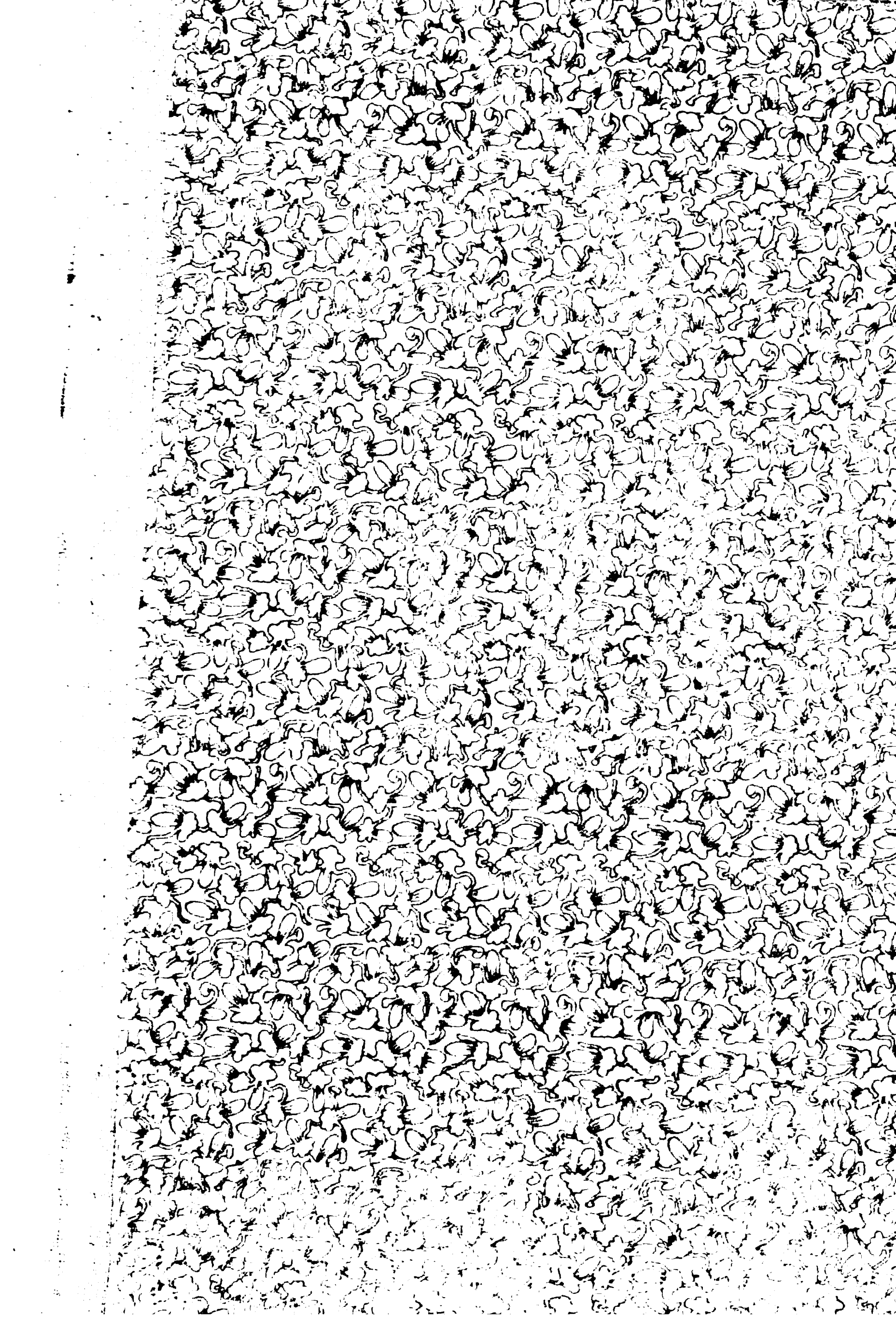
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The SPELL *of* SPAIN.

BY
Keith Clark

*"Be sure you tell me nothing but what is true,
or I shall tip thy wings."*

— MONTYMORE. (The Atlantic, N. Y.)



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TO
J. F. M.

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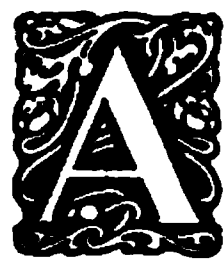
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THE SPELL OF SPAIN

CHAPTER I

KISMET!



ALL roads lead to Rome — even if it isn't Rome. As soon as Doña and I decided that the road should lead to Spain, everything that had ever come our way, everything that was coming our way, led to Spain. The Midas touch had come upon us; everything turned Spanish. Even our treasure, saved against just such another taking of the road, turned to Spanish gold.

It was inevitable. All things are inevitable, if you regard them so. Kismet is still kismet — as it was in the far-away days when we all read the Arabian Nights, expurgated.

Kismet! That was it. I think Doña and I

had no intention, no definite dated intention of going to Spain, until we saw Otis Skinner in "Kismet." That, for us, was fate. Here was an Arabian Night come true. We pinched ourselves to find if we were really not there when the Sultan's turret was struck with the first shaft of light, and Hajj awoke at the temple gate to plead for alms—"for the love of Allah, alms!" It was more like memory than like expectation. The street of the bazaar was irresistible; sometime we must bargain in such another street in that same world, with the same certainty that we should not come out superior in the bargaining at the end, and that the end would come more quickly to us than it did to Hajj, if less dramatically. Sometime we should know the perfumed bath of the harem, yes, even if we were compelled to take the fatal plunge of the Wazir. We should play the play ourselves, for a few nights out of the thousand and one, even if at the end we had to come back to the temple gate and to begging, that is to business, once more—for the love of Allah! Doña decided it was that last snore of Hajj's as the curtain went down that convinced her. She would take the road to Mecca at dawn.

"But you can't go to Mecca at dawn or any

other time," I protested. " Militancy has not assailed the mosque of the only true Prophet of Islam."

" I might go to Bagdad," temporized Doña.

" There isn't any Bagdad," I renigged. " Or, if there is, you must construct your own Bagdad out of your own Baedeker. It's even farther away to-day than it was a thousand and one years ago. You would have to find the Road to Yesterday."

" That is just what I was thinking," dreamed Doña. (I forgot to say that we were walking home from the play, through the lighted streets of the city, with a gibbous moon flaring on us theatrically at the street crossings.) " It can't be very far away. That very moon has seen it — ' here in Gotham, yonder late in Granada.' "

" ' Yon rising moon that looks for us in vain,' " I countered. " Doña, dear, if you must — "

" But I simply must," she interrupted. " ' On such a night as this — ' "

" ' Like Jessica, the pretty shrew? ' " I questioned.

" ' Slandered, my love! ' " she exclaimed. " Do you know that our very habit of bandying quotations, or coplas, back and forth is

Spanish? And 'I could outnight you' — but haven't you always intended going to Spain?"

"Spain!" I exclaimed, although by this time I am really accustomed to the tergiversations of Doña's mind, and I only exclaimed, and now register the exclamation, because it is what I should have done if I had not known and admired and relied on Doña's endless chain of thoughts.

Doña did not repeat. She always gives me time.

But I did repeat. "What's Spain to Arabia?"

"Spain was Arabia once in the old days of the Abdul Azwuzes. And boats, galleons, leave New York every week to carry tired moderns to Araby the Blest most comfortably. The Sultans themselves would envy our comfort."

"But why Spain?"

"Haven't you always wanted to go to Spain?" Doña pleaded in her best Arabian tones. "Back in the dear young days, when we were reading Arabian Nights and Washington Irving —"

"Doña, dear!" It always gives me a moment of sadness when I remember that I did not know Doña in the dear dead days beyond recall when we were exploring the world and

the roads of the world, as wonderful and magical to our childish realism as any Sultan's or Sultana's dream.

"Oh, but we were coming to the same place."

" 'To the high places where the paths meet,' " I murmured, daring the Good Book where the Koran might have been quoted.

"Don't you remember," she went on, "how

"Two shall be born the whole wide world apart;
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end —
That some day out of darkness they shall meet —
And go to Spain together! "

"Doña, darling, don't be sacrilegious."

"I'm not. It's like a sacrament, this seeing Spain with you after waiting many years. Why, it's been ten times a thousand and one nights since I built my first castle in Spain. I want to go and see how it looks after three Scheherazades have told off tales to their Arabian Men of Wrath. Will you not be merciful and bountiful to your slave? " Doña turned on me the face of an houri.

I knew I should go to Spain. But I did not

tell her at once. (Of course she knew. She had known it ever since it entered her head an hour before.)

We had let ourselves in at the gateway and had been drawn by magic up to the heights where our castle happened to be at the moment. Before the slave of the lamp lighted the room we stood together, looking out on the two star-sown skies, above and below, on the most magical city that has ever been since the palmy days of Bagdad.

“It’s almost wonderful enough not to want to go anywhere else,” murmured Doña. “But,” she finally turned resolutely away, “to-morrow there’ll be frock coats and bowlers, and tight skirts, if they are minarets, and — and hats like these.” She laid down her Paris chapeau with an air that expressed her disgust that it was not a mantilla. “And you’ll never go if I let you stand there looking out.”

With one sign to the slave of the lamp she had flooded the room with light. Idly she picked up a little book of Masefield we had been reading earlier in the evening. I felt that the conversation would surely be turned, for Masefield is a modern of the moderns. But I reckoned without a full comprehension of

Masefield and of fate. Doña began reading in a dreamy voice that sounded like murmuring fountains —

“ ‘ Spanish waters, Spanish waters, you are ringing in my ears,
Like a slow sweet piece of music from the gray forgotten years;
Telling tales and beating tunes and bringing weary thoughts to me,
Of the sandy beach at Muertos where I would that I could be.’ ”

“ Masefield,” Doña explained, “ always has gone where he would go. But it’s quite new to me that he cared so much about Spain. Except, of course, that every one cares about Spain.”

“ Every one does since you do, my dear Doña,” I amended. “ But, well, here’s the evening paper. In any event we shall find no hand of fate pointing toward Arabia here.” I picked up the *Evening Journal*, dated November 28, and began idly skimming the latest news of the world. On the editorial page I glanced through the reprint. Surely there was no refuge out of Islam! There ran the heading — “ Moslems Will Celebrate New Year’s Eve and Welcome 1331 To-night.”

I passed the fatal thing to Doña.

She looked at it, and then looked at me. "You notice it is 1331?" she asked, "thirteen going and coming." And she began to read it aloud to me.

"Allah is great. There is no God but Allah.

"From countless minarets in Asia and Europe this muezzin call will go up at eventide. With faces toward holy Mecca, with knees on prayer-rugs, the Moslems will bow down to-night, and chant the set phrases of their petitions to Allah and Mohammed his prophet, that they be granted the blessings of a prosperous and happy New Year. For this is New Year's Eve for the Moslems, and marks the passing of 1330, and the ushering in of the year 1331. In populous dirty cities, in towns and villages, and in the midst of deserts where only camel trains may penetrate, the faithful will to-night recite the prayers for the New Year.' "

Doña turned on me like indisputable destiny.

"Kismet!" I murmured.

"Kismet!" she murmured after me.

We determined to sail in April. Doña spent the winter literally between the covers of books on Spain. But it was after we had made our

decision of date that she read in that still fresh and vivid " Voyage en Espagne " that Gautier also started on his journey in April. It seemed more than ever that we were predestined.

I refused to blur any farther the blurry memories I retained from reading thirty years ago, when Spain was still the country it had been under the morose Philips. I knew I should be more contemporary with my own past and the Philipian past, if I refused the new information furnished by Marvaud, Dozy, Gayangos, Huart, Lemperez, and all the other correctionists. I wanted to see Don Quixote, Roland, the Cid, Don Juan, Figaro, Gil Blas, Hernani, Carmen, yes, and Alva and the Philips and Charles, Ferdinand, Boabdil and Hamet, in the full splendour of their Spanishness or their Moorishness.

I announced my position quite firmly. Having to go to Spain, willy nilly — I admit to you it was willy — I should know nothing more about Spain than Washington Irving, Theophile Gautier and George Borrow knew. " Nothing which has been said since I was born," was my Spanish attitude. And I thought it a proper Spanish attitude.

So Doña haunted the bookshops. She did

more than this. We could not take with us the library on Spain, which we were accumulating. From the "Koran" to the "Familiar Letters of James Howell," and the "Familiar Travels of William Dean Howells," we denied ourselves all.

But we should have to know some things, and know them on the spot. So I bought for Doña a leather-covered notebook of some size, the leather being as nearly Cordovan as I could discover in this Columbian country of deceit, and the paper fine and white like the palm of Zorayah. Doña transcribed to these pages such data and descriptions as we felt we must read on the spot, else we might as well not go to Spain, such information as the most Quixotic Dulcinea and Don would have to know. We would enter no poetry therein; that was the only bar. If, from our early familiarity with Byron, Bayard Taylor, George Eliot, Omar, Longfellow, Lockhart, DeMusset, Scott, and Victor Hugo, we did not remember, we should give ourselves no opportunity for remembering.

"Half-worn knowledge repaired while you wait," I criticized Doña's handiwork. "First aid to the injured memory. Quick notes for famished tourists."

“That’s his name,” Doña pronounced.
“Don Quicknotie! I don’t doubt he will tilt us a good lance at many a windmill. And, if you will play Sancho Panza, and carry nothing in the panniers of your donkey — ”

“If I do compel you to travel with a donkey — ”

We did not know then that from Dan to Beersheba, that is, from Tangier to San Sebastian, a donkey would never be out of sight, and never, never, out of sound.

It was evening and we were one night out from Gibraltar, out of the East, out of Spain. “Slowly, slowly, to the Northwest, Cape St. Vincent died away,” as the day died in the West across the thousands of miles of waters that surged between us and our concrete past.

We were moving along a deep-sea track on which a man had once fared forth alone, alone in his faith, while the men about him denied and well-nigh mutinied, to discover a world, a new world. Long before this, Phoenicians had stolen out of the gateway, and, hugging the Iberian coast, had made their way in frail craft as far north as Brittany and Britain. Before that, Hercules had come hither to get apples from the islands of the Hesperides, and to set

two great pillars as boundaries to men's adventuring.

And after that, and after all these, men had come forth bold, and ever more bold, but none more than those who followed proud Sidonia in the April days of 1588, when the Invincible Armada swept out and north, and swept fear into English hearts, until storms and the sea took up the wage of battle for the island nursing —

“On that great day when England's eyes
Wet with tempestuous joy beheld
Round her rough coasts the thundering main
Strewn with the ruined dream of Spain.”

Admiral and mariner, pirate and buccaneer, had been wrecked in the ruin of many a dream of Spain, until that last day, when the gallant Cervera, with as antiquated men o' war to meet modern dreadnoughts as Sidonia's would have been, but gallant nevertheless, made the last contending voyage that shall ever be made out of the ports of Spain, the last fructuate ghosts we shall meet on the sea highway running out of the Straits.

We were walking the deck as the night came down thick and dark on the ocean, as though it would spread a pall over those almost for-

gotten things, those heroics and non-heroics Doña and I were retelling.

“ But we meet none of our Moorish compatriots,” I complained. “ Never the dusk face of a follower of the Prophet on all the seas that I can see.” We paused to lean over the railing and peer into the African darkness.

“ You forget Sinbad the Sailor,” Doña corrected. “ But there’s something more subtle, more precious. Lift up your nose unto the airs. Do you not smell the smells of Araby the Blest, the odours from the Hesperides, frankincense and myrrh, spices and sandalwood, musk and myrtle, orange flowers and pomegranates? ”

“ Yes, but, after all, there may be something to the old hymn, ‘ What though the spicy breezes blow soft? ’ Even if we find that every prospect pleases, remember it is probably true to-day that ‘ only man is vile.’ He has been here so many thousands of years he may have grown a little careless in leaving things about.” I felt the premonition.

Doña tilted her nose a little higher, and sniffed a little more of the scented breeze, totally ignoring my last appeal for a remembrance of sanitary civilization. “ Oh, it comes over me like a breath from the South. And

to-morrow we shall be in Africa and Arabia and Andalusia! Surely Allah is great! ”

“ That reminds me,” I shifted my ground, that is, my deck, “ Disraeli also came in this way, back in the splendid idle thirties when he, too, was thirty and idle and romantic. Years after, when he was premier, a fellow who had travelled through the East with him, called on Dizzy, and, envying him his good fortune, complained — ‘ Who would have thought then that you’d ever be prime minister? ’ The cynical sufficient Dizzy said: ‘ Yes, as we used to say in the East, Allah is great; and now he’s greater than ever.’ ”

“ I wonder how it would seem,” said Doña thoughtfully, “ to come back and find that your god was not great, that Allah was not Allah.”

“ But we are not coming back, as I understand it; we are back; there is no Castile later than 1700, no Andalusia later than 1492.”

“ When did you dip in Don Quicknotie? ” was all the reward I had for my bold display of all the Spanish dates I know.

Next morning we picked up the coast of the strange continent. Instead of Browning’s “ bright planet rises over Africa,” we had a thick white mist lying close on every African

headland, through which a sun that promised to be glorious made increasingly successful efforts to pour down his golden tide. The ocean was placid, like an inland lake. It was surely never like this when the sailors from the inland sea peered curious prows out on its unbounded expanse, and timidly drew back.

I registered a critical footnote to history in Doña's ear. "If Vasco de Gama sailed on such a sea, by such a coast" — Africa began to reveal its golden sands alternating with green fields and broken by great promontories — "he deserves little credit for reaching and rounding the Cape of Good Hope."

Before the sea fog had entirely lifted it tore itself in great gossamer sheets against the headlands and settled thickly into deep-running inlets, where it piled white, deceiving and sky-like, adding to our uncertainty of Afric's shore. Cape Spartel, the great shoulder of Atlas, loomed through the purpling distance as the boat turned from the East — curving on the dark continent and made its way across the narrowing seas to Europe.

The brilliant full-facing sun had torn away every gossamer shred of mystery. The sun, or the winds of the desert as they come reminiscent from the Sahara, or the quality of the

soil, or the necessities of man, have stripped the sea-edge of Andalusia of trees; it rolls slowly back to the Sierra de la Luna, the European mountains of the Moon, and the foothills can scarce afford grazing for a Spanish goat.

“Somewhere, over there,” said Doña, indicating the coast farther west, “I can almost see it — was — is — the Victory.”

And, for the moment, we both forgot Spain and Arabia, remembering the little Nelson and the mighty Trafalgar.

“That surely is not a watch tower!” Doña’s tone implied that because we had for one moment ventured to forget our quest, it might be we could never retake Spain from the retaker, from the infidel, never capture even the sight of a Moorish watch tower. Through the clearing distance we had been coming upon a sea-lying town, and out of the mass of its low and ancient buildings, there rose something yellow and tall and tower-like, which finally revealed itself as a lighthouse.

“It’s Tarifa,” the Well-Informed Passenger told us.

“Tarifa,” murmured Doña. “I have always heard the Phœnicians kept their commerce secret. They didn’t believe in free trade.

I suppose they were the first Regular Republicans." But she looked so innocent, and the Well-Informed Passenger looked so grave, that I let it go.

"It is the most southern point of Europe," we heard the Well-Informed Passenger impressing a neighbour. And again we looked at Tarifa and agreed that it seemed utterly lacking in the self-consciousness due from so distinguished a point on the earth's surface. We were not even sure now that we should go there and disturb the ancient negligence, notwithstanding certain interesting customs of its people we had heard of.

"But here," cried Doña, after we had slipped northward from latitude 36, "here it is, true to the life, and to the death."

I looked up the green rising hill, and saw a square tower, square and squat and indubitably Moorish, still keeping watch over the Straits, although Boabdil has been gone five hundred years.

"Let's see if it could signal across," and Doña hurried me to the other side of the boat.

There on the African shore, topping the ripples of what we took to be the African Sierra de la Luna, the true Mountains of the Moon of our childhood, was not only one watch tower,

but five, set sharp against the sky, no doubt farther apart and more irregularly placed than they looked, and for more informing purposes. At the moment we caught them, the farther hill filled in the dips of the nearer, and the five *atalayas* were set regularly like up-turning pendants on the chain.

“ They are very wonderful,” said Doña. “ They say ‘ Moorish ’ more than I had hoped for. I don’t doubt they were built by Tarik to light his way when he first came to take Gibel-Tarik! ”

“ And, in the meantime, we are in danger of missing the first sight of the very rock where Tarik came to make his Gibel. It must be time to see Gibraltar, for it to disappoint us with its familiar lying lion and its strange lack of the familiar legend on the life insurance company.”

“ ‘ *L’aspect de Gibraltar depaysé tout à fait l’imagination,* ’ ” Doña remarked, without looking at her notebook. But even Baedeker finds that Gautier has said it for all time and quotes the lion metaphor. I had seen Gibraltar before, but never with Doña, and only when it seemed like a British way-station on the way to Italy. Now it meant the strange insolence of foreign occupation two hundred years old,

surely more insolent than ever Granada could have seemed to Ferdinand and Isabella before 1492; an insolence not lessened to-day by the remembrance that Great Britain offered Gibraltar as a bribe to Napoleon if he would not sell Florida to the United States, and Spain might have won it back on the expulsion of Napoleon from the Peninsula. Now it meant entrance into Arabian days and nights. Surely it would, *tout á fait*, suddenly project us through our imagination into another country.

The clear air of mid-forenoon let the lion loom larger and more potent than could be his wont in that often mist-veiled seascape. What it may have looked like to the Arab Tarik from the African shore we do not know, but we know it looked desirable, a "Kasaba," a fortress. Theophile Gautier saw it centuries afterward. He had an imagination as Oriental as though direct from Bagdad or Damascus in the palmy days, and to him it looked like an enormous sphinx — *un sphinx de granit enorme, gigantesque*. But in Gautier's day Britain possessed the Rock, and he saw it in its true proportions, its long lines undulating like those of a lion in repose — documentary evidence from the paleolithic age that its destiny was British.

“There’s nothing like it in all the world,” said Doña, as we were realizing its impregnability.

“Nothing at all,” I agreed, “except the rock cliffs of the island of Manhattan, and their appalling symbol of power. I suppose the Woolworth tower does lack a few feet of the height of Gibraltar, but as a symbol it competes nobly.” Then I hastened to obliterate any trace of appreciation for modern wonders, even their memory. “How long is it since we Arabs took the Rock?”

“711,” answered Doña promptly.

“Seven come eleven,” I murmured. “You might have known they came from Africa.”

The steamer anchored in the roads — Great Britain suspects travellers of subversive intentions toward the Rock — and our luggage and ourselves were transferred along with other luggage and other passengers, to the tender which should land us on British soil. All the large boats stop long enough at Gibraltar for weary sea legs to try themselves out on terra firma once more.

After hurried inquiry I had discovered that we could not go to our first station in Arabia, to Tangier, but every other day, and the boat had already gone to-day. So we spent the first

part of the afternoon exploring Waterport Street, where we at least found Merimée's comment still true, that you cannot take ten steps through the street without hearing ten languages spoken. It is surely the Tower of Babel, levelled to this narrow thoroughfare, and the faces and costuming match the babbling.

Impregnability is the quality of Gibraltar, the only one that appeals. Out of stubbornness, because it was British and not Arabic, we refused to interest ourselves in the scant portion of the galleries of the Rock to which the public is admitted. As Doña cynically remarked, "Why does Great Britain take the trouble to limit the traveller's stay? One day is too long."

Mid-afternoon found us down at the water-side, taking the boat to Algeciras, because we had nothing else to do, to-day or to-morrow.

The waterfront of the Spanish town was scarce more attractive. But we were in search of what Mr. Howells calls a "Kate Greenaway" hotel. When we found it, we scarcely believed it; it was too good to be true. White and rambling and irregular, green blinds without and patios within, set in the midst of a rose garden which would have done credit to Cali-

fornia on that fair April day; tea on the curving terrace with the Straits to the blue Mediterranean stretching out straight before us, down which we saw our late lamented steamer making its way toward the farther East—which is so much less the East; the Rock a pale gray across the five miles of bay; vague outlines of Africa to the southeast; and silver and porcelain and fine linen with real English tea and buttered bread and really truly Dundee cake magically changed to proper Arabian food in the hands of the tall, slender, pale-and-dark poetic Spanish waiter, whose dignity and graciousness seemed wasted in such service, but such perfect service.

It was quite too much.

We hurried back to Gibraltar, recapturing our trunks after paying for a night's lodging in which we were only too glad not to lodge, and returned to Algeciras on the last boat, exultant when we heard the night gun that shut out all the world and us, too; wiser and happier if poorer, and destined to be still poorer but still happier because of the royal Kate Greenaway.

Algeciras has some "points of interest," and I doubt not its quota of Spanish history. But it is chiefly distinguished as being oppo-

site to and the opposite of Gibraltar. We did little that long, lazy next day but idle and dream in the rose garden, and talk of Arabia, and tell ourselves we were really there — Here.

CHAPTER II

A NIGHT IN ARABIA

IT was Dumas who ventured the geography that Africa begins at the Pyrénées. Although he has been disdained by the Spaniards, who delude themselves into thinking that Spain is in Europe, and as we were to find later, he would have to admit to-day that at least Paris extends to its royal suburb Madrid, we felt that we could take no chances. We must conquer Spain from Africa, in the high Moorish fashion of Tarik.

The boats which run only every other day to Tangier, also run only every other day from Tangier. It is quite necessary to remain overnight. And quite just. Otherwise how could Tangier afford to maintain itself as the vitascope, the moving-picture show of Morocco and all things Moorish? And, as Doña and I have always declared, you can never really know a town, enter into it, unless you have slept there, or, at least, been there through a night. Many

a night I have seen her take a book to bed with her in order to know it better. And I have remarked next morning a more intimate familiarity. There must be something in the subconscious self and its nocturnal performances.

On which basis of comprehension you will declare that we had no right to an opinion of Gibraltar, and you are quite right, and welcome right.

No doubt more people would go to Tangier than do, it would be even more "the thing to do," if the little journey into darkest Africa could run from morning till evening. But for such people, why go at all? The moving-picture writes, and having writ moves on, to bring Tangier to your door without odours of Araby, or of the Soko, and for a small price.

The boat leaves for Tangier in the middle of the forenoon, or as soon or late thereafter as is her dallying Oriental pleasure, and reaches Tangier in time for luncheon. Thirty-six miles across the choppy Straits, in the Gibel-Musa, a boat so much smaller than the great ocean liner on which you were anciently riding these waters that you almost lose your untarnished record for unexpected sea-travel, and do entirely sympathize with the timorous mariners

of yore who saw the fast-running waters carrying them out to the edge where the ocean falls into infinity.

We were temerous, not timorous, mariners that day, for except that we knew the name of a hotel other than the one most frequented, we had started for Arabia without any guide but our historic confidence in genie.

There were other passengers, a dozen placed carefully in charge of a guide from the ubiquitous T. Cook, which guide only too plainly looked at us askance for not being with him, and looked at us curiously as wondering what could be our purpose and what would be our fate.

But, we soon met our fate. The guide books each insistently warn unsuspecting travellers that they should suspect every guide on the boat who offers his services. Every unattached guide, and every possible guide, appealed to us to employ him and showed us insinuating recommendations, letters numberless from travellers who had come and gone before us, leaving their testimonials behind. Each one had a certain amount of pigeon-toed English, perhaps in remembrance of that time when Tangier had been dowry to Charles Second's Catherine of Braganza (surely the apostrophe of possession

can be taken as a Pickwickian technical truth of history), and no doubt because of the exigencies of Gibraltar — “ Gib ” they call it, with American love of shortening syllabic labour.

I was examining the papers of one fine-looking, up-standing tribesman, who might have been descended from a Grand Vizier, and had almost decided to make terms with him when Doña interrupted and lost him the engagement.

“ It is quite certain — it is fate — this is the only guide for us.”

I looked at her selection, a very small and very old and very pathetic Moor, who folded his hands and stood, eyes downcast and meek, before our Highnesses. “ But, Doña — ”

“ His name is Hajj.”

For the sake of that name we could forgive him his stockings and English shoes. She held out to me the documents that declared him Hajj, while I returned the documents that declared him Mohammed Hamdushi to that very disappointed Moslem, while the expression on the face of the Cookie out-curioed all curiosity.

“ We have known ever since November New Years 1331,” Doña illumined me with retro-active prophecy, “ that he would be Hajj.”

“ Hadji el Riffia,” extended our guide gen-

tly, already so patently ours. "The 'el,' it mean I been to Mecca," he added simply, hands folded, eyes cast down. And it made no difference to us that afterward there were those who protested that "el" did not mean this. We were in Arabia, and we would tolerate no guide who had not been a true follower of Mahomet, who had not urged his footsteps to follow his face as he set it toward the East and toward Mecca. He might have been to Bagdad as an incident, but we did not press the question; we could not have endured that Bagdad should become a mere incident; Hadji might not then be the true son of Hajj, and kismet might not be kismet.

The Moorish *atalayas* looked more Moorish and more watchful than ever, since we had entered into Arabia; the Gibel-Musa sailed in nearer the shore, and we discovered that not all these towers are squat and square, but by freak of building or by attrition, have assumed the shape of a wine-glass. Tarifa with its modern watch tower and its so southerly south point, sheered us off toward Africa and directly toward Tangier.

"Look," came in a low voice, and I knew that Doña was under the Spell, "the very shore line — don't you see? — it is a scimitar — a

A GENERAL VIEW OF TANGIER.

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crescent. I should have refused to land if it had not been.”

Tangier, our Mecca, lay before us, a white shimmering curve of white surf and white houses, under the noon sun of Africa. The town climbs the slope of hills toward the Mar-shan, the heights, in steep terraces, white houses, pink houses and blue houses piled above each other as though set for a play, and here and there the tall minaret of a mosque declaring ever silently *Allah Achbar!* “God is great.”

On the east a wide stretch of sand reaching back into Africa suggested that the Sahara lies somewhere behind the mountains. A long line of donkeys, a caravan, marched along those yellow sands, with packs on their backs, equally spaced as though deliberately for decorative effect. At that distance we felt that we could take them for the camels we had not seen. Afterward, we felt that we must take them for the camels which we did not see.

To the west the steep hill rises sheer on the ocean side to the Kasaba, the old castle of the Sultan, and on the bayside the white houses along the upper edge, with their yellow flowers making a matted covering, look as fragile and unfamiliar as though in Japan.

The Gibel-Musa anchored in the roadstead. "Are you quite certain Charles Martel's exploit at Tours has not been overestimated," Doña turned to ask me, after we had watched the shifting colours of the swift moving men who swept the sea in many rowboats, lifting from their seats with the lift of the oars, making visible music with their rhythmic unison.

They all wore the fez, red if unmarried, bound with white or coloured scarf if they had established the beginnings of a harem. And all wore the baggy trousers that have encased them since the days of the Prophet — and some of them looked as though they had been worn for that length of time. The sea and the sun and time had charmed even modern dyes into ancient beauty. In one boat were three men who made a marvellous picture against the jade-green of the waters as we looked down on them — wisteria trousers with a pinky-tan jacket, cerise trousers and a deep blue jacket, deep Nile-green trousers and a gray jacket, each topped with a red fez.

Hadji marshalled all things much more successfully I fancy than his irresponsible kismet forerunner would have done. He told us to stay, and where to stay, and we stayed until he came after us; he told us when to go and

where, and we went, following him obediently. Our entrance into Arabia could not have been accomplished more smoothly, insidiously. Otherwise I cannot think how we should have come unscathed through that fiery furnace of tongues, shrill sharp clamour of voices out of throats which surely cannot be as the Caucasian throat, all intensified by the strange language; an Arabic which sounds so impossible that one can easily doubt whether they understand it themselves.

The hotel we had chosen was not on the waterfront. We did not know this; we simply knew that it was different and more distant, less obviously for touring Europeans and Americans, more obviously into Mohammedonia. We looked at those on the bay with a little feeling of uneasiness, a momentary feeling of envy; perhaps it would have been better to go with the crowd, the Cook crowd; perhaps we were adventuring more than a bookish adventure into this strange Arabia. But one look at Hadji as he lead us through the Bab-el-Marsa, the Gate of the Sea, into Tangier proper, and improper, along the white walls of the Main street — not even Doña's most winsome wiles could draw from him a suitable name for this thoroughfare — satisfied us that

it was all right; Hadji became for us the genie of the place.

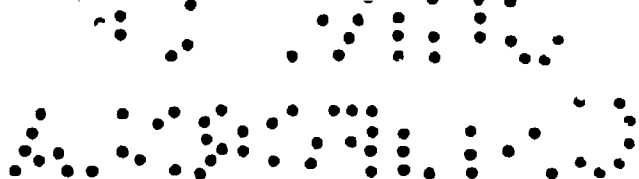
“It is all so strange and different,” Doña confided in me, “I don’t quite sense that we are here.”

Little shops, not more than four or five feet square, opened off the street, and white-bournoused, or dark-wrapped men, sitting in Turkish fashion and occupying almost the entire space, looked at us, and invited us, and defied us. Here and there a very quiet huddle of rags lay all but not breathing in the hot sunshine. We met Moors in white *jellabia*, Jews in deep red or brown bournous, tall Numidians in a concession of rags to littoral prejudices, women in *haiks*, who looked at us askance from behind a fold of the robe caught up in defence against the dogs of Christians and then looked no more, water-carriers with their dripping goatskins that almost tempted us in this burning waste, and strange half-caste, outcast creatures typical of this Afric-European melting pot. There is not a cart in all Tangier, but donkeys were as numerous as men, and in this proximity, and in the merciless sunlight, as attractive. . . .

The Great Mosque lifted its green-tiled dome and white-washed bulk on our left, and we saw our first horse-shoe arch in its native land; un-

The Great Mosque, Tangier

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less in truth Spain is its truer nativity, as it is its truer beauty. But surely a mosque had nothing to do with midday; not even a Musselman can be religious at April noon.

The way opened for the Soko Chico on a side-hill, the market-place where the post-office stands, where shops abound in curios for the curious, where pavement cafés hark across to the “continental.” Then the way closed as we passed the Bab-el-Sok. We went out of the city proper, across the Soko de Barra, and found our hotel, our “*khan*,” an inalienable part of the Soko and all its business and business. It remained inalienable during all our stay, and never more than at two o’clock in the morning.

The strangest creature we met in Tangier was the landlady of this hotel. She had lived here twenty years, “coming out” from England as a young girl—we wondered if it had been an elopement to this place which surely was not in the world twenty years ago, and is not to-day except as a spectacle. Her daughter looked as she must have looked, but less winning, a hardened part of a half-and-half place, not reminiscent of other ways. There was sweetness in the mother’s expression but a hypnotic look in her eyes, as though she had

lived too long for Europe and not long enough for Africa.

“ I wonder, did he see too much?
Or did he look one way too long? ”

She had the desire to please, which marks the Moor when he accepts you, and she had lost some of the efficiency that must have been hers in the earlier world. Next morning we thought we understood, for she confided in Doña that the night before, a clerk from the British Consulate had come to tell her she had inherited twenty-five thousand pounds at home.

“ You can go home, go back to England! ” Doña exclaimed with pleasure. (I knew then that we should not spend the rest of our days in Arabia.)

“ Oh, no. ” It was almost a look of fright that came into her eyes. “ No, I like it here. I shall build, build larger, I shall stay. ” She spoke in short sentences, as though she had relearned English in the Arabian fashion.

“ It’s pitiful, isn’t it? ” Doña protested afterward. “ You would think she would be glad to go home — if she has a home, if she is not alien, in England as in Tangier. ”

“ Have you any entry in your notebook, dear,

of the Sultan's forbidding the smoking of hashish about twenty-five years ago? "

Doña looked at me gravely, almost reproachfully. " I suppose it does explain it," she said slowly, " and I never have thought much of explaining."

We could hardly select our rooms or eat our lunch, for the desire to be ever out on the balcony overlooking the Soko, and the city. Truth to tell, they were scarce worth the selecting or the consuming, but when one comes to Tangier for one night out of a thousand and one, why cavil about a bed? And were we not to feast on

" . . . candied apples, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez? "

" One of the two things we must not miss according to Murray," said Doña, " is the snake charmer. And here he has come right to our '*bab*,' our very door."

The tom tom had sounded, as it sounds on primitive American reservations to-day, and we looked down on him, as he went through his bag of tricks, snakes certainly, three live ones if not very live, true African snakes of ven-

omous breed, we suddenly reminded ourselves out of the Arabian Nights; and he handled and swallowed them with equal facility, and each emerged equally facile, and he emerged unscathed except for the trickle of blood from the mouth, which was, no doubt, part of the trick. He wiped his mouth on a wisp of straw, and then buried that in a bunch of shavings. Into this he blew the magic breath — how well we remember it! — and the thing smoked, and he waved it, to our astonishment and his own delight, and then he blew with greater magic, and the thing burst into flame as he waved it triumphantly over his head. He was very splendid in the doing of it, magnificent in the fling of his soiled bournous, as he laboured mightily with his envenomed pets and his inveighed fire, fascinated with his own fascinating performance, as the boy, even if an Arabian adult, should be, and keeping his eye on his valuable audience, whether they stood about him or stood on the balcony above him.

The Soko occupies space the size of a city block, bare of grass, with individual awnings set up here and there on four sticks in primitive fashion, sheltering, or pretending to shelter, the food stuffs that are for sale; vegetables, fruits, nuts, cooked omelettes in great pans,

and piles of strange cakes. It was not an attractive place, except for the buyers and sellers.

And the poverty, the haps and rags of poverty, was appalling. Against one wall where passers-by were certain to come, there crouched the three most abject living things I have ever seen, ever can see. A blind man holding a baby a year or two old, with the woman coiled up against him. There was hardly enough rags to cover them, and the baby and the woman had practically no clothing, only scant cloths which half concealed her, and which did not at all conceal the child; and, yet, she lifted her *haik* against the Christians. The man was begging alms, no doubt "for the love of Allah."

Doña gave one frightened look at them. "There is need of eugenics." And we commanded Hadji to get the donkeys for our ride out on the hills.

While we waited a story-teller suddenly redeemed it all for us. Was he telling one of the thousand and one tales which his Queen Scheherazade had taught him? Whatever, whichever, the story and the story-teller were worthy the best Parrish or Rackman setting. He wore a loose robe of red-brown over loose white garments, his feet bare, his head wrapped in a gold coloured scarf. He was impressively tall,

and he told his story with impressive gesture and subtle expression, very quiet but very dramatic. We understood nothing of the story, not a word of the telling, but we never doubted that we caught the spell of it; it thrilled us and unfolded its wordless drama to us exactly as music does. Had we doubted our emotional understanding we had only to look at his audience that did understand, and their faces confirmed what must have been written on our own. It was one of our most Arabian moments. But because it was practically wordless it would be as impossible to communicate it in words as a symphony.

Hadji, with the donkeys and the donkey-boys, drew up before our hotel, and we were soon on our way to the heights above the town, between tall cactus hedges, past many a garden and villa of which Hadji had numerous legends.

“Las’ year, Englishman, Brooks, he kill hees wife, kill himsel’, leave money, much money, twenty-five million dollar, some for English church in Tangier.” Then past the villa and gardens of the British Consul, and past property that belonged to Abdul Aziz. And, always, enchanting views of the town with its tall pointing minarets, the sea blue as Maxfield Parrish at his bluest, the Pillars of Hercules, the far

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CHAPTER 17

AN ARCHWAY, TANGIER.

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hills of Tetuan, and the winding road leading across the beautiful broken hills to Fez.

Then we began the long wind down through the town, through the Moorish quarter, if such a quarter can be said to be marked off, among the blue and white houses, through narrow lanes of many turnings, each one set for an artist, with windows inset at the right angle, with the right arch, and where every moment you felt that an houri would appear, but never at any moment did she.

At one corner, where we had alighted to get a better perspective of a particular setting, there came ingratiatingly into the nearer view three small girls perhaps six or eight years old, dressed in white with bits of pale colours about them, with great circles of gold ear-rings at least three inches across hanging down to the shoulder, and the most marvellous great brown eyes — eyes of a gazelle, as they have always said in Arabia — that ever shone on mortal man to his ravishment. They deserved no lesser fate than the Khalif himself. I tremble to think what will be kismet to such mortal beauty in the few years that must separate them from their destiny.

“The harem of the Governor, perhaps,” Doña ventured, hoping for the local best, and

we went down toward it, through a swarm of Moorish children, for it is not race-suicide which is preventing Morocco from taking its place among the nations instead of between them.

A great Numidian creature — “at least we must call her that for old sake’s sake,” whispered Doña — answered the knock of Hadji at the door. The significant name of this majestic creature was “Fire.” She looked the part; her ears were heavy with rings, her nails painted red, her body swathed in scarves of as many colours as Joseph’s Oriental coat, trousers showing beneath the tunic, splendid swing of legs, command in every gesture. Perhaps she wasn’t she; perhaps he was a eunuch.

Through long winding halls the way led into the apartments of the women — after silver had been melted into the gracious palm of Fire. The central room for the women was a space vacant of anything but a few rugs and a few jars, the roof supported by columns, and ceilings sloping up to a square which was open to the sky, an intense blue sky with thin cirrus clouds blowing across. \ The rooms were painted to rival the sky; blue is evidently the most blessed colour of Araby, the Blest. On either side four openings lead into four small rooms,

recesses rather, furnished with pallets and cushions. The room sacred to his Lordship into which the wife did not dare venture until she had slipped off her sandals, was elaborate in gold and red and lace. A divan faced the large room, and at either end were couches. In the recess at the left an older woman, half lying on the floor cushions, was looking at herself in a small mirror, perhaps hoping to find miraculously that she had not faded, that she would be restored to her lord's favour. She had been drinking some liquid from a tall slender pitcher, and she offered drink to Doña speaking in pretty broken French. Perhaps she, too, even in the Governor's Harem of Tangier, had felt the urge that women everywhere are feeling, and, like the Turkish bride in "Desenchantée," had reached out toward the world in a strange language.

"Either the Governor doesn't show his latest houri and his apartments of state, or else he's as poor as he deserves to be in this year of grace and almost universal suffrage," Doña said indignantly, when she came back to her donkey.

"But, it's 1331, you must remember. Also, Hadji has said that the reason why men cannot enter the Harem is that it makes the Governor

‘jelly.’ Perhaps he will forbid women in a little time, fearing it will make his ladies ‘jelly’ to see over-much of foreign liberties with unveiled faces and almost with ballots.”

At the Court of Justice the scene was Biblical. And, indeed, on every corner of Tangier, whatever you may think of its poverty or its “infidelity,” you will discover illustrations for the Bible, characters stepped out of it, figures worthy to pose as the prophets, white, red, brown, burnt-orange and olive-green bournoused men, who must have stood to Sargent for his Prophets.

The Basha was sitting to hear complaints, and to administer justice, sitting in the gates as he has done since Jerusalem; in a place which opened out to the public street on one full side like a stage. “Judges shalt thou make thee in all thy gates, and they shall judge the people with just judgment.” A European, or a native in European dress, stood before him, slouching, inferior. While about him, as complainants, or witnesses, or spectators, in white or coloured robes, worn with a grandeur — so nigh is grandeur to their dust — stood those worthy to be Kings and Khalifs.

The prison was too horrible to see, or not to have seen. Doña refused. “I should go mad;

I should see the fingers of Hajj in the play, ready to fasten themselves on the throat of the old sheik." I could assure her that she would not have seen the fingers of Hajj, or any other distinct thing in the prison, but I refused to tell her what she would have encountered.

We mounted our donkeys and rode down through the narrow way of Mustapha between white-walled houses as deserted as the desert at this afternoon hour, where here and there a tall palm lifted above the garden barrier and etched its Oriental outlines against a blue Oriental sky; and down to the thoroughfare of Burgash, through which one fares at hazard, so narrow is the street, so rough the way, and the overhanging balconies so imminent that it must require an alien stoicism from these people to forfeit so opportune a moment for revenge on Christian dogs. Yet all that we got from the balconies was a smile here and there from some woman who had stepped out to see the foreigners pass by.

It was here that we found Bagdad, the very street of the bazaars, where chaffering, chattering Orientals, men and women, bargained with each other over the rich stuffs and the tawdry stuffs, as they did in the old days of splendour, and where bargaining ceased and

conniving began as the stranger came to the sacrifice. It was not the brass, silks, woven baskets, and stuffs which commanded our attention; we felt as though we were not paying the price Tangier demands of even suspecting travellers while we sat safely on our donkeys and watched the shifting kaleidoscope of buying and selling, the very colour and motion, the very physiology and psychology, out of which the Occident has woven its believed tissue of the Orient.

But it was at night that we captured the true Arabian Night. It was not in any one particular thing; not in the crescent moon which we faced from our balcony as the sun went down, and which went down suddenly over Cape Spartel into the sea, but leaving us at least with the utter consciousness that this was the land and the sky of the crescent; not in the shrouded figures slipping through the streets or standing motionless under horse-shoe arches; not in the *café chantant* where strange songs and stranger instruments and strange dark men might have said the final Moorish word. Perhaps it was again Hadji, and his lantern from Fez. I think it was the lantern from Fez.

He had come for us at nine o'clock to take us down through the streets to the café, the

rendezvous for all well-bred tourists. And in spite of the fact that Tangier is lighted by electricity, Hadji had brought his lantern. We knew then that he was really Hajj. The lantern may have been a poor thing, of modern wrought iron, but it was his own, and on his word — a word we had many times relied on — it was from Fez. Certainly we should not have been willing to walk through the streets of this one-time seat of the vizier of the Khalif of Damascus, on this wonderful Arabian Night of Nights, behind any one but Hajj, anything but a lantern from Fez.

The Soko was quiet as we moved across its vacant space, or it moved uneasily and restlessly on the edges; sleep had come down on the travailling sons and daughters of Islam — as it was not to come on the children of the unbeliever the night long. We followed our guide and his guiding light through the turning of streets that had been crude imitation in the daylight, but were now magical with white magic.

As we crossed the Soko Chico a small dwarfish creature darted out at Doña, and, for a moment, I feared the enmity had come upon us. But it was the postcard boy who had been earlier at the hotel and had lacked a certain

card she would have and had paid for — surely as the Moors often said to us — “this is not Spain.” He was another of those uneager souls to be met in this yesterday, and he may have been Chinese from some migrating to and fro back in the time of the chronicling of the Tales; he moved as though his feet were bound.

We went out through the lower thoroughfare, down to where we could hear the murmur of the sea — “the Mid-sea moans with memories” — as it has murmured upon African shores ever since Dido stood upon the banks and waved her love to come again to Carthage; past the Grand Mosque, which now in the light of the stars that sowed the deep blue vault and in the vague glow of never too garish street lighting, looked great indeed, grand, ghostly, with its white bulk thrown against the deep sky. Beside the pillar of the portal crouched two formless heaps of Moroccan humanity; while under the horse-shoe arch against what seemed the inner darkness of the temple forbidden to all but true believers, there was silhouetted a white-wrapped figure as silent as time that has passed, his hands against his breast as though he held there something precious — “claspt like a missal where swart Paynims pray.”

We stood across the way as motionless,

while we agreed that this was, in truth, what we had come for, this was what we should stay for, what should stay with us for ever. We wandered down to the water gate and back to the Soko Chico, up and down, past and repast the Mosque. But whether the figure glided into thin air and another took its place through thin air, it was always the same picture, a statue silent as the Mosque, and the Mosque as silent and eternal against a sky that did not change as any cathedral in Christendom.

It was past ten o'clock when we turned down the narrow street, the little by-lane, and climbed the steps to the Moorish coffee and the Moorish songs.

The long room was raftered openly, and hung and carpeted with matting, which if it is not what Khalif would have had in the old days at least gave the suggestion of old days. In the corner where we took our seats there were chairs and tables, and around one side of the room ranged benches. The greater part of the floor, two-thirds of the room, was occupied by sitting figures, musicians, fifteen or twenty, as the moments changed; while in the farther corner, in much gayer costuming, sat a group of younger men, guides who were not employed for the night, and Arabs from Fez or from the

desert, rehearsing we knew not what past glories of Arabia, plotting we knew not what, and we knew that the government knows not what future glory for Islam; for not yet have all the dreams of glory been recorded or been renounced.

The musicians sat on the matting in Oriental cross-leggedness, their slippers removed, none of them in the frequent white of the day, all in dark tones that were rich as the robes of Aladdin under the magic light. (I suppose we had electricity, but I will not remember.) There were few young men among them, or, perhaps, there are few young men in a country where all things have value because they are old. They verged even on aged, and we remarked frequently the dark eye of the Barbary Jew, darker and more flashing than that of the Moor, with the aquiline nose sharper and more hawk-like than the high-bridged, high-bred nose of the Moor.

They twanged their many instruments and sang, for the most part madly. There were instruments of ten strings and instruments of two strings, ancient and modern, large guitars, mandolins, violins played like cellos, and two old violins, rebecks, I suppose, with the two strings stretched across; there was one tam-

bourine, or a tabor, and one energetic player without an instrument clapped his hands and added voluminously to the music (?). The songs they sang were love-songs, or so we were told, but they sounded more like war-songs; loud, raucous cries, that were surely not the perfumed and moonlighted airs that Yusuf sang to Zorayahadah, and not related to the cancion that Fernando sings to Mercedes to-day, to-night, beneath the balconies of Seville. There were long instrumental interludes, and the crying would begin again, louder than ever, all singing in unison, each attempting to drown the others. During the intermissions the men smoked from long pipes which had lain on the mats beside them, and they drank coffee from little cups. I attempted to drink coffee from a little cup, and Doña attempted the tea made of mint leaves; but it was more pleasurable to see the musicians smoking and drinking.

Hadji had apologized for the price of the entertainment — “one peseta each; in America, in England, in France, always a peseta.” From which you will know that Hadji was no Oriental faker; “and each singer get five penny the night.”

“It must be the minimum wage,” I advised Doña, “even in Tangier.”

We went back through the magic streets, following the magic lantern of Fez, soon after midnight. But we found it not worth the while to try to sleep. There was Arabia about us, and back of us for a thousand and one nights, and before us for a hundred and one. And here was Tangier, its mosques and minarets, its bazaars and prisons and *sokos* and harems. We huddled on the balcony watching the sky and listening to the city as it shifted in its sleep. From time to time a faint cry came to us. Could it be an *houri* in distress? Could it be one of those casual endings to all human things for a casual creature in this half-living land? And — was it imagination, or did we hear as time hovered between night and day, between those alternate portals where man never is quite certain of what is on the other side? — the faint call from the minaret —

“Allah is Great. It is better to pray than to sleep.”

And it was not out of scepticism toward the true faith that I murmured in answer to it —

“A muezzin from the tower of darkness cries,
Fools, your reward is neither here nor there.”

The darkness settled down more darkling over Tangier, African darkness as though the

sun would never rise across the waters toward the East. But the Koran teaches that “the prayers of daybreak are borne witness to by the angels.” And against the darkness that preceded dawn Doña sang in a low voice —

“Allah gives light in darkness,
Allah gives rest in pain,
Cheeks that are white with weeping
Allah paints red again.
The flowers and the blossoms wither,
Years vanish with flying feet,
But my heart shall live on for ever —”

CHAPTER III

LIKE SINBAD THE SAILOR

NEXT morning it was day again, and Friday, the Day of Prayer for the Mussulmans. We would no more of Africa in the sunlight. But we were not ready to leave sight of the ocean, the ocean of memory, to start on the long interior of Spain. Why not Cadiz by sea? A boat left for Cadiz at ten. Cadiz it should be.

Hadji was ready to escort us to whatever end we elected, or if we elected none. He had that most desirable quality in a guide of assuming charge, as though we had always been under his protection; and until he left us on the boat it was as though he were to go with us to the ends of the earth. I speak definitely and in praise of him; for the thing was to happen which always has seemed to me a little like treachery.

Hadji took charge of our bags, and I delayed a very brief moment for some minor business, an eleventh hour tip, I suppose; it is always

possible. When I turned to join Hadji and Doña, I joined Hadji. I looked about and there was Doña half-way across the Soko with what I will admit, before she demanded my prejudiced opinion, was the most beautiful human thing I had yet seen in Araby, and one of the most beautiful men things I had ever seen. It looked to me like an elopement, and I hadn't the heart, here finally in the Land of Heart's Desire, to speed the footsteps of Hadji and prevent the Arab bearing Doña off.

Down through the turnings of the street we went, keeping them in view from time to time. Finally, as we neared the Bab-el-Marsa — I had forgotten to be impressed by the Grand Mosque in this emergency — I turned with my finest Arabian casualness to Hadji — “Who is it — with the lady?”

“That? That is my frien', my frien' Laarbi.”

Well, if he were Hadji's friend — of course. Nevertheless, I felt better satisfied when we had overtaken them, had recaptured Doña, and were seated in the skiff with two powerful Numidians speeding our way from Tangier to Cadiz, by way of the Gibel-Tarik, and friend Laarbi lost in the resurgent clamour of the pier.

“Isn’t he the most beautiful thing? As beautiful as an Arabian dream,” exulted Doña. She had found what she came in search of.

“Can he talk?” I asked disinterestedly.

“Talk!” she exclaimed. “Why should he? Isn’t it enough to be as beautiful as ‘a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether . . . eyes like the fishpools of Heshon . . . nose as the tower of Lebanon . . . head like Carmel . . . stature like to a palm tree . . . altogether lovely?’ But he can talk. He asked me first thing, in a voice as liquid as the fountains of the Alhambra — which I have not yet heard — ‘How you like Tangier?’”

“I suppose you told him that, suddenly, you had determined to stay for ever in Tangier?” I spoke with a delicate tinct of cinnamon and other spices in my tone.

“I might have,” and I thought Doña smiled more knowingly than my manifest indifference to her prolonged residence in Morocco warranted. “But I only remarked, inadequately, that I was charmed, fascinated, with Tangier.”

“And he?” I scraped up a bit of the jade-green bay and found it nothing but clear water after all.

“In the voice of a dulcimer he answered, ‘I am glad.’ You simply can’t think how

musical, how magical, was his voice. I have never heard from a human throat in the five tones of a speaking voice, such music. I am so sorry you did not hear him."

I had turned to look at the Gibel-Tarik, which was looming on Doña's side, and she turned a quizzical look on me. I don't understand why I did not understand at once. But certainly the Gibel-Tarik did look rather adventuring for a voyage out through the Gate-of-the-narrow-passage, and along the coast where Phœnicians had stolen timidly so long ago, past the place of Nelson's tragic victory, and on to Cadiz.

I thought we had rowed directly and swiftly from the pier to the anchored boat. But the waters were covered here and there with row boats going in varying directions, the sea was running rather high, perhaps a touch of the Levanter which has blown here ever since the Prophet said "he breaketh the ships of Tarshish with an East wind," and our great Numidians laboured heavily at their oars in order that their reward might be the greater in our eyes and in their hands. We made the deck of the Gibel-Tarik with some lunging difficulty.

And there, on the deck, waiting, expecting,

with unquestionably the most winning smile I have ever seen on any but a woman's face, and it did not effeminize him, was "my friend" Laarbi."

"Laarbi is going to Cadiz," said Doña simply.

It was impossible to withstand him — or them.

He was not tall, but his bearing was so splendid, so every inch a king or a khalif, that he seemed very tall. His features were softly modelled but in the Arabian way, not the undetermined soft modelling of the Northern races, and not the stern aquiline of the distinct Semitic races; but with the foundation, the bone structure, of the Semitic, and the modelling of flesh of the soft beauty of a woman but never effeminate. He had the pale brown complexion of the Moor, smooth and warm, translucent — I know no other word, and, indeed, this fitted Laarbi in flesh and in spirit. He wore the freshest, cleanest garments we had seen in — or not in — Tangier; *jellib* of dark blue, the finest wool from English looms, under this a *caftan* of the shade of wistaria or of far purple hills, and under this, next a body that radiated such sweetness he must have carried to this late day the Moor's love of water, soft white

garments probably of Moorish weave. Over the wistaria and under the dark blue there was slung a large bag of carved Moorish leather, into which he might have put a second wardrobe. On his head he wore the red fez with black tassel, and on his feet he wore yellow shoes more American than English.

He helped with the bags and found us the best places, and later served as interpreter to Tangier when the boat slipped away.

“ You have a match? ” were almost the first words to me. His voice was so beautiful in quality and modulation that if Arabia spoke in this wise, music must have murmured day and night long; and the English, if not always perfect in form, was of that beautiful enunciation which soft-voiced foreigners so often capture from English association. Laarbi and I had picked up our friendliness as friendship should be, understanding and without reservations, as it is among people who, as Doña says, “ belong.”

“ What is it, Laarbi? ” she asked, when he took out his cigarette, “ Deities, Trophies, Fatima, Rameses, Mecca, Omar, Hassan — ? ”

“ You know them all, Madame,” he smiled sweetly, as though this, too, were common ground for comradeship between them.

“ I learned them on the billboards.”

“ Oh, yes, I know them,” he caught the word quickly, “ them billboards.”

“ Do you have them in Morocco? ” Doña questioned. This would be the last straw — and we had seen no camel.

“ In two, three years, we have everything in Tangier. It change, it be like any place in America, in France, in England. It no longer be interesting to any one, not to me.”

We did not say farewell to Tangier, and hardly to Hadji, although I trust that follower of Mahomet and guide of us did not suspect how soon he should be forgotten now that he was going. It was not a journey to Cadiz. We forgot to remember Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthagenians, Romans. And if it had not been for Trafalgar and the tunny fish, we should have known nothing of the sea, nothing of this voyage which is “ recommended to good sailors only.” It was Laarbi Chibilo.

There was no look of dispossession about him; he was eternally happy, and whether or not it was unusual for him — I think it could not have been since he was Laarbi — he was above all confident that we were friends. He had begun life other than as a happy-go-lucky

Moorish youngster on the irresponsible streets of Tangier, unless it were Fez, as donkey-boy to the American minister, Mr. Gummere, eight or ten years before. He could not be more than twenty or twenty-one now. And we liked to think that it was because of his association with this American family that he had gained so much of sure cosmopolitan culture and lost nothing of the sweetness or the splendour of the Moor. For Laarbi was sweet and was splendid. Only once did he falter, then when we said something about writing — “I cannot read or write” — and, for a moment, the splendour that was Laarbi was dimmed. But he soon came back to his Sultanate.

We had asked him about the Sultan of Morocco, and he answered as a boulevardier might have answered back in the '70's. “We no longer have a Sultan — or we have a thousand — every man a Sultan — I am a Sultan.” He touched his breast dramatically, and gave a cynical smile, or as cynical as his childlike, naïve face could ever carry.

When we asked him what language he spoke — if he spoke Arabian? — if he were really native? — there was no mistaking the pride, there was no suspecting the hauteur of his attitude. “I am a Moor!”

Here, in, or nearly in, this battered caravan-serai of Morocco, where Sultan after Sultan with his pomp abode and then went his destined way, until there is little pomp left but the tawdry, and the ways are fugitive, it was magnificent to hear this individual remnant of a race that is out of the running, that has had no splendour for four hundred years, whose height of splendour was eleven hundred years ago, declare simply and sufficiently, "I am a Moor!"

I would that some day I might hear in my own country from one of my own countrymen — "I am an American." I have heard it, the words, but there was bombast about it, at least there was assertion. While Laarbi made the statement without emphasis; the statement was enough.

During one of the brief moments, when we could take ourselves to the rail to watch the sandy monotonous coast of Spain go by, Doña tried to explain it, although we both felt that Laarbi could not be explained on any basis we knew.

"You see, Boabdil el Chico went to Morocco —

"Thus spake Granada's king as he was riding to the sea
About to cross Gibraltar's Straits away to Bar-bar-y —"

Doña sing-songed her bit of Lockhart ballad most sacrilegiously. "Morocco was Barbary, quite Berber in those days, and it is believed this last king went to Fez. His tombstone has been discovered, used as a doorstone, and his descendants are living there to-day in great poverty."

"They don't know who's who in Fez, do they?"

"Yes," Doña explained, "the very poorest poor in Fez to-day are the descendants of Boabdil. If any one should become poorer to-morrow he would be the descendant of Boabdil. It's all beautifully simple and natural."

"And Laarbi, is he one? He doesn't look poor; certainly not poor in spirit."

"But any one can see that he's the son of a khalif. If Laarbi Chibilo had been the last king of Granada, I warrant Ferdinand and Isabella would still be battering at the walls and the one date you know would be different."

"One out of two," I jealously corrected her. "You will be wanting to take him home with you instead of Spanish lace or Toledo blades or Cordovan silver."

"If only —" Doña sighed, and I feared for the moment she would "collect" this impossibly beautiful Arab. She turned to him.

“Laarbi, have you ever thought of going to America?”

He smiled. “Yes, maybe. I think I put my head in the post-office and register me to America.” He smiled like a naughty child, and then assumed the dignity of a child. “Maybe I go to America, for a visit, not to stay. New York, that is the first town you go into.”

Laarbi was at least as wise in his American geography as those who had been to Africa by way and by end of Tangier.

A wind came out of the sea, and Laarbi, attentive to our comfort, suggested, “It is more better if you sit on this side.”

There was something so essentially right in his “more better” that ever since we have adopted his wording unless we were among those who could not understand. We crossed to the right, and Doña began tying on her large veil.

“Madame will need her *haik*.” Laarbi smiled roguishly while I helped in the tying.

“Do you think it better,” Doña asked him as seriously as though it made all possible difference to her what his answer would be, “that women wear *haiks*, all the time, on land and on sea?”

Laarbi smiled, but he, too, spoke seriously, "For the women of my people it is more better."

When lunch-time came we shared the lunch we had brought from the hotel—it was much better than the table meals, perhaps because it had the fresh air of the Atlantic and the grace of Laarbi for grace—with this Moslem. He ate the orange, stowed the sandwich and egg in that magic leather bag, and refused the wine. He did not say, "I am a Moor, the Koran forbids." He seemed indifferent to it.

"Why did the Moors become enervated? What was their particular intoxication?" Doña asked later.

"Subtleties," I answered oracularly. "'Devoured by subtleties these women are.'" I left to her the application of Meredith to the Moors. "They liked perfume and they liked women, the two most subtle things in the world."

"'Mystery is the perfume of woman,'" Doña countered, quoting the proverb with which Albert Edwards closes his book on the Barbary coast. "Do you think that Laarbi cares about women?"

"He struck me from the first as caring—"

“Listen,” she interrupted. “Do you hear — he’s singing — not an Arabian love-song!”

I listened attentively. And there on the deck of the Gibel-Tarik, within sight of Africa and sound of Spain, within memory of Arabia and Andalusia, with all their traditions of lutes and lyres and loves, and all the other soft l’s of a langourous living, I heard Laarbi singing — “I lo’e a lassie.”

He had thrown himself on a bench which ran at the back of the open deck, and with his eyes closed he lay there — yes, I must say it again — like a khalif at ease on his divan.

He opened his languid brown eyes and then sat up. “Last night I was up all night.” Then we were not the only ones who had watched the night out from muezzin to muezzin. “I talk to my friend, he has just come from the desert. I have no sleep. To-night I lay down,” he put his hand up to his face and leaned his head against it — like an adorable child, I have heard Doña describe him — “and I not care who I am.”

He may have meant “where,” but we chose to believe that when he lay down wherever sleep should overtake him in Cadiz, he would consciously abdicate that splendour which was his by right of khalifan descent — Doña hoped

he also would carefully fold up that fine blue cloth cloak which the excellent Mr. Gummere sends him, or sends money for, each year — and he would not care who he was or might be.

We had our high moment of English memory off Trafalgar. It seemed impossible that it was a century ago when those quiet waters were stirred by the prow of the *Victory* and all the other warring vessels under Nelson.

It was near here that we saw the excited run of a felucca after a tunny fish, a great glistening creature when we saw it rise to the surface and rush off madly for liberty. The sport is somewhat reduced to-day since there has been constant pursuit of this monstrous “big game” fish of the deep, ever since Roman palates found it a delicacy back in the time of Augustus.

Or was it farther back than this that tunny fish of the cis-Atlantic played a part in history, in the history of Tyre? For suddenly I remembered the story of Jonah. And Jonah was coming to Tarshish. The “text” as I had heard it in church-going child days came back to me, and I repeated it to Doña while we wondered.

“ ‘ But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish

from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish; and he paid his fare therein, and went down into it, to go with them to Tarshish from the presence of the Lord.' "

"It brings it very near after seeing that fish," said Doña. "I'm particularly glad he paid his fare. I had somehow thought that that was a penalty only modern travellers paid, that in ancient times you went along because any one who was travelling would be glad of your company. I wonder how far Jonah fared on his journey. I should think that if Tarshish is mentioned three times it must have been the important place."

"Perhaps it is mentioned as the place where men went in those days to flee from the Lord. Don't you remember, too, that when the storm came up 'they cried every man unto his God'?"

"Even in those days!" Doña exclaimed. "And look, the two followers of Allah are talking about it."

We turned, and saw Laarbi talking with his friend who had come from the desert the night before, and now was going to Cadiz, for what purpose we knew no more than we knew Laarbi's. They, too, had been at the café the night

before, even as we, but through the smoke and the newness of it all we had not known Laarbi whom we had not met, and they had sat the night out as we had. But now, as they sat opposite each other in close animated opposition, Laarbi facing us, there was life in every feature, and the play of expression and the sweep of gesture went rapidly. Laarbi's hands pictured, his eyes gleamed and they grew soft, he grinned fiercely (our Laarbi! protested Doña), he smiled sweetly; he enacted a drama as varied and moving as any in the Soko or of Scheherazade. He had sat down on the bench in European fashion, feet on the floor. Suddenly, with one sweep of racial psychology over him, he sat cross-legged fashion, and the drama went on, more vivid than before.

What were they discussing? We did not know, for, whatever the animation, the tones were as guarded as though we did know. But his friend had come up from the farther edges of Morocco, and Laarbi was a Moor, and the glories of Arabia cannot be all dulled to these sons of Arabia any more than to us. Surely since the exile, through a thousand Thousand and One Nights, the Moors have discussed past glories, and, mayhap, glories to come, as these did over their coffee the night before. We

could not but believe that there on the Gibel-Tarik were plotted high deeds of daring, which, if only all Moors were as Laarbi and his friend, would restore Morocco to the Moors; even — might it be — if only it might be — Andalusia!

CHAPTER IV

FAIR CADIZ

THE sun was slipping into the Western sea, to return to the East by a tunnel, as the old Goths believed when they had come out to the end of the world for to see, and the folds and gullies and scarps of the Spanish coast were turning to lilac and rose. Great white birds flew across the deepening sky; surely it was here Maeterlinck learned that great white birds are thoughts flying across the sky of memory. And white and rose and red-sailed boats were making toward home along with us. When suddenly the line came to us, as it must come to all who have gone down in ships to this white ghost of an ancient city —

“ Fair Cadiz, rising o’er the dark blue sea! ”

It is impossible to tell why that single simple line expresses so completely Cadiz; as impossible as it is to tell after you have lingered some few days in Cadiz what is the secret of

its spell, of what its beauty and its mystery are made. Made out of antiquity no doubt, for it is the oldest city in Europe, the Gadir of the Phoenicians a thousand years before we began to measure Christian time. It was to this city that the ships came from Tyre; the return voyage is chronicled in "First Kings" — "Once in three years came the navy of Tarshish bringing gold and silver and ivory and apes and peacocks" — surely a *melée* of riches most characteristic to King Solomon. And if of Tyre, also of Cadiz it was true, that "the ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in the markets and thou wast replenished and made very glorious in the midst of the sea." And to-day, to-night, as we are coming in unto you, you are as vanished, or nearly, you, the chief city of Tarshish at the west end of ancient seafaring, as is proud Tyre at the east, that once held the merchandise of the mid-sea in thrall.

The high climbing white houses of Cadiz were bathed in pink light as we came upon it, but still between the blue of the sea and the blue of the sky we could catch the phantasy of De Amicis when he wrote, fifty years ago, that the city could be expressed best "by writing the word 'white' with a white pencil on blue paper." Above the white line of the

WALL OF
CADIZ

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NEAR THE SEA - WALL, CADIZ.

7. 11. 1944
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city, which swam in the shimmering western light, there floated the golden dome of the cathedral over its great bulk of white limestone — and because of that first seeing we could never quite disregard the *Catedral Nueva*, as seems the bounden duty of every traveller.

We drew nearer and could see the housing more distinctly, the red lines which are painted to mark the separations, the flat roofs above which rose myriads of view-towers, *miradores*, from which merchant princes of Cadiz watched for the return of the “Spanish galleons coming stately from the Isthmus,” back in the far days before the Isthmus was cut through, but not before stout Cortez had recognized that the cut must be made; he had come from Spain, past Cadiz, and, no doubt, he knew that once-upon-a-time Hercules had with one Herculean slash of a mighty knife cut the European and African continents apart at Gibraltar; as, in our later time, Africa was sundered from Asia at Suez.

It looked like a contained city, within its four-mile rampart of sea-walls, a finished city, as indeed it proved, too finished except that new and mightier quays are being laid down, and the Spain which is awakening under her

young king is determined that Cadiz shall again be mistress or part mistress of the sea; Cadiz whose tonnage once unmeasured is now but 50,175, where that of Bilbao, which was nothing in the days of Tyrian galley or Spanish galleon, is now 344,168. (Must I state that these figures were not set down in Doña's notebook, but were acquired much later through a quickened appreciation of the quickening of modern Spain?)

It was full night, for in these southern latitudes "at one stride comes the dark," as it did in the days of the Ancient Mariners, when we anchored near the Muelle, and with the assistance of Laarbi and his friend made the land. There is no wheeled traffic in Cadiz, and we walked to our hotel near the central Plaza de la Constitucion, in company with its porter and with our Oriental friends, a strange cavalcade no doubt, for the citizens of Cadiz looked at our racial assortment with some suspicion. Laarbi and his friend went off to "not care who they were" in some unhostile Spanish spot, if such they might find, and we were shown our rooms in the old palace—for it must have been years, if not centuries, since a house of moderate palatial measure was erected in all Cadiz.

Hardly had we been located when Doña demanded the way to the *miradore* and we, too, were on the roof, with the near stars of the night above us, the glittering lights of the town below — even the smaller Spanish cities, like the small Western American towns, are illumined with electricity, have captured the enchanted lamp; not once did we have to go to bed by the candle, which so often is imperative in France, so almost always in England. Beyond we could hear the encircling sea beating against Cadiz rocks the old familiar cry that Hercules heard; for the ancient hero is the patron saint still of this city which has been harbour for such varied masters through such varying centuries.

Next morning Doña was singing some lilting song which I remembered no more distinctly than though it had been centuries ago I heard it. “What is it?” I demanded.

“Don’t you remember?” — and she sang the words —

“Les filles de Cadix aiment assez delà lala lala lala la.”

“It’s ‘the Maids of Cadiz’ then, to-day, in place of the beautiful Arab of yesterday?”

“Oh, we’ll see him. But to-day we shall

spend with Byron. Let me read you what he says about the city." She picked up Don Quicknotie and opened at "C."

"This is to his mother in 1809. It's interesting to find that he could pour out the Byronisms of his soul to Lady Byron.

" 'Cadiz, sweet Cadiz! — it is the first spot in creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the liveliness of its inhabitants. It is a complete Cythera, full of the finest women in Spain; the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land.'

"It seems to have hit my Lord Byron hard, the beauty of these maidens, and, you remember, he wrote reams about them in 'Childe Harold;' called Cadiz a 'second Venice' and a 'second home of Venus.' "

"Yes," I ventured to remember some of the lines —

"For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
And who — when fondly, fairly won —
Enchants you like the girl of Cadiz."

"I have here just such a memory of the maids," continued Doña, and she read from another letter —

" 'Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, clear olive complexions, and forms more grace-

ful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman used to the drowsy listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress and at the same time the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible.'

"Surely we must follow in the footsteps of Don George Gordon," and Doña tossed Don Quicknotie on the bed, and began, not to sip, but to ladle her chocolate plus cinnamon.

"I shall stay with you," I warned. "The footsteps of Lord Byron were, as I understand it, rather quick even for a Doña Americana. But here's to her," and I heroically attempted to drink my chocolate.

We went forth to see Cadiz by day, Cadiz *la joyosa y culta*. Strange enough, she was as alluring as by night, which is saying something for any city. Travellers do not find much in Cadiz, even Theophile Gautier did not. But it was enough for us to find Cadiz. It reconciled us to Spain.

For Cadiz is Spain more than any city in Andalusia. It is here you are conscious rather of the golden age of Spain, or the silver age when the wealth of the New World was laid at her feet; and also of the old days of Tarshish and Tyre, and the later but so ancient

days of Hamilcar and Hannibal and Balbus and Cæsar.

It was in that glittering bay to the east that the Carthagenians assembled armies and built their fleets in the Punic days, and made their way across Spain, across France, across the Alps, to Trasimene and to Capua.

It was here that Cæsar came to fill his first office, that of quæstor in Hispania, or, rather, the province of Bætica, and he fortified Cadiz — Gadir, Gadeira, Gades, Kadez, Cadiz, runs the history — with the first of her protecting walls.

Balbus rebuilt the city of marble long before Nero played his fiddle and Rome rose in marble; in truth, the mansions of Cadiz are rich with stones brought from Italy, even richer than Seville. Under the Balbi, or the Balbuses — I have had as much difficulty making the plural of proper names in Latin when speaking in English as the tailor who finally compromised between “ geese ” and “ two geoses ” by asking for “ one goose and then another goose ” — in any event, under Balbus, father and son, Cadiz rose to be third city in the empire in the time of Augustus, with five *equites*, next to Rome and Padua.

It was in that very bay that the Armada was

building in the days of depredating Drake, and here that Essex came a decade later and took Cadiz for the glory of his queen and more, Elizabeth.

Across the bay at LaCarraca, where the ships of the Armada were built, Spain to-day is building ships, and here are centred the maritime ambitions of a country which has ever been ambitious at sea but seldom victorious; except that Lepanto is glory enough. Thirty millions have been voted for rebuilding the navy, and another appropriation is talked of. Perhaps, some day, there will be another Spanish fleet; Cervera may not have been the last word.

And across the bay are those curious salt "pans" where the ocean is enticed into the shallows, compelled to evaporate its burden of salt under the summer suns in traditional Spanish methods, and the salt pyramids grow slowly a year's crop, and the salt is shipped in sailing vessels to the Spanish ports of the New World, Montevideo and Havana and Buenos and Rio.

"Let us find the cathedral," said Doña. "It's a duty, and a duty we have especially owed it since last night, when it entered so enchantingly into the picture."

We made our way through the white dazzling streets, for Cadiz has whitewashed its age, "as a Spanish beauty whitewashes her face until it looks like a marshmallow," I ventured, after having met a few of the maids of Cadiz; but we agreed that there was a certain harmony about Cadiz and the maids. Every window has its balcony, every mansion its *miradore*, and its turret and its belvidere, where the successors to the merchant princes can sit in the seats of the mighty and marvel at their still surrounding sea, if the galleons are infrequent; these many lookouts make the skyline very irregular. There is a cleanness about Cadiz that amounts to elegance; they do not forget that once there were princes.

On the way to the cathedral we crossed the Plaza de Castelar, pausing under the shelter of its palm-trees to look at the statue of Emilio Castelar, and at the house where he was born in 1832. Cadiz is and has been hospitable to the movements and the men who would remake Spain. It was in the church of San Felipe Neri, not far from here, — mingling church and state, — that the Cortes met in 1812 and proclaimed a Constitution which, alas, constituted so little that was permanent in those warring times. Castelar belonged to his war-

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THE HARBOUR, FROM THE CATHEDRAL, CADIZ.

Group	Condition A	Condition B	Condition C	Condition D
Control	~85%	~80%	~85%	~80%
MCI	~80%	~85%	~80%	~40%
AD	~65%	~70%	~60%	~20%

ring century, and he was one of the three presidents of the six-months' republic of 1873. But he also had the Spanish deep-rooted indifference to upheavals, and we liked to recall the familiar story of how when he was professor in the University of Madrid and had been exiled by Alfonso XII and brought back after several years, he began his lecture, *como decía ayer* — "as I was saying yesterday." Toward yesterday and toward to-morrow they have such a different attitude from ours.

Near the door of the cathedral we found Laarbi, and this intensified our experience at the *Catedral Nueva*, and hurt it. Laarbi had come from the Moorish quarter, a tangle of narrow streets to the east, which may or may not have been Moorish, but is certainly old; probably it was Roman also. Cæsar may have walked there.

Laarbi had understood that we would come to the church, for he understood that we were of the Christian people. And he looked at it inquiringly, this great mosque which had been built to another god than Allah. "What have you in it?" he asked curiously. We asked him if he would not enter. Laarbi refused with a gentle but positive shake of the head.

And so we went in alone to see the cathedral

which was finished only two or three generations ago, and which has not much majesty to recommend it. It has space; the *coro*, the choir, is placed far back in the nave so that the long railings are long indeed, which connect it with the *capilla mayor*, the altar, and form the church-within-a-church with which we were to grow very familiar throughout Catholic Spain. And the church seemed the more empty, perhaps because Laarbi waited for us on the outside. The sacristan, who had met us at the door and knew what heathen company we kept, eyed us askance, even after we had given him his peseta or two.

He seemed interested only when he was showing us, at the foot of the stairs leading to the Bishop's palace from the north transept, a black cross kept carefully from the touch of modern infidels by a thick glass. And he read to us all the inscription in Spanish and in a rasping voice; how *año de 1596*, those awful creatures *los Ingleses* — “Eng-lish, Eng-lish,” he repeated, had taken the city, looted the church of its treasures, *alhajas*, broken its *imagenes*, and carried off *ocho prebendadas prisioneros*, to *Inglaterra*. Terrible! But immediately, ~~in~~ⁱⁿ~~mediat~~^{ementa}, he rapped with his long forefinger upon the word and shook that

long, menacing forefinger at us — the remaining clergy had celebrated mass before this sacred cross! He was very impressive; it took much courage not to be impressed by him. And Doña told me afterward that it took much repression not to sing out at him from an old English ballad contemporary to this trouble —

“ Dub a-dub dub,
Thus strike the drums,
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
The Englishman comes.”

We rejoined Laarbi the Moor, Laarbi the infidel, with the breath of the morning on him. Doña ventured a question. “ Don’t you ever go into the churches here, Laarbi? ”

He looked at her gravely, as if this were close questioning, but still she was the lady of yesterday as well as of to-day. “ You go into the mosque at Tangier? ”

“ I should have if they would let me, but, you see, I’m a woman and a Christian.” Doña almost apologized.

“ But the Moor, he enters only the mosque. The Moor worships one God.”

For the moment, so intense and so quiet was his speech that we were thunderstruck. And next moment we wondered if perhaps we,

of the many churches and many denominations and many gods, were not outcasts, inferiors, pagans. I have never heard the one God given such utter adherence as there outside the cathedral of Cadiz, when this Moor, who worships a god under the name of Allah, proclaimed his single allegiance.

Through the winding streets which run along the ravine that separates one rock hill of Cadiz from the other, we made our way to the Plaza de la Libertad. There is one peculiarity about the street ends of this city which I have met with in such degree in only one other hill city I know; and that not Edinburgh or Boston, but the Minnesota city of St. Paul. In Cadiz as in St. Paul, a line of street runs below the level of an outer rampart, and as you look up through the cross streets you catch glimpses of sky at the end between buildings, like the sea, even more mysterious and unbounded than the sea.

The market-place in the Plaza is one of the great sights of Cadiz, and one of the most Spanish, so full of colour that Laarbi had a fitting background, much more natural than the brown and white of the cathedral. The place is walled about with booths, and the whole central space is a brilliant shifting riot of colour,

no less in the reds and greens and blues of the men and women who market their wares than in the fruits and flowers with which the place was redolent. It was evidently the time of roses, for the market was like a great blossoming garden.

“ Even rock-bound Cadiz can blossom like the rose,” declared Doña. “ And look, here are roses of cloth of gold, of the gold of Ophir.” She grew dreamy. “ Once upon a time — before you were you — when I was coming abroad for the first time — I was quite young — and a man sent me roses like these, a great bunch of them, and on the card he wrote —

“ Over the sea, queen, where we soon shall go,
Will it rain roses? ”

“ Well,” I asked, and foolishly I did wish it had been my roses sent to Doña on that first voyage, “ did it? ”

“ Not so many roses as these,” she answered, her eyes swimming with merriment, and I hope with some undersympathy for what she knew was my sorrow.

I turned to the woman who was selling the roses of the gold of Ophir, and who once might have been a Maid of Cadiz; but had broadened

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from those lovely proportions she may have had back in days that seemed as remote as when Lord Byron wrote. I addressed her in a form of Spanish, which at least conveyed to her the important number *siete docena*, and the price, *cinco peseta*—it was a petty price to pay for roses for Doña—and there rained upon her enough roses to extinguish her.

Laarbi murmured something in Arabian. I should have given much more than I gave for the roses to know what it was. But Doña did not ask, did not appear to think it needed a translation; she seemed to understand Arabian at that moment.

“But what shall I do with them, how can I carry them?” she finally cried.

“Isn’t it enough that it has rained roses? One does not treasure up the drops of rain,” I ventured casually.

“Oh, but I’m a Yankee, too. I must have them; we must carry them, or send them, to the Fonda.”

I was about to risk my score of Spanish words again with the woman, when Laarbi came to the rescue and entered into a very large share in the roses. “I will carry them to the hotel.” And loading himself with the great golden mass, which was quite as becom-

ing to him as to Doña, he went off toward the Plaza de la Constitucion, and succeeded in getting them to the hotel and into great vases before our return. After all, I venture that this Arab and what he did attracted no more attention on the streets of Cadiz than the presence and the doings of the Americans.

We made our way along the Paseo del Sur, with the long neck of land that leads to the mainland in sight on the left, and the Bull Ring, and to the far right the high-reaching lighthouse of San Sebastian out on the reef, to the closed Capuchin convent. Even in most Catholic Spain, convents have been closed, perhaps for lack of members, but certainly because in these days the social burden increases and the unfortunate must be cared for. This Capuchin refuge now harbours the insane. In the spring days of 1682, Murillo had come from Seville to paint the "Marriage of St. Catherine" for the chapel. He suffered that fatal fall from the scaffold, leaving the canvas quite unfinished, as it still hangs over the altar but with some minor figures painted in by a pupil. Surely the tragedy has left something of its sterner effect in the picture, for it is not entirely Murilloesque, not of that loveliness which is too lovely as we were to find it in

his home city. The St. Francis receiving the stigmata is more of Murillo and a better painting. Santa Catalina is also to be remembered, by the English, as the headquarters of Essex when he spent here that summer of 1596. We hardly dared remember it while we were still so near *los locos*, the insane.

We made our way back to *almuerzo* at the *posada*, *anglaise*, luncheon at the hotel. Then perforce, because this was Spain, and we were suddenly acclimated, we took our siesta, like a sultan, or a sultana, embowered amid roses and the gold of Ophir.

Late in the afternoon we found ourselves in the Parque Genovéves — perhaps named in honour of Columbus the Genoan? — looking once more out to sea, listening to the high tide of the Atlantic as it dashed against the ramparts, about which we promised ourselves that we should make the entire circuit some day.

And it was here that Laarbi found us in the earlier moments of the sunset, making us realize that whatever is Spain by day, when night comes the Peninsula — even this little peninsula here which speaks so little of Arabia — belongs to the Moors. They come back to their own in the night, repossess this land which lies,

View of
Cadiz

CADIZ, FROM THE TORRE DEL VIGLA.

20. 11. 1941
22. 11. 1941

so we are told by the later Arabian chroniclers, directly under the Paradise of the Prophet.

Next day we “did” the Torre del Vigia, the tall tower of vigilance, in the heart of the city, from whence a wide view obtains over land and sea. The historic bay lies about, and also all the suburbs which make the traffic of the confined city as great as it is, especially in roses and wine; Rota, Santa Maria, San Fernando and the Isla de Leon, once of the family of Ponce de Leon — it is small wonder that in the midst of such beauty he wanted to find a fountain of youth that he might stay here for ever.

The Atlantic stretches unbroken toward the Americas. And the mountain of Ronda rises behind the town of Chiclana, whence the great bull fighters used to come — to-day they come from about Cordova and Seville; and also behind the town of Medina Sidonia, named by the Phœnicians after Sidon of old, and home of the Guzmans, Dukes of Sidonia — whence the Guzman of “Westward Ho,” connected no doubt with the Armada; whence Disraeli borrows the name Sidonia for the more than duke who plays the part of Cræsus through three of his novels; whence Donizetti borrowed Leonora, favourite of Alfonso XI, in the opera

of "La Favorita." When we distinguished the white town across the valley, Doña sang to the memory of the fair but frail Leonora — *Spirto gentil pavé d'amor.*

"The view is so unlimited," she finally commented. "It really seems as though we saw all Spain, all 'the corner lot of Europe,' from here and need go no farther."

"But what might not have been seen from here," I answered, "if time had not stopped for Cadiz. It might have been the European Manhattan. I took from my pocket a little book I always carry, and read where Ezekiel says of Tyre, and might have said of its twin, Gadir —

" 'Thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandise and thy mariners, and thy pilots and thy calkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise and all thy men of war that are in thee, and in all thy company which is in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in the days of thy ruin. The suburbs shall shake at the sound of the cry of thy pilots.' "

We made our way to the Parque at the English tea-time, pausing in a little bodega, if that is the name for so entirely correct a drinking-place as this on the Calle de Duque de Tetuan. I think Doña chose this street because it car-

ried her back to Morocco — where the Amon-tillado was of a concentrated sunlight impossible to sherry that is not bred at Jerez, its native home, a distance from Cadiz, but we were not going there.

We retook our places to watch and listen to the Atlantic. And presently Laarbi was watching and listening with us.

Laarbi had always suggested quiet. In his most animated moments, and he could be very animated, there was that something about him, ancestral no doubt, the quality of the East which is of a piece with the inevitable. Life at its fullest, defeat at its bitterest, become finally one if you live long enough, if your race lives long enough. There can be no hurry in one of a race which closed its present four hundred years ago. But this evening Laarbi was more quiet than he had ever been, a quiet which seemed come to a point, to a climax — perhaps in the climax of acute recollections, here in this once Saracenic Spain.

Doña turned to me from looking at Laarbi seated cross-legged on the ground before us, and she murmured, “He’s thinking of Granada.”

It is their saying when any one of the exiled people is lost in deep thought. And perhaps

the Moor had been looking out across the sea, across a farther sea than this, one which flows and ebbs between the glory that once was Moorish and the pathos which to-day is Moorish.

At one of the kiosks which fronts on the park there had been music, all this gay Christian Sunday evening. Cadiz had awakened for a moment from its sleep. And suddenly there came from the café the strange-familiar song, that could not have been understood by a half-dozen people sitting on the ocean front, which must have been sung by one of those English-speaking Ulysses, those "beach-combers" who can be found in every port the world round, and who sometimes startle you with their sudden casual recollection of far away things. But it was not of England or of the Americas that the man sang, but of the Arabia that was. It rang out strangely against the surge of the ocean —

"From the desert I come to thee
On an Arab shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand
And the midnight hears my cry,
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die —

Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

“ From my window look and see
My passion and my pain,
I lie on the sands below
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-wind touch thy brow
With the breath of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die —
Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.”

Laarbi's eyes that had been looking dreamingly into the past suddenly concentrated their light and brought that past down to the present. He turned on his elbow, for he had stretched himself out on the sands, and smiled magnetically up at Doña. “ Madame, I did not understand it all, but I understood it. It is of Arabia. It is the way my people have always felt, the way they do feel, the way I feel. It was once our country.”

Laarbi sat up and waved his hand, delicate from ancestors who, no doubt, had done no work since the Conquest, and included all Spain. “ To-day I saw the place where we fought. I have been to Jerez.”

So that was the explanation of Laarbi's absence. He had been to Jerez with his friend, not to drink of the famous sherry whereof Jerez is the home, but to go out to the hills overlooking the Guadelete where Roderick went to his final defeat under Tarik, and the Peninsula fell to the Moors.

“Is it a very beautiful place?” asked Doña.

“To me it is beautiful, it is wonderful. I should like to fight there again.”

So that was after all the reason Laarbi and his friend had come to Cadiz, the alien city which alone of all the cities of Saracenic Spain says nothing of the Saracen. They were perhaps plotting. But more like not. If the Moors of to-day could plot and hold closer together, they might hope for something saved out of the wreck of the past, if only Morocco, which they, and these two especially, felt was slipping away from them. But, as it slipped away, they would recapture something from it, if only the memory. Surely they were our kin.

CHAPTER V

THE LONG WHITE ROADS OF SPAIN

THERE is a road that runs from Cadiz to Algeciras traversed every day by a public automobile. It runs through country which remains as it was when the morning and the evening were the Sixth Day. Notwithstanding that every guidebook and every guide advises boat from Cadiz to Gibraltar, and every person who has ever taken it advises not to take it, and especially the person who has not taken it, we elected the public conveyance on land. There are few Americans who have not lived long enough and far enough to have experienced roadways where not yet are the rough places plain. And the fact that no road in Spain was ever known to take any but the longest way round was no deterrent prospect to any one who had ever attempted one day of the journey of life down the eternally straight-forward stretching, longitudinal-latitudinal highways of Kansas.

Moreover, Laarbi was going, Laarbi and his

friend whose name we never knew, and with whom we never spoke any word more than "good morning" since the desert had seen more of him than the coast, and Arabian was his speech. But, he was Laarbi's friend.

The public auto-bus leaves San Fernando early in the morning, although Spanish mornings never seem so early as English or even American, since these people live their days in four pieces instead of two, the sleep of the day making it possible to shorten the sleep of the night at both ends. Doña and Laarbi were as fresh and wide-eyed as children, ready to cry "*Santiago y cierra Espana,*" "St. James and Forward Spain!" when we issued from San Fernando and crossed the Sancti Petri Canal by the Luago Bridge, leaving the island of our old friend Ponce to slip back into tradition and history. The auto-bus, which was built for wear and tear, carried besides the Arabian four of us only a German, bespectacled and savant, whom we had seen in our Cadiz wanderings, and who was later revealed as an authority on Spanish history and Spanish resources. Before I could rouse myself to make any conversation with him in his native tongue, which I should have liked since it was humiliating to be so continually uni-lingual in this

foreign country, Doña had pledged him to "good morning" and something more in broken English, which continued all the way to Algeciras, in spite of its brokenness and because of my constant politeness. Through him we mastered the rudiments of Peninsular history. At Chiclana, instead of the toreadors who once made the suburb of Cadiz famous, we were increased in nationalities and in bulk by a Spaniard and his wife, very little Moorish, very much Spanish, heavy and stolid, a little below middle-class and a little above peasant, and very indifferent to us who were foreign, to the very gates of Tarifa where they left us; not discourteous, which a Spaniard never is, but plainly content with their own world to the exclusion of curiosity as to ours.

There was, of course, the driver, who managed his machine with skill, considering the reputation he had to live down both of the road and of the supposed unexcellence of his race in mechanics, and who did make a concession to the picturesque that should be demanded even of the driver of a public automobile, by his red sash and silver buttons and a large fierce continuous cigar, which substituted very well for the revolver I told Doña this reformed José Maria did not carry in his belt. His face was

as fierce as the cigar, and we wondered what would have been his fate in the days of King Ferdinand the Saint, who, if he looked out of the window and saw a man passing by whose face suggested that he might commit some crime in future, ordered his instant execution.

We crossed the Lirio, which must at some time have been a river; it is so called; and we entered on a solitude of sandy plain. In these early morning hours, before the wind had even begun to stir, there was a tragic sense of emptiness. "I don't believe," said Doña, "there is any Spain."

"People aren't all there is to a country," I remarked from a height I seldom attained at that time of day. "But how many are there supposed to be anyway?"

"I never thought of anything so statistical," Doña admitted, "and I should like to know, to know this very minute." She turned from me to the German traveller. After a few minutes' talk with him, in which I could hear only the guttural underlying a precise and pedantic English, and could not hear any of the German words I knew Doña was ingratiating into the conversation with due economy so as to make her stock last — from time to time during the

day she came to me for a replenishing until El Savant at times forgot himself and talked German in sentences — she came back with the information “ There are twenty million inhabitants in Spain, only half the soil is cultivated, and there are two hundred thousand square miles of territory. Of course you can understand after that that no one could be spared to populate this remote corner of the Peninsula. In the time of the Moors I remember ” — I never could tell whether Doña really did remember contemporaneously the Moors — “ there were nearly forty million inhabitants, and in 1840 Gautier reports only ten million. You can see the significance,” she remarked.

Except a few lone figures on donkeys, we met no one on the first half of the journey, and even the small population of the two little villages we passed through gave the scantiest possible evidences of existence.

A small knoll to the right appeared with a watch tower surmounting it. So, after all, we were in the land of the Moors. The driver said briefly “ Barosa,” and bent himself again to his wheel. The German turned round and turned the full inquisitive gaze of his spectacled eyes on this receding knoll. “ Barosa,” he repeated, and it sounded more important. “ Bar-

barossa?" inquired Doña. "Barosa," corrected El Savant. "It is one battle, British and Spanish against French, 1811, French lost." He took these facts swiftly from his mental notebook.

So even those days of the Napoleonic invasion of the Peninsula, when brother Joseph had sat so insecurely on the throne at Madrid and a constitution had been proclaimed in Cadiz, had seen a battle in this region so very little worth fighting about. But it was perhaps because the immediate territory was not worth battle that it constituted a kind of neutral ground where combats could determine disputes. And soon after we saw the branch road which leads down to Conil and to Trafalgar, where six years before Barosa (in 1805) the British had fought a sea fight, this time against the Spaniards combined with the French. There were swift whirligigs in those embattled times.

At Vejer de la Frontera, which must have been a frontier to something at sometime, the motor coach stopped for lunch, a luncheon of *puchero* in a *posada* which would have set well into the Spanish background of "The Bible in Spain," white-washed within and without, the *posada*, and presided over by a slow-moving,

never-smiling woman, dressed in a rusty black which became her, so Doña declared, better than a new black, and with gold hoops in her ears, the only concession to that Moorish strain which betrayed itself in the suddenly lifted and suddenly lowered glances with which she searchingly observed us all. The two Spaniards and the driver dispatched the Spanish stew, and Doña and I ate from the rice, coloured with saffron and spiced with pimento and flavoured with combined bayleaves and garlic — we got all Spain in one mouthful.

The long journey admitted of no siesta, so we were soon again on the way, with only brief opportunity to imperil our footing on the climbing streets of this Moorish hill pueblo. A quarter of an hour later and we were dipping down toward the Laguna de Janda, seven miles long, a little reminiscent of Florida, where wild fowl make good hunting for the British officers from Gibraltar.

The dust of the road from Vejer to Venta de Tabilla was, well, not more than the dust of almost every Spanish road we took afterward, but it was our first experience with the “long white roads of Spain,” down which poet and peasant plod contentedly, but not modern pilgrims. “What rhymes with Spain?” asked

Doña, turning to me between clouds of dust we raised but could not escape. Luck was with me in this matching of rhymes. Without hesitation I countered — but who could have failed? — “rain!”

We were again near the plains of the slow-flowing, rather slow-seeping Salado, where Tarik the Berber and his twelve thousand horsemen had waged the first battle against Don Roderick of Spain, July 19, 711, and seven days later they fought the last battle on the Guadalete which gave Spain to the Moors — it is not quite correct in that unchristian century and unchristianized country to say that the crescent supplanted the cross, however true it may have been in reverse seven hundred years later. Doña singsonged:

“The hosts of Don Roderigo were scattered in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they,
He, when he saw the field was lost, and all his hope was
 flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.”

And it was all because Don Roderick had seen Florinda's leg in the bath at Toledo — like another Duke Robert seeing Arletta at Falaise, but with a difference. Count Julian, her father, was governor at Ceuta just across the Strait

near Tangier, and because of the frail fallen Florinda he brought in the Berbers, and all Arabian Andalusia followed. Of course this Florinda tradition is disputed, but I agree with Mariana, the Spanish historian of the seventeenth century — “ I never undertook to make a history of Spain in which I should verify every particular fact; for if I had I should never have finished.” Spain is not reducible to fact — therefore we love it.

By a steep road the way swung down to the seashore through a picturesque gorge with Moorish ruins that are scarce distinguishable from the rocks themselves, and with the great Torre de la Pena rising above the great stone hill cut out in a hundred steps, from which the driver told El Savant, who told us, you could see Africa, Europe, the Atlantic. The tower certainly suggested that from its summit the observer might command all this.

The Salado again crept across our way, and here El Savant instructed us was the battleground of 417, when Wala defeated the Vandali Silingi — “ whoever they may have been,” Doña side-voiced to me — and drove them into Africa. Somewhere about here Wamba, the Goth, defeated the Moors in the six hundreds — for Tarik was not the first invader, and

Wamba was not the sort to be carried away by the chance glimpse of a Florinda limb.

And on almost the same field there was fought in 1340, October 28, a battle between the Moors and the Christians, when Alfonso XI, the avenger, whom we had seen from the tall tower of Cadiz across in Medina Sidonia making love to Leonora, the Favourite, had met Yusuf, the decorator of the Alhambra, King of Granada, and Abu-el-Hassam, King of Fez, and had defeated them. To join in this crusade two knights had come from England. They were "el Conde de Arbi," and "el Conde de Salusber" — which I defy any modern to recognize as the Lords Derby and Salisbury. They "joined for the salvation of their souls and to see and know King Alfonso." Lord James Douglass, on his way to the Holy Land, carrying the heart of The Bruce, stopped off hereabouts to fight the Moors and fell in battle; and I think it was here that he threw the heart of The Bruce at the Infidel, thinking it still as valiant as when in Scotland. English crusaders frequently came this way, and Chaucer, writing to a contemporary, records a knight "atte siege hadde he be of Algesir."

"Alfonso had cannon," Doña explained to me in protest against his success. "The first

cannon ever used in Europe, and made at Damascus, which was even then an Arabian city."

"But it took them a hundred and fifty years more before they could turn their cannon on Granada," I criticized, "if they had cannon there."

"They had cannon, the seven terrible sisters of Ximenes," she replied. "They used to think that a compliment to Ximenes."

"Every age its compliments, and every age its cannon," I permitted. "What do you suppose the fair Leonora was doing at this moment?"

"Philandering with Fernando," Doña flashed back at me between the jolts of the auto-bus, as she turned to Laarbi who had demanded to know something of the battle of Salado. I could not hear much of the talk, but because "Islam" means "resignation," I knew that Laarbi was not requiring the superfluous sympathy I was extending at that moment to the defeated Moors. You cannot defeat those whose very religion is submission. What I did hear, in the lulls which the auto-bus made, because there were moments of equipoise between jolts, was Laarbi's "never forget an injury" — then a jolt, then — "also never forget a

kindness." And I felt that Doña and Laarbi were preparing for that end of all things which should come to them this evening. There was just a little plea for historic justice in his — "You not believe all the Spaniard say." I knew then that the wars were not over, the crescent still fought for vantage points the cross would still deny.

And then we were in Tarifa, where we had almost been so many times in the past few days. "Doing Tarifa in half an hour," may not be full tourist justice to "the most southerly point of Europe," "the most Moorish city of Spain," "the quaintest in the world," according to Mr. Howells. But the auto-bus stops only so long, and we somehow found it time enough for this little quadrangular town shut in by walls that would fall before a battery of oranges, and traversed by narrow streets that give it its Moorish aspect.

"Tarifa was the Calais of Andalusia," Doña explained to me, after El Savant had given her the facts of its history, and he listened, bewildered at his geese-facts turned to Doña swans. "Sancho el Bravo took it in 1232, fourteen years before Cordova and Seville fell."

"The strife was brief — ah!
When they lost Tarifa."

I murmured "just like that," with apologies to Browning's meter.

"But they made every effort to get it back," Doña went on. "Tarifa was written on their hearts as Calais on Queen Mary's. And, you remember, she was also Queen of Spain. Tarifa was held in 1292 by Alonso de Guzman, who must have been father or grandfather to Leonora. And the Moors gathered round it, particularly round this tower" — we were standing near a tower which was obviously of later build than Moorish, but I accepted the legend as one does in the old world — "and they were aided and abetted by the Infante Juan, brother to his Sanchean majesty. The nine-year-old son of Alonso was a page to Juan. The Infante brought the boy beneath the walls, right here, and threatened to slay him if Alonso did not surrender. Then up spake Alonso — there were mediæval advantages in walls so low that you could hold converse with your enemy — 'I prefer honour without a son to a son with dishonour,' and he threw his dagger down to Juan and left the walls. Soon there was an outcry. Alonso came hurrying on to the walls. They showed him his son, dead. 'I feared that the Infidel had gained the city,' said the patriot calmly." It was not an approving tone with

which Doña concluded. Times have changed, and hearts, if history reports truly, since Abraham and Isaac, since Alonso and Alonso's son.

“ Did he lose the city as he deserved,” I asked, “ or was God at that time the All-Terrible? ”

“ He lived and kept the city, and Sancho dubbed him this ‘ Guzman,’ that is Good-man.”

“ There is no god but Allah,” I murmured, for, somehow, at this moment, it seemed a very terrible Moloch for whose kingdom the dark Spaniards were crusading.

Then Laarbi came hurrying up. “ You can see it now, now if you come with me. It is what Madame wanted to see.” And we hurried away to see it with Laarbi, it being two women of Tarifa, standing on a corner of the street-crossing, and eyeing the world and us with what looked like malice through the black skirts caught up over their heads and held in front of their faces, for all the world like the Arab women across the strait.

We had only a brief moment in the freshly-decorated, rather flamboyant church; we were to find churches and houses throughout Spain of a freshness which quite denies any report we had ever heard of Spanish uncleanness. And

we still wish that we might have sat in the Alameda a day sunning ourselves with the picturesque old men who have nothing but this to do, and should have nothing else since they do it so well.

It was at Tarifa we happened upon our first pair of the Civil Guards who were to pursue us through Spain as George Parsons Lathrop tells they pursued him, and he boasts of escaping them. These Civil Guards have made Spain safe; bandits are almost a thing of the past. They are like the carabinieri of Italy, or like the vigilantes of the American West, or the Northwest mounted police of the Canadian West. They descend, if with a long break, from the Hermandades, the brotherhood of citizens in Old Castile back in the thirteenth century when Castile was originally democratic. They are popular. A current song runs —

*“ Viva la Guardia Civil
Porque es la gloria de Espana.”*

And they are feared, even if with a touch of humour. It is the custom to say in Spain, “ until to-morrow, if it be the will of God.” To which the modern footnote runs — “ and of the Guardia Civil.”

The road from Tarifa to Algeciras is as good ✓

a road as one need desire, as the road from Cadiz to Tarifa is as bad a road as one need avoid, if his interest is in the road. The Algeciras highway means sometime to be a *camino real*, shaded with eucalyptus trees, and abounding in landscape which is prosperous, and, at the same time, picturesque. The fields are well tilled, and much traffic in garden truck goes on between these industrious peasant farmers and the hotels and *casas* of Gibraltar and Algeciras. The Sea is continually in evidence, and the Strait also, with the deepening purple light of evening.

It was good to get back to the Kate Greenaway hotel — as it was sorrowful to say good-bye to Laarbi, our Laarbi, which we knew would be for ever. He was one of those beautiful immortals one meets rarely and cannot believe will ever be mortal and separable. I did not stay to hear Doña and Laarbi say good-bye. I fancied there was something in the hotel which demanded my immediate attention.

We had returned to Algeciras in order to go on to see Ronda. The run up from the coast into the heart of the mountains, with many an isolated inland Gibraltar rising in its bare gray leonine majesty, and with much magnificent scenery and rushing of river and deep gorges,

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THE OLD MOORISH BRIDGE, RONDA.

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made our entry into Spain instinct with the dramatic.

For precisely what reason we went to Ronda we do not know, not so well as we did before we saw it. No doubt it is very wonderful, for those who have not seen the impossible place in mountainous America. It is itself a mountain cleft suddenly in two by a mighty rending chasm, with magnificent purple mountains circling around the horizon, and deep valleys across which you get an unimpeded look for miles, and with a sheer drop of three or four hundred feet to where tiny doll houses are said to be mills, and minute donkeys and manikins climb the winding paths with their burden of flour.

This Ronda has been a stronghold in a time when it would seem that the people who were holding it would have had difficulty themselves getting to the impregnable place. The deep chasm which surrounds the headland is impressive, and the engineering skill which compassed its bridging in the eighteenth century remains still an astonishment in a bridge-building century. Small wonder the chasm demanded the sacrifice of the bridge builder when he had finished his work.

From Don Quicknotie Doña read an entry

culled from a Murray guidebook of thirty years ago, which shows how interesting guidebooks meant to be in the beginning, and now skeptical travellers begin to wonder.

“ The river — black as Styx — which, heard but not seen, has long struggled through the cold shadows of its rocky prison, comes dashing joyously down into light and liberty; the waters boil in the bright burning sun, and glitter like the golden showers of Danae. The giant element leaps with delirious bound from rock to rock, until at last, broken and buffeted, and weary from driving the numberless wheels, it subsides into a gentle stream, which steals like happiness away, down a verdurous valley of fruits and flowers. The scene, its noise and movement, baffle pen and pencil, and like Wilson at the Falls of Terni, we can only exclaim, ‘ Well done, rock and water, by Heavens! ’ ”

Ronda is very charming, and truly majestic. But its marvels are rather for those who come from the quiet corners of the natural world, like England.

We visited the church where the last of the Montezumas lies buried, and it seemed strange indeed to find this Mexican so far from the land where his forefathers sleep; and buried in a land where the people who disturbed his fore-

fathers could not have seemed friendly to him. We visited the *casas* which overlook the chasm, and are so charmingly Spanish within and without. And we saw the three hundred and sixty-five steps up and down which Christian slaves toiled day and night long to carry water to their masters, the Infidels. But better we liked to walk through the streets and see the swept and washed cleanness of the houses, with maids scrubbing the doorsteps as they do in Russell Square. And, best, we liked to go out to the end of the Alameda on which our hotel faced, and watch the great open valley rimmed round by purple mountains, while the clouds gathered thickly on the farther mountain peaks, and the cloud shadows chased each other across the valley. The wonder of it all is, not that the mountain which Ronda is should be so mountainous, but that the successive races that have held it, should have ventured each one to assault it and take it for their own. One would have expected the Celt-Iberians still to hold it.

From Ronda we went on to Granada by way of Bobadilla, which is named for the governor in the New World who dared to put Columbus in chains. "Bobadilla," a friend wrote us, when she knew we were to pass that way, "you

will remember all your days as being the place that you always land in somewhere in the course of every journey in Spain. No matter where you're going, which direction, how near or how far, you always change cars at Bobadilla."

↘But, right here, let me speak — if I could! — eloquently in praise of Spanish railroad travel. We have never found it better in any country. ↘It is slow, very slow, and that may seem to some people a drawback. Personally, I think it an advantage anywhere, but especially in a country you are deliberately looking at. But it is comfortable, even luxurious, with roadbeds that are well ballasted, and the first-class coaches are quite as good as the best English coaches. We entered on our first long distance, from Ronda to Granada, with concern, for we had been advised by a perfectly intelligent person who had voyaged through Spain half a dozen years before, to take an aluminum basin and soap and towels; we would bless his name for it. We did not. And we found that Mambrino's helmet as Don Quixote wore it was no more necessary to our comfort than the aluminum basin. For there are lavatories on Spanish railroad trains, and they are the cleanest I have ever seen on railroad trains anywhere,

and there is an abundance of clean towels and fresh water. Perhaps only for foreigners? I do not know. But Mambrino became a by-word on our travels.

CHAPTER VI

THE ALHAMBRA

NO one should think of entering Granada but in the night; it is the only way whereby one can enter in.

It was at sunset that Washington Irving, the most illustrious of our preceding countrymen, reached it. "We passed between hedges of aloes and Indian figs, and through the wilderness of gardens with which the Vega is embroidered, and arrived about sunset at the gates of the city." But that was in the days when men still came to the widowed city of the Moors on horseback, if not on Arabs shod with fire, and they could regulate their coming, and rest in the shade of olive-trees until the sun should temper its ardour.

Théophile Gautier also won Granada in the night. He came hither in the coach, and because of the intense heat he fell asleep and awoke only just before the gates were reached. "We entered Granada about two in the morn-

ing, and alighted at the Fonda del Comercio, a so-called French hotel in which there were no sheets, and where we slept in our clothes on the table; but these small troubles did not affect us much. We were in Granada. And in a few hours we should see the Alhambra."

Yes, and it was in the night, the fortune-favouring night, that William Dean Howells rediscovered Granada, even though he came by train. "The train, which leaves Seville at ten of a sunny morning, is supposed to arrive in Granada at seven of a moonlighted evening. This is a mistake; the moonlight is on time, but the train arrives at a quarter of nine."

Doña read these from the notebook as we made our way across the remaining miles of the Vega in the slow-going minutes of the late afternoon. We hoped for nothing less fortunate than that our train too, according to the usual unschedule of Spanish travel of which we had heard so much, should delay itself into the night. But no. It was a few minutes after five when we made our entry. "Like Ferdinand, not like Boabdil," resented Doña.

But the carriage which we took was drawn by mules with jingling bells, and such utter Spanishness made us forget fleet Arabs. As we did not wish, even in our most impractical

moments, to find our first lodging for a night in Granada the ill-faring of Irving or Gautier, who both moved on next morning, and neither did we choose, unless inevitable, the very expensive hostelry on the edge of the hill chosen by Howells, and as we could not hope for the housing in the very Alhambra itself, which was enjoyed by the first two travellers, and of which the third is worthy, it was perhaps best that we could make our choice in the light of day. By sheer accident we found ourselves in the very place which is next to inhabiting the palace itself.

Of course it should be the Alhambra hill; for we had not come for the city of Granada, and, in truth, it lay hot with late sunshine and deep with dust, which has been permitted to gather over all Andalusia since the going of Boabdil. There was only the Bull Ring, ubiquitous and modern, if a legacy from the Moors, to convince us that this was still a city where living people dwelt. It was not until we reached the Puerta de las Granadas that the dream came true. For the moment you pass this gate you are in something different from anything else in Spain, the Garden of the Alhambra, a luxury of forest and a tinkling of waters. It leads by enchantment into Arabia, out of the present.

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THE TORRE DE LA CAUTIVA, ALHAMBRA.

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Roads and paths run through it up to the hills which rise from either side, to make the divisions to the "pomegranate," symbol of Granada. Above us through branches of elms and cherry-trees, we caught here and there glimpses of red walls, that thrilled upon the sight like things you saw years and years ago and had forgotten until your return.

We found *cuartos*—in Spanish it means "rooms," but in English we have "quarters"—in the "Pension Alhambra," which is quite next to the Alhambra, and quite the next thing to lodging there. (No doubt the charming young Spanish couple, who spoke French with a strong Iberian accent, will not be keeping the fonda when next you or I shall go hither. They say such keeping shifts rapidly in a country which has not yet learned to exploit its travel.) Across the Calle, where the cobblestones fortunately terminated before they reached beneath our windows, there was a kitchen garden, a *huerta*, and beyond, not the distance of a city block, the ruined walls and ruined towers of the Alhambra fortress, including the Torre de la Cautiva, which is without question the most romantic, and, almost without question, the most beautiful remnant of all the palaces. While but a step up the Calle,

which ends there blindly, stood the old Convent of San Francisco, begun in the very year of the Conquest, holding the precious remains of Isabella and Ferdinand until the mighty cathedral was ready for them. We felt satisfied, we felt in the midst of things.

“ This is the very part of the ‘ Alta Alhambra,’ ” explained Doña without looking at the map, “ where forty thousand Moors lived in the old days, six thousand as late as 1625; and, perhaps, this very house we are to dwell in during our return from captivity — Allah be praised — was once the palace of a grandee, in the Saracenic days before there were grandees, an Abencerrage, or a Zegrís, or, perchance, an Almoradí, a Llegas, a Mazas, a Gazules — which will you have? ”

“ Is there a miradore? ” It had become Doña’s stock phrase in Andalusia. The *camerera* stood at the door of the room, eager to help, contented with the contentment of the stranger. And she led us straightway to the roof, which boasted a sun parlour, no doubt of some service during the Moorish winters, and a flat roof, an *azotea*, where Doña and I succeeded in spending so large a portion of our time that we wonder now how we ever saw anything of all Granada during our weeks of

PLAN OF GRANADA

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GRANADA, FROM GENERALIFE, THE SUMMER PALACE.

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recapture, except from this admirable miradore.

It did not front on the city but rather included all that is opposite and behind the city, the reverse side of the Moorish shield. Across and beyond the walls and towers, and across the river Darro, which proved to be the very tiniest of those small rivulets they are forced to call rivers in Spain, there rose also more plainly than we could see it from our room windows, the summer palace of the Generalife. It looked unworldly, impossible, a mirage, even while we were looking at it, as the Alhambra never did. But the Generalife is a white, vague farther thing, and we had never inhabited it much in older days.

“Why did they build it there, so near here?” I asked of Doña.

“We’ll have to find out some day who ‘they’ were; an Omar I think. Wouldn’t it be the ideal place to ‘loose your fingers in the tresses of the cypress-slender minister of wine?’ See, there is an avenue of cypresses outlining the way to go.”

“Some day,” I promised her and myself, “we shall go, ‘with jug of wine and loaf of bread and book of verse, and Thou.’”

“I think they did have wine in the days of

the decadence," admitted Doña. "And shall we ever visit the Convent of San Francisco?"

We had walked to the edge of the *azotea* and could look down into the yard, almost into the very rooms of the conventual church, for much of it is unroofed. Women and children, in the extreme of shabbiness, went in and out of this shabby ruin, which remained to us throughout our journey the least redeemed decay in all Spain. We decided that we should not ever go into the Convent of San Francisco, even if it had first held the dust of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Beyond was a large vacant space with here and there irregularities in the lawn like remains of the dwelling of that crowded city that once kept within the walls, and beyond again the walls where they curved to return on the south side of the hill-spur and make the circuit of protection.

Beyond it all, the very rampart of all Granada, the very rim of the cup in which the Vega is held, rose the Sierra Nevada, snow-white as snow-mountains should be, bathed now in a faint pink, and soon to turn to silver beneath the moon, which, because Doña had ordered the calendar, and fate was fair, soon rose over them in its flooding light.

After dinner, a brief, swift dinner, we wandered out by our Calle Real, the Street Royal, and down into the leafy Gardens of the Alhambra through which we had come. The great trees of this Garden of Allah over-arched against the deep purply-blue of the Andalusian sky, a night sky-colour we had never seen in any other part of the world, not in Italy nor in Minnesota, the two bluest skies in the world. The Arabians were wont to say that Allah made only enough sky of this colour to cover this new Araby the Blest, this Araby of the West—for Doña tells me that Andalusia instead of being a reduction from Vandalusia as I had believed, in Arabic signifies "Land of the West." Doña has a curious understanding of the significances of this language, which, so far as I know, she has never studied.

We wandered up and down the forest girdled paths. Never did a woodland seem so extensive as this, crossed and criss-crossed as it is by paths and roadways. For it is not such a distance down to the Puerta de las Granada; only—it is all the distance between being in the world and out of the world.

And then, as we came back, with the Moorish moon looking down through the leaves, we

caught that strange tender brilliant cry which every one must hear who has his Alhambra memories complete; and here was ours filled to overflowing, with the song of the nightingale!

“ ’Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
The bulbul utters ere her soul departs.”

The sound was unearthly, the very essence of roses and moonlight and west winds and memories. First one lone thrilling call, stealing through, penetrating through the half-dark of the woodland; pausing for an answer which we were not certain came or did not come; and then the long, rapturous song, in praise of night, in praise of love. Was this the night bird that sang in Omar’s garden at the very time the Omeyyades were making the Garden of the Alhambra as lovely, as worthy to be its home, as any Persian rose bower? We listened to it, and then listened again, for in the very stillness which its voice left audible, we could catch the exquisite thrill of it. And when we were certain that it would sing no longer, not for us again this first evening in the Garden, it was Doña who murmured softly —

“ Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;

The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

We went slowly back to the Alhambra grounds with the sound still in our ears, "like a passing bell."

It was strange how Doña knew where to go, could find her way through the grounds even in the bewildering half-light of this night. "But you must not forget," she countered my wonder, "that I have been here before, that once perhaps I was an houri, too."

"Oh, a Christian slave, I prefer," I corrected her. "'When I was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian slave.' Weren't there Christian slaves that you might have been? "

"Oh, yes, right here, the very reason for the end of everything," Doña admitted. "In truth, if the Moors had not been so gently amiable toward the giaours, there would never have been this destruction—perhaps; for I feel that it was all ordered, all destiny, kismet—our favourite word."

We had paused near the low wall which we discovered the next day looked down on the Garden from near the Gate of Justice. Doña told me that the tall dark bulk was the Torre

de la Justicia, but I had never been in Granada before, whatever my Babylonian remembrance.

“ And you mean there were really Christian intermixtures, intermarriages among the faithful when the Moors were moving up toward 1492? Bismillah! The world wasn't ready for mixed races then, if it is to-day. Tell me about them, briefly, so as not to offend the romantic moonlight. There was a Christian captive? ”

“ Yes, Isabel de Solis, on whose account it all happened.”

“ *Cherchez la femme,*” I ventured.

“ There's always a woman,” Doña explained. I bowed to her explanation. “ And,” she went on, “ it was a woman's war. Muley-Abul-Hassan, who came to the throne — the divan — in 1465, married first Ayesha, his cousin and the daughter of the Left-Handed Mohammed he had succeeded. Boabdil, the Little, the Unlucky, was her son. Then, when Muley grew quite old, he played the Babylonian king to your Christian slave. He fell in love with Isabel, a Christian captive, who, seeing the exigencies of her Moorish-Mormon situation, accepted it gracefully, accepted the Mohammedan religion, accepted Muley, and, having two sons of her own, did not accept Ayesha,

and would not accept Boabdil, hoping that one of her sons should reign. This is history according to Washington Irving, but there has been a historic rumour since that Isabel was Boabdil's mother. Personally, I prefer the old version.

“The two women manœuvred for office, even while the children were little. Isabel, who had become Zorayah, persuaded the doting dotard of a Muley to imprison Ayesha. And Ayesha, being Oriental, let Boabdil down from the walls, saved him, and saved the throne for him. If he had been a son of Isabel, he would have known how to hold the kingdom. We'll know more about it after we've read our history in stone.”

By some trick of fate — some chance leading of our steps — or that instinctive map-knowledge of Doña's — or that remembrance of hers — we found ourselves crossing a wide open space to stand beside the wall near the Tower of Homage, with the most wonderful panorama spread before us that the eye of man can ever hope to look upon.

Somewhere near us, so near that we could stretch out our hands and touch it, was the Alhambra. It was wonderful to be so near it, conscious of it, yet with the brilliance of

our historic memories uncrumbled by a consciousness of present decay. It lay there at our right hand, the mass of towers, palaces, patios we should see on the morrow. And written on its walls we knew were the texts —

“Glory of kings who have disappeared from the earth! Honour of those by whom thou shalt be succeeded! Wert thou compared to the stars they would be humbled, were splendour and nobility wanting to thy dignity thy person would give it sufficient lustre.

“When the shining stars quiver, it is through dread of thee, and when the grass of the field bends down, it is to give thee thanks.”

We had chosen well to stand beside the Tower of Homage. Beyond the palace were the moon-washed, snow-crowned Sierras. Above was the deep purply sky of Andalusia, multitudinously star-sown. Below was the deep, earth-black sky of the city of Granada star-sown with myriads of lights. The clear mountain air hanging above and lying below made the stars equally distinct, made the upper stars steadfast, made the lower ones to swim as in the far ether. Out into the Vega the lights trailed off; never afterward did the city seem so magnificent in extent. We could believe that the half million Moors were dwell-

ing down there, and the Prophet's Paradise had opened its windows above.

El Cielo Bajo, so they call it, these human remnants of Granada's former glories, who love it so devotedly, and love that its lovers should come to it from the far corners of the world. Happily in Spain there is not yet the desire to batten on these foreign lovers. It was a little Spanish-gypsy girl who translated the phrase for me one evening — "We call it the low-er sky."

We went home satisfied that after all we had made our triumphal entry into Granada in the most beautiful night we ever dare hope for in this Paradise of the Lower World, to sleep in the palace of the Gazules, and to dream as the Sultan must have dreamed of Zorayah.

" 'The Alhambra is not in the least like anything one imagines.' "

Doña called to me early next morning. It was like the old pull of the cord on the toe in mornings much earlier in the world, when the day was opening for "Arabian" adventures as wonderful as those of the bookish Nights. I was up in a moment and ready for them.

"Who said it?" I asked in the process. "I don't believe it."

“Neither do I,” she cried back in the quiet excitement we both felt. “I have imagined so many things about the Alhambra, all the things that could be imagined, that I cannot be disappointed, or differed from. The Alhambra is exactly like all the things I have ever imagined.”

“Shall we look at it first?” I asked. “You know you told me out of your Arabian memories, that the best view is over there somewhere,” and I waved my hand in a vague sort of way “over there.”

“From San Nicolás in the Albaicin,” she explained, “but no. It would take time, time, I say, to go over there. And we’d feel like conquerors instead of belonging. No, we shall simply walk down through rose lanes and the Gate of Justice, and enter in as we deserve, as though we had only been away for the night.”

Not long after we found ourselves standing before the Gate, which Doña declared was the only way to enter in, the only place in which to speak the magic “Open Sesame.” The final word on it has been said by Mr. Howells — “lovely enough to be the Gate of Mercy.” This Sublime Porte is surely a noble piece, a great square red mass, like a pale tower in the

View of California

THE GATE OF JUSTICE, GRANADA.

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far north, with the gate cutting into the masonry half-way up the tower—in order that monarchs might not shiver their lances against the arch as Arabian khalifs had a habit of doing and then, according to that kismet, going to their death. It was built as a “Gate of the Law,” where justice might be administered, and as a tower of strength in the bulwarks of the “Red City.” There are three turnings, once filled with Moorish soldiery, now haunted by beggars who believe the traveller will give alms—“for the love of Allah!”

Above the outer arch is a carved hand, and above the inner arch a carved key. Not until the hand should take the key would the gate ever open to an enemy, was the ancient belief. Woven into the diaper work are the words—“May Allah make this a protecting bulwark and write it down among the imperishable actions of the just.”

What matters it that Ferdinand received the keys of the castle in this portal? There is surely something indisputable in the way these Arabians summon eternity to witness against time; everywhere in the Alhambra it makes them victorious over the defeats of yesterday and the ruins of to-day.

“I don’t believe they ever had a key to this

gate," said the skeptical Doña. "You remember how Omar has it — 'that was the door to which I found no key'? Do you suppose this ever has been opened to Christians?" she asked, as we made our way through its turnings. Dark hostility lurked in the shadows. I am certain that no one ever passed through that Gate of Justice without feeling the shadow of Islam behind him.

From the Gate we skirted the wall for a short distance, until we came to the old Alcazaba on the very tip of the hill-spur, reminiscent at least in name of the Kasaba of Morocco, and anticipating the Alcazars we should find in every one-time Moorish city. It stands across the Plaza de los Algibes, the place of the cisterns, from the palace of the Moors, and from that other pitiful ruin, that "castle in Spain," which Charles V began building in flagrant Italian Renaissance style, which he ceased from building in a few years, leaving it open to the sky, but which we hear with regret the Thirteenth Alfonso has thoughts of completing for his royal residence in this kingdom of the dispossessed. This is the only mention Doña and I shall ever make you of this offence. We made none to each other, only one regretful look. But it was necessary to

cross the Plaza to secure the tickets "*por estudian*," which permit one to visit the Alhambra palaces freely for two or three weeks. We did not intend to study, but it is necessary sometimes to get permission to dream.

The Torre de la Vela of the Alcazaba is the greatest watch tower in Spain; very like the Château Gaillard of Cœur de Lion, with which it is contemporary. But it has looked on more history and more crucial history. Before you is spread out all the great panorama of Granada, all the great chronicle. Of course we should visit it, and particularly its hanging gardens at sunset, and at moonrise, if we could raise the *portero* and the *maravedi*. But surely it is worthy of one's worship in the early hours of the morning, when the Vega is a great blue lake, so deep do the mists lie over it, with the white farmhouses looking like sails on this mountain-rimmed sea, the mountains burnt-brown and purple. Below lies the city of Granada, curving close about the castle-hill.

"There is the beginning of things," Doña explained, pointing to a cluster of red buildings on a near hill-spur opposite us, just across the Garden of the Alhambra. "They must be the Torres Bermejes, the Vermilion towers, which were built centuries before these."

“ Then there were brave men before Agamemnon? ” I asked, for the world had seemed to begin with Tarik and 711.

“ This, too, was a stronghold of the Phoenicians. They came inland seeking the precious things of Tarshish. And they called it Karnattah, from which comes Granada. The “ kar ” is the same foresyllable that runs in Carthage and means a high place. The Goths and Vandals did not build here, they built little Illiberis there beyond the plain. But the Moors recognized the strength of this inland “ Gibel,” and the possible beauty. And, do you know, when the kingdoms were apportioned after the preliminary struggles, it was to the Arabs of Damascus that this portion was given? ”

“ There is something harmonious in fate, in kismet,” I admitted.

“ Over to the right,” Doña pointed, “ is the Albaicin, the present gypsy quarter, but the home of wealthy Moors who came from Baeza in 1248. And here, at our feet, is the Antequeruela quarter where they came from Antequera a few years later. And so they came, crowding, crowding, until the last refugees came from Malaga, south there by the blue sea, and the end was evident.”

“ Tell me all about the war and what they killed each other for,” I asked. “ Who was Who and why did he not remain Who? ”

“ There are,” Doña began, “ one to be remembered for each century, Ibn-al-Hamar, Yusuf, Mohammed the Left-Handed, and Muley-Abul-Hassan — and Boabdil, since him you can’t forget. Once upon a time,” she went on, as we always did in the long ago, “ or, more definitely, in the Twelve-Hundreds, there was Ibn-al-Hamar. He became a voluntary vassal to Ferdinand the Saint. If he had not been, probably Granada the Magnificent would not have been. He checked the Reconquest for nearly three centuries by paying tribute. He even did more. Alas, he assisted at the siege of Seville, against the Moors of his own household of faith.”

“ But I suppose the Moorish monarch gave the Sevillians refuge,” I criticized.

“ Yes, that was one of the difficulties. He returned to Granada, and his own people welcomed him, and welcomed the refugees who did not bring greater peace to the city. When Ferdinand died Al Hamar sent a hundred knights to stand round the cenotaph we shall see in the Christian cathedral of Seville, and he sent them on every anniversary. Finally

he died suddenly; he refused to read the sign of the shivered lance against a city gate. But not until he had built the Alhambra, the *Medinat al Hamar*, with these red walls and these red towers, in all this hot southern colour. The walls encircle, if you will know, a plateau some twenty-seven hundred feet by seven hundred, and were built exactly as we build concrete to-day, rubble and clay poured between moulding boards."

"There was no graft then in the contract," I commented, "if they look as good as this after seven centuries."

"They'd look better if it had not been for Napoleon's soldiers," Doña said, with some show of spirit.

"And to return to our muttons, our Moors," I suggested.

"Yusuf, who decorated the Alhambra, was of the Thirteen-Hundreds. And he, more than any other monarch, made Granada the most magnificent of the capitals of Saracenic Spain, renowned throughout Christendom and Arabia for its wisdom, its science, its letters, its poets and historians, its architecture, its agriculture and trade. It was the last golden period. And Yusuf was murdered, by a madman, in the little mezquita we shall see. He left a lovely

city which one of his chroniclers likened to 'a silver vase filled with emeralds and jacinths.' "

" But the battle of Salado was in his time," I remembered, " and Alfonso XI, the Avenger, and the lover of Leonora, the Favorita, was a mighty monarch."

" Yes," admitted Doña, " the end is coming, coming. In the Fourteen-Hundreds we find Mohammed, the Left-Handed, who was father to Irving's three beautiful princesses of the tower, a sort of off-again, on-again monarch, who finally left his throne and his troubles and the End, to his son, Muley-Abul-Hassan, in 1465. The kingdom, the city, was rent with quarrels. They raged as fiercely on those very streets below us as ever in Rome, at the same moment when Rienzi was trying to be the last of the tribunes. But Muley did not see the handwriting."

" He lived up to his name," I tossed back. " It's a wonder the name is not more popular to-day."

" Muley," Doña went on, " was the father of Boabdil. I told you of his two wives, Mohammedan and Christian, who divided the kingdom. But he administered the affairs of the state as badly as those of the harem. The Abencerrages and the Zegrís hated and fought,

like Montagues and Capulets in Verona, and they, too, divided the kingdom. And Muley quarrelled and fought, alternately occupied his throne with his son Boabdil, and again the kingdom was divided.

“I suppose,” I interrupted, “it is as true in the Koran as in the Bible that a city divided against itself cannot stand.”

Doña nodded. “But in 1481, ten years you note before the final fall, Muley made his supreme blunder. In the night he made raid upon Zahara, sacked it, massacred it, and returned to Granada and the reproaches of his people. Immediately the Spanish took Alhama, as Lord Byron tells you. And our very old friend with whom we were consorting last week, the grand Marquis of Cadiz, none other than Ponce de Leon, led the attack. Five years more, and Loxa, which we came through yesterday — you can almost see it over in the break in the mountains — fell before the Christians, and a group of English archers shot their arrows into the Moorish citadel. The net was drawing closer about Granada, the kingdom was dwindling. The curtain goes up for the final scene. Malaga fell in spite of the heroism of El-Zaghal, uncle to Boabdil, who fled to Morocco and died there in the beggary we

know. Better be a camel driver in Africa than a swineherd in Castile."

Doña took from my pocket, where she had surreptitiously placed them, several sheets of the loose-leaved Don Quicknotie. This was one of his great advantages, I had to admit. The book need not all be carried, we could read certain things on the spot, and then could feed the leaves to the four winds. This from the chronicler —

"Beautiful Granada, how is thy glory faded! The flower of thy chivalry lies low in the land of the stranger; no longer does the Bivarambla echo to the tramp of steeds and sound of trumpets; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, gloriously arrayed for the tilt and tourney. Beautiful Granada! the soft note of the lute no longer floats through thy moonlit streets; the serenade is no more heard beneath thy balconies; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills; the graceful dance of the Zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers. Beautiful Granada! why is the Alhambra so forlorn and desolate? The orange and myrtle still breathe their perfume into its silken chambers; the nightingale still sings within its groves; its marble halls are still refreshed with the plash of fountains and

the gush of limpid rills! Alas! the countenance of the king no longer shines within these halls. The light of the Alhambra is set for ever! ”

They saw what was coming. So also did the Most Catholic monarchs see what they meant should come. They would exterminate the infidel, root and branch, and restore all Christendom, that is, all Europe, to the Cross. Granada was practically reduced to the Vega.

Here we stood looking over the Vega, so beautiful and serene in the light of the morning, and watered by “the silvery, wandering Xenil.” Over the plain had swept the armies of the Crescent against the armies of the Cross, until the Crescent fell. *Wa ha ghaliba illa Allah.* There is no Conqueror but God.

“Over in that distance,” Doña went on with her history, “Ferdinand and Isabella built the little village of Santa Fé, ‘Holy Faith.’ You can see it off there in the plain. Then Spain sat down to starve Granada. Twice in the year before the Vega had been burned, and Ferdinand had harried it, until the granaries were well nigh empty. The Moors did not surrender at once, as Boabdil, the weak, advised. There was Musa to be reckoned with; Musa, the last great Paynim warrior — as Musa was

almost the first. He refused to yield the city. And many a gallant Moorish knight stood with him, in spite of the certainty. They challenged Christian knights in single combat until Ferdinand began to fear he would lose all his men in this wise, and he forbade them. The Moors would dash up to the Christian barriers and throw taunts and insults, and also arrows upon the Christian curs. That is why Pulgar entered Granada one night and pinned an 'Ave Maria' on the door of the very mosque. But Ferdinand had something more than soldiers; he had cannon, the 'seven terrible sisters of Ximenez,' and against these, or against famine, the Moors could not stand. Boabdil surrendered in November. And the Christians entered the city on January 2, 1492."

"And all the time the Moors kept watch from this tower," I said, looking around, "and the signals they flashed in fire to the watch towers on the hills, round about were unanswered. Small wonder they could not believe until the very last that Allah could forsake them."

"It was to this very tower," Doña lamented, "that Cardinal Mendoza came with the silver cross sent him by Pope Sextus IV for the final moment of the final crusade. Do you know

that they even celebrated a mass of thanksgiving in London's St. Paul's, by order of Henry VII? "

"Have you ever cared much about St. Paul's Cathedral? " came my repudiation.

"And on every recurring second of January there is a fête held in the Alhambra, the fountains play throughout the palace, and the maids of Granada strike this bell you see above you, Maria Josefa Mercedes, in order to ensure themselves a husband. You'll hear it to-night, for it rings the passing hours to all the Vega."

"I heard it last night," I cried, "but I thought it was in my dreams, one of those bells that rang for El Chico, when 'ringing, ringing, ringing were the silver bells of Spain,' and he could only hear them toll."

"Yes," hastened Doña, "there is the Tower of Siete Suelos beyond our Fonda, where Boabdil took his last way, by the hill of the martyrs, over to those far mountains of *El Ultimo Suspiro*, where he turned to take a last look at Granada and the Alhambra, to breathe that last sigh over so much beauty, so much dispossession, over the end to which all beauty and possession must come."

"That must be the cathedral," I ventured later, pointing to the great bulk of gray-brown

THE
CITY OF
GRANADA

A GENERAL VIEW OF GRANADA.

building that topped the roofs of the city just below.

“Yes, you must feel awed,” said Doña. “Under that roof there rests the dust that once was the Most Catholic of all the Catholic kings, the dust that was Ferdinand and Isabella.”

I’m afraid I did not look awed according to schedule. But no doubt it is necessary to have such august ashes here in order to hold the Reconquest. Without such great witness it would be all too easy to disbelieve in conquest, and to restore these wonders and this loveliness to the right owners from whom they came.

“And see the number of other churches,” Doña exclaimed, as our eyes swept the roofs for resting points, “surely enough to house the half million converts they expected out of the Reconquest. There’s San Nicolas whence we are to see where now we stand; there’s San Juan just below us, you can tell it by its minaret converted to a Christian; there’s San Gerónimo where Gonsalvo de Cordova lies buried. I feel rather sympathetic with him, for he was disgraced and has been as neglected as though he were not one of the great leaders of the recapture. Truth is, he isn’t buried there.

They took him to Madrid a few years ago, and then forgot him. It's all very pathetic, conquerors as well as conquered.

“ And, by the way,” Doña went on, looking out across the plain, “ there at Santa Fé Columbus made his vain plea for permission to discover the New World, and over there farther is the little bridge at Pinto, where the envoy overtook him when he was on his way to the French king, and brought him back to his high adventure under Spain. They gave him his commission here in the Alhambra, and a letter of introduction to Prester John! ”

We paused for a moment at the hanging gardens which border the Alcazaba, and there Doña read me these things from an Arabian Night tale. Solomon sends to the King of the Sea and demands —

“ Break thy carnelian idol, and bear witness that there is no deity but God. If thou refuse, I will come to thee with forces that shall leave thee like yesterday that hath passed.”

And from where Sheik Abd-el-Samad records —

“ They saw a city than which eyes had not beheld any greater. Its pavilions were lofty and its domes were shining; its rivers were running, its trees were fruitful, and its gardens bore ripe produce. It was a city with impenetrable gates,

empty, still, without a voice but the owl hooting in its quarters and the raven croaking in its thoroughfare streets, and bewailing those, who had been in it."

And finally —

"This is the end of that which hath come down to us of the history of the City of Brass, entire. And God is all-knowing."

I had not known before that it was the very story of the Alhambra I had always known under the title of "The City of Brass."

It is difficult in Granada to believe that you will ever come back to any one spot and look upon beauty thence again, for beauty is so evanescent; it is difficult to go on to any other thing. But the Alhambra, the nearer glories waited us.

We crossed the Plaza of the Cisterns, which is honeycombed with wells to store water from the Darro, wells digged so deep that centuries of Grenadines have not drunk them dry, and are still drinking. Donkeys with water-panniers, and water-carriers with goatskins were beside the fountain getting their load to be carried down into the city. And in a moment, after we had paid our dole to the blind musicians, who, I doubt not, are playing there still, since they or their like were there every mo-

ment, we crossed the Plaza, we were before the very little door which admits to so much wonder.

If it is not possible to imagine it before you have seen it, how is it possible to speak of it after you have seen it? Well might "the dear witty Henri Heine" have said to Gautier at the Liszt concert, in April of 1840, "in that German accent of his, full of humour and slyness, 'How will you manage to speak of Spain after you have been there?' "

Of Spain, possibly; it is one of the most concrete nations in the world. But of the Alhambra, which is all illusion. We went there day after day, even evening after evening, when we had learned the art of persuasion. But it was days and days before we tried to speak about it.

After you have made it your own through days and nights of constancy, it becomes what it is, the loveliest monument, the loveliest memory, in all the world.

It is fragmentary yet complete, delicate yet all-powerful, a ruin but still an achievement, a place of bravery and of romance, it housed a life of ease, even of indolence, but, at the same time, a life of keen intellectual activity and of war's splendours. No doubt these op-

posites cannot endure, do not make enduring a civilization. But neither does the sameness of virtues, the strength and sternness and renouncement, that have made, yet not kept, other civilizations from breaking.

Once within the palace the braveries are forgotten — and they were braveries — which made the Alhambra possible for two centuries and a half. For the palace is a thing apart from any other ruin of loveliness in the world. It is varied, inexhaustible, teasing one out of thought, luring one into dream.

You enter by the Patio of the Myrtles, the great oblong court with delicate arcades at either end, and in the centre a still pool hemmed in by myrtle, in which golden carp are darting. The limpid waters reflect and redouble the arcading and the walls with another court of as perfect proportions, until again the Alhambra becomes a mirage, a thing of reflections, a thing for the imagination. It declares itself in its Arabic inscription — “I am like the rainbow when it shines and the sun is my Lord.”

It is not the most beautiful, or, rather, it is not the most over-emphatically Alhambrian of the palace places, but it is the fit vestibule, and through its gentle beauty, its invocation,

rather its evocation, you are prepared for the mysteries that are to come.

At the farther, the northern end, rises the tall Tower of Comares, the most historic part of the palace. It is a great square structure, two stories high, but the apartment within fills the entire space. And the room is the Hall of the Ambassadors. Here the khalifs become kings held their divan, Mohammed and Yusuf and Muley and Boabdil. Here Boabdil held that last melancholy divan, that last council of all Moorish Spain, when city and castle were yielded to the conquerors. It was from the basement rooms of this tower that Boabdil was let down to safety by his vigilant mother, in order to escape the plotting of the Christian convert and the most unchristian father. And from that window looking out on the Darro, and farther out over the Vega, the Emperor Charles stood and cried, "Ill-fated the man who lost all this."

The tower, stern without, is a wildering arabesque within. This marvellous plaster has kept since the days of Yusuf its delicate surface mouldings with greater integrity than any preservation in marble. It has lost its gorgeous reds and blues and its gilding, all but in hints; the tiles which wainscot the walls are

still gleaming with the rich tinting. And about the doorways, and the windows so deeply recessed as to form little cabinets, there run verses from the Koran, or verses in praise of the builder. The exquisite fragile decoration of the Alhambra is everywhere based on exact mathematics. And the running comment in Cufic lettering makes the walls of every chamber a book where he who lingers may read — even read a *Mene Tekel Upharsin*.

It is a wonderful place, this Comares tower, perhaps the most impressive place of the Alhambra; but its impression is European. It is in the Court of the Lions that the secret of the palace is revealed to you, if it is ever revealed; more than in the little Mezquita on the floor below, where Yusuf was murdered, and where the mirhab stands at the east waiting for the restoration of the Koran; more than in the baths of the Sultan and Sultana and Nino, which largely explain why the living of the conquered was so much better than that of the conquering — Doña informed me that decrees of Charles V and Philip II forbade baths to the Moors, and Philip even began to destroy these very baths because of their evil influence; more than the lovely and very little garden of Lindaraxa, with its four slender cypress trees

The Court of the Lions, Alhambra

WAX OF
CAMPBELL

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the secret place. For in truth — if a truth not perfectly established — it was the Secret Place, El Harem. About the Patio de los Leones centred the life of the palace, as the Sala de los Embajadores centred the ceremony.

Around the long oblong runs an arcade of delicate arches, the peristyle at either end rounding into small pavilions domed with “ half-oranges ” that stand out into the court. The horse-shoe arches from slender column to slender column are delicately carved, while everywhere the walls in their plaster-arabesque have a diaphanous fabric quality, like a web of rare lace. There are still remnants of the rich colouring which once made this place vivid as the Orient, symbols rather than scraps of colour. The scheme here in this heart of the harem seems again to have been blue and white, as it was at Tangier, but such glorified and luscious blue, such pearl and shaded white. The colonnades are still paved with the azure and white tiling, and the fret work of the roofs, of the windows, and of the spandrels of the arches, give bits of the hot blue southern sky inset in this openwork of ivory. But it is not all blue and white, boudoir-like. There are glimpses of the true colours of the Orient, here and there, in the ill-fated Hall of the Aben-

cerrages, in the Sala de la Justicia, where family justice must alone have been meted out, and where Ferdinand and Isabella celebrated the conquering mass; vermilion and orange and sapphire, lovelier now than in more radiant moments, since the Arab never used green, whereas time has transformed some of these blue tiles into the green of old glazes or of the deep sea. Particularly the tiles which make the low wainscoting to the walls of the court are lively with these softened colours, and the marbles of the pavement dance with the reflected colours.

At either end play fountains, and in the centre of the court plays the fountain of them all, the Fountain of the Lions. We found them very appreciable beasts, these twelve strange formal creatures, perhaps carved by Christians who had forgotten, or being captive were compelled to forget what the devout infidel never forgot — thou shalt make no graven images, no likeness.

There is no likeness in these beasts. Doña found them — after we had found ourselves — most fitly placed in all this midsummer night's dream, and she interpreted them as Bottom did the lion in the play — “Ladies — or Fair Ladies — I would wish you — or I would request

you — or I would entreat you not to fear, not to tremble; my life is yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are. And then indeed let him name his name and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.”

The Arabs themselves expressed their whimsical reassuring to an age which was still bordered by fear of the wild, when they carved about the basin — “ Oh, thou who examinest these lions fixed in their places, fear not, Life is wanting to enable them to show their fury.”

The fountain also carries this sentence to “ one of Love’s captives whose faces are bathed with the tears which the envious have caused him to shed.” Perhaps it was this Arabic that suggested to Doña her conclusion, and I liked it best of all. We had sat in silence, fortunately no one else within the court, and its tumultuous memories came over us, the soft loves and fierce hates, the veiled faces and the shining swift swords. The fountain plashed its waters against the silence and the memories — “ I think these waters must be the tears of all the Moors of yesterday and to-day, gathered throughout vanished Arabia and gently distilled in this too-lovely place.”

CHAPTER VII

OMAR IN ANDALUSIA

THE Alhambra still has inhabitants other than those wherewith its historian-genie, Washington Irving, peopled it. We met no Moor of Tetuan, although I felt certain that Doña looked out of many a casement, many an *ajimez*, at the memoried Moor of Tangier. Neither are the towers inhabited by "poor but proud" Grenadines as they were in the Eighteen-Thirties of Irving and the Eighteen-Forties of Gautier. If Irving could come back he would find, as we found, only his princesses, Zayda, Zorayda, Zorahayda, in the Torre de las Infantas, Isabel de Solis still a captive in the most lovely of them all, the Torre de la Cautiva. But modern Granada numbers several hundred in the Alta Alhambra, who sleep in their beds o' nights, and who traffic in the daytime in strange merchandise with the wayfaring tourist.

Our Calle Real where it opened into the Patio

de los Alamos — how well we remembered the Alamo! — was lined with shops opposite Santa Maria, the old Spanish church, built on the ruins of a mosque, as the mosque was built on the ruins of a Visigothic Christian church, or as near Christian as the remote Peninsula permitted in those early Christian centuries. Whole rooms of these shops are in imitation of the plaster-work of the Alhambra, and the guileless traveller is beguiled into having his picture taken with this as background and himself decked out in borrowed robes of Moorish cut and cast. Out of doors under the poplars, small girls of ten to fourteen years, sit about a long frame on which is stretched a net of lace, and all day these children patiently weave with rapid fingers and flying needles the pattern set before them, making those marvellous filmy, or thick silky veils, into true Spanish mantillas, and making their brown inquiring eyes early candidates for the terrible near-sightedness and pathetic blindness which is everywhere so common throughout Spain. A rose or a carnation tucked in the hair makes instinctive appeal for a different fate.

It is difficult to escape these shops; they are in league with each other or in active hostility; and after we had discovered through days of

passing and repassing, and infrequent but judiciously timed buying — Doña had an aptitude for this — that the keepers of the curio shops were also human beings, we had no wish to avoid them; we courted them as they courted us. It was through the little gypsy girl who haunted us, and knew all our goings out and comings in until she threatened to get on our nerves with her stiletto glances, that we found many vantage points in the Alhambra which otherwise we should have missed; and so we forgave the stilettos.

— It was the Linares family, keepers of the two most important shops, and one of them near the Wine Tower next the Gate of Justice, who made us to understand how very human are the keepers of curios, how very devoted are the members of a Spanish middle-class family. No doubt they are shrewd in bargaining; I never felt that Doña got any too much the better of them in that wonderful lace scarf she bought with the machicolated edges and the border of Arabian hieroglyphs in praise of Allah. But, in truth, I was glad to find that these people had a commercial gift and to believe that there might be more like them to aid in the up-building of modern Spain.

We had stopped a moment at the Vino shop

on our way home to have lunch, and found the grave dignified father of the family greatly excited. His son was coming from the North, he told us in English somewhat broken, and more broken than that of any other of the interesting members of this family, his son Hime, that is, Jaime, who was fourteen years old, and had been for six months with another son who keeps the shop in Toledo.

This oldest son was quite the distinguished one of the Linares; he had been in America, taken thither by a New England lady who had been charmed with his youthful promise. Whatever may have been their American antagonism in the years immediately following 1898 — when Spaniards angry with Columbus for discovering America, even though he received his commission for that discovering at Granada, stoned his statue in the public square at Barcelona — to-day, conscious of the necessities of modern life, they honour beyond his fellows any countryman who has been in America; something is expected of him, that vague yet ambitious something which awakening Spain is beginning to demand from her people. And however much they feel kinship with South America, it is of North America they speak, to North America they look, when considering how Spain

shall become the nation it should have been, and yet may be.

^ This oldest son, we promised ourselves and the father, we should meet in Toledo. But at this moment we were interested in the coming of the youth from the North, so interested that Doña forgot to buy her post-cards, and the shopman forgot to sell them to her. It was a tremendous journey the boy was making, from Toledo to Granada; to them it was as tremendous as the journeys Christopher Columbus and their oldest son had made to and from America; and when we took it later, although in three breaks, we did not abate a jot from the tremendousness of it all.

^ During the afternoon we thought of the happy reunited Linares, and when evening came we did not go near the shop, knowing that a returned and so youthful son, even if not prodigal, was better than riches.

^ But when next morning Doña felt that she must have her cards and that business equilibrium would be reestablished, we found Abelardo the elder looking worn and heavy-eyed if contented. The boy did not come at four o'clock from Toledo by way of Cordova, as had been expected. Something had happened at Cordova, we did not quite understand what, but

we were new to Spanish railroad travel and expected that unexplainable things would happen in Spanish railroad travel. (Nothing does happen, more or less there than elsewhere, let me record at once in defense of travel which has been much maligned and does not deserve it.) But the boy did not come. And the family, father, mother, three daughters, one son in Toledo, one little fellow in Granada, concentrated their all in the way of affectionate anxiety on this lost fourteen-year-old, exchanging telegrams, beseeching railroad officials, and spending the entire night in the waiting-room, the *Sala de Espera* of the railroad station. To them it must have been a "room of hope." He came in the morning, the way having been cleared. And the Linares family could go again about their ways in the market-place with only a becoming vestige of suffering in their brown eyes and olive-toned faces.

The day that we made our first pilgrimage into the city and to the cathedral, Abelardo insisted on lending us the very small son, aged nine, as guide.

"No, not guide," he protested when we suggested that the little fellow was small and might be wearied of much sight-seeing. "He not go as guide, no, no, not to you, not from me" —

it was a present he would make us as he had so often in small surprise ways when wrapping up the purchases Doña made from time to time — “he is your, how you say? *amigo*, your frien’.”

After that we must have him, little Emilio, the first of a procession of precious youngsters we so fortunately acquired in our processions through Spanish cities, out of the great mob of Spanish boys that are always about. There is surely no country in the world where so many boys are brought into the world, and if it be true that mothers count themselves happy who see half their sons grow to manhood, Spain has much to gain through introducing Spanish babyhood to sanitary methods.

Emilio assumed true Spanish dignity as he walked with us through the Gardens, and into the streets of Granada town. They are not interesting streets, and they know it, know that once they had glories which are departed.

Emilio led us to the cathedral through wider streets which have a Latin look of uniformity and therefore serve fitly to lead to the Renaissance structure. He parleyed successfully with the town boys at the portal who disputed his invasion of their sacred rights of sanctuary.

Doña told me that their mixture of hidalgo and picaresco talk was rich beyond words.

For some reason we failed to be impressed by the cathedral, Santa Maria de la Encarnacion, but we have always hoped that Emilio, whose gravity and dignity were irreproachable, did not suspect us. And we present our instant apologies to Mr. Fergusson, who regards it as one of the most interesting Renaissance churches in Europe. No doubt the fault, the loss, was ours, for it must be that we do not care for Renaissance buildings; certainly in Spain we preferred the Moorish or the Gothic; its Renaissance seems yet to come.

There was service when we went in, the afternoon vespers with the much passing to and fro between choir and altar which makes any Spanish church service so processional. But as the church did not appeal to us religiously, we did not enter into the devotions. The mighty organ rumbled its music through the spaces, without sweetness, the mighty basso of the choir growled in a heavier *de profundo* than I had ever heard or imagined, and the shrill cry, not singing, of the boy soprano was the most shockingly irreligious voice I have ever heard in Christendom. We were glad to forget it as nearly as might be; and because of it we found

it necessary to return another day when we could be certain the clergy and choir of Granada were not glorifying God *fortissimo*.

There are many paintings by Alonzo Cano, contemporary of Murillo and Velasquez, who is chiefly associated with Granada as Murillo is with Seville, but who is not Spanish, and therefore is as harmonious with this Renaissance cathedral as it and he are inharmonious with what you love in Spain. The building is, in a way, his monument, as if it had engraved for epitaph the remark of Philip IV — “only God can make an Alonzo Cano.” For after he had come from Valladolid, where legend has it that he murdered his wife, he made his lodging in the tower, the one finished tower of this great cathedral then still in the building. He painted the seven pictures of the Annunciation in the Capilla Mayor, and he sculptured much, as the Adam and Eve in oak for the altar, and figures for the outer façade, and he was buried in the choir, having been made a prebendary of the church; in all a stormy passionate and thoroughly Spanish life.

It was when we entered the Capilla Real that the true significance of this alien cathedral came over us, held dominion over us even though we would not. After all, we suc-

cumbed before the continued majesty of such dust.

It holds the gorgeous tombs of this royal chapel, rather the plain iron caskets of that sunken centre — so different from the *Invalides* — the very dust-crumbled bodies that once were “the Catholic Kings,” Ferdinand and Isabella, no monarchs mightier in all their world, and they the first great monarchs of a whole world. It is certain that this monarchic dust does lie here undisturbed. There have been wars and revolutions enough in Spain, but they have ebbed and flowed far from Granada, and uprising has never taken the sport of scattering famous ashes.

In the little ante-room we were shown old worn things that had once expressed the splendour and the fervour of these Catholic monarchs; the royal standards of the victorious army, Ferdinand’s sword, Isabella’s sceptre and cross, a chasuble embroidered by her, and her missal — which on each second of January is laid opened on the high altar.

In the chapel is a retablo in deep relief showing the surrender of Granada, done by Vignarny; on the left is Boabdil surrendering the keys, and on the right the compulsory Christian baptism of reluctant Moors. There are kneel-

ing effigies of the king and queen; indeed the cathedral is rich in contemporary portraits in sculpture and painting of the two; but none mighty enough, could be mighty enough, after these four hundred years of magnificat.

And here are the tombs and the effigies in Carrara marble, portraits in stone, an elaborate scheme of supporting figures, saints and evangelists, for the four dead; for Philip the Beautiful and Juana the Mad are here also. And then the sacristan lights a taper, thrusts it through the end of a long lance, and, one by one, quite silently, you alone to look in awe, you are let down the three or four steps of a narrow staircase, the torch is thrust through a grating and — before you lie the mighty, the Most Catholic monarchs. Surely any place is “too small for so great glory,” as Charles the Emperor, grandson to it, did say.

If it was the moment of decadence and the woman's century, when Ayesha and Zorayah contended in the woman's battle for power, and Morayma intrigued with her husband-king's arch enemy, it was also the woman's moment for faith and for the works of faith. It is always to Isabella, this “queen of earthly queens” that one looks for the expression of that culminating Spanish century; this mag-

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THE TOMBS OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA, SANTA MARIA DE LA
ENCARNACION CATHEDRAL, GRANADA.

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nificent monarch, this too Christian queen, who had the vision to discover a new world, the power to make a new nation, and the fanaticism with Torquemada to sow that nation with the seeds which should choke it. It is rumoured historically that her hand was first sought in marriage by Richard III; what might not have happened to him or to England? History has also the rumour that her mad daughter Juana was wooed by Henry VII, when Philip II, her grandson, might have been king of England by immediate right instead of a candidate through the remote claim of descent from John of Gaunt, or through Juana's sister, his wife Mary's mother, ill-fated Catherine of Aragon. The consequences of positive fact and of rumoured possibility could not have much varied. It is difficult to imagine England for long under any Spanish rule; and Isabella made and still makes Spain. But, after all, she was equal to the large demands of the enlarging fifteenth century in no small way.

Another day Emilio went with us to find Santa Maria Magdalena, and near it we found what Doña had come seeking—the tablet affixed to a considerable looking house and declaring that here in 1826 was born Eugenia de Guzman y Portecarrero.

“How far back it seems,” Doña commented, “to be born in the reign of the French Charles X, who did succeed, or fail, in establishing an ultra royal, ultra ecclesiastical regime, where in twenty-five years this imperial Eugénie was to sit as the most beautiful woman ever crowned. I suppose she did remember Spain, even in the midst of the Tuileries and the intrigues.”

“Surely,” I answered her —

“The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye,
You’d have said that her fancy had gone back again
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life of Spain.’”

Doña turned a merry-sad look upon me. “Who would have thought we should be quoting from that thread-bare, self-conscious, sentimental ‘Aux Italiens?’ I didn’t even know you knew it.”

“It belonged to my century,” I rebuked her gravely. “Take care, ‘after all, old things are best’ —

“I thought of the dress that she wore last time
When we stood ’neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather.’

“I’ve never been able to think so contemptuously of Owen Meredith,” I went on. “I fancy

he'd suit the Empress Eugenie to-day in her English retreat at Chiselhurst better than George Meredith with a complex modern kind of love she couldn't understand, even if her Spanish is tempered with Scotch."

"*Non ti scordar di me,*" hummed Doña, as we went to find a carriage that would take us to the Carthusian monastery.

I did not know just why we went to the Car-tuja. It is only a mile, but it seems a dusty infinity, along one of those white roads of Spain which even in early May were beginning to be very dusty. There were beggar women crowded before the doorway, and I thought Doña looked grieved over their indifference to the "big dogs" she dropped in their beseeching palms; but their brief *gracias* was what we were accustomed to. A ring at the bell brought a young girl to the door, who busied herself showing us about until the one Carthusian left to this closed monastery came to his conducting. We were glad that she seemed indifferent to our studied indifference toward the frescoes of the cloister, painted by Fra Cota, where the contemporary Protestantism of Henry VIII and the martyrdoms of that vigorous age are painted relentlessly.

The Carthusian in his black habit and well

fedness completed our survey of chapel and sacristy; very rich they were in woods and ivory and marble and inlay of pearl and tortoise-shell — the whole an extravaganza of bad taste, so it seemed to us, however good the details. The Carthusian himself, uninterested in his treasures, manifested an open interest in Doña.

He addressed her in Spanish, and after she had escaped replying as long as she well could, and did answer an address too pointed to neglect, he looked at her in bewilderment. Doña straightened a bit with a hauteur that was rather Spanish I thought. Evidently the Carthusian did, too. For it seemed he had believed all the time that Doña was a Spaniard. Perhaps the exigencies of her half-worn wardrobe which had lead her to dress in black, *a la Española*, had deceived him. But he declared it was the oval of her face, and he seemed not at all to be impressed with the fact that her eyes were decidedly not traditional.

And, of course, Carthusian though he was, Doña being feminine, he declared the consciousness of her Spanishness lay deeper, in a *simpatía* he had felt from the beginning. He would not, and I believe does not yet believe Doña was not native; and I foresaw that

Spain would need my vigilance as much as Morocco.

He followed us to the outer door with the utmost characteristic Carthusian courtesy.

Doña and I exchanged smiles outside, but she immediately lost memory of her conquest, and again bestowed "big dogs" on the old women; there were more of them than when we went in.

"At this rate," I began severely, no doubt sharpened a little from my late experience with the Carthusian, "we shall have to exchange our doubloons for a pack of dogs."

"But you know why?" quivered Doña.

I did not know why.

"In the 'Familiar Travels in Spain' it happened here. Mr. Howells had scattered coppers all the way from the Pyrénées because he had heard that the beggars bestow a *Vaya usted con Dios*, 'May you go with God,' on all way-faring fools who part with their money. And finally here, on the steps of this Cartuja, one of these very old women bestowed it! Why did you suppose we came, anyway?"

"Not for the Cartuja," I retorted, "but for the Carthusian — 'non Angli, sed Angeli.'"

"We came for *Vaya usted con Dios*. I wonder if we shall ever get it, get anything more than *gracias*?"

And from that moment on we spent a moiety of our time and many a *perro*, big and little, in the pursuit of the blessing. In street and market-place and at the door of the sanctuary, we nudged each other and whispered, "Perhaps now they'll say it."

Our day at the Generalife was in its way the most Moorish of all the days — whatever the number they will ever be too few as they were to the Moors themselves — we spent in the Kingdom of Granada.

We took with us no historic responsibilities; our data about the Generalife, even omniscient Doña's, could be compressed to a few vague unauthorized statements. Where the Alhambra thronged with life and every smallest corner has its own distinct legend, this summer palace, this little playhouse — a stone's throw across the Darro — a quarter of a mile through the cypresses — so entirely Moorish in all its proportions, so apparently uncrumbling in its integrity, seemed waiting rather than remembering. It was placed so pleasantly, so invitingly, as though it should invite our presence —

"With me along the strip of herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot,
And peace to Mahmoud on his golden throne."

We had looked at it often during our day in the Alta Alhambra, our high Alhambran days. We had watched it, spied upon it, morning and evening, still noontide and stiller midnight when the tumult of thoughts and dreams evoked by the reconquering Moors would not let us sleep. And the Generalife refused us its secret. Why should it have been built there, so far, so near? Who was Omar, its traditional builder? And did Morayma, wife of Boabdil, meet Hamet of the hated Abencerages under the cypress trees, under the stars?

It was late forenoon of the day when we started. Madame of the hotel with the Iberian-accented French had compacted us cakes and other appropriate delicacies with a stone jar of white wine, in a basket all lined with green leaves and crowned with roses. We felt that no Sultan had ever made his pilgrimage to the little palace across the Darro under happier circumstances.

We loitered on the way, in spite of the increasing fervour of the sun; for with one step beyond the Alhambra walls you are in the country, the lonely Spanish country, the deserted Moorish country, which is one of the saddest things of all, stern comment on con-

quest and exiles and Second Philips and ruthless Napoleons.

It was not of these we thought this morning, for in spite of the loneliness of Andalusia, it still smiles; loveliness still haunts it, has not altogether deserted it. Green grass and green poplar leaves and here and there ragged rose bushes running riot, filled the air with May.

I turned to Doña —

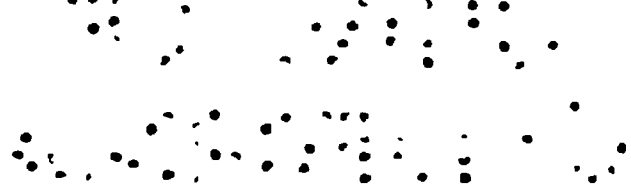
“ ‘ Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say,
Yes, but where leaves the rose of yesterday?
And this first summer month that brings the rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes,’ ” she went on, quatrain for quatrain —

“ ‘ I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled,
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.’ ”

At the iron gate of the Generalife grounds we met the King of the Gypsies: tall, thin-hipped, olive-skinned, dark-eyed, but eyes so flashing that we liked to believe them the proof he was nothing Moorish; and dressed in close-fitting black velvet with many silver buttons decorating the trouser legs, and an indispensa-

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ble red sash, and a red handkerchief about his tall pointed hat.

Nothing could exceed his graciousness over our declining to buy his photograph. We wondered what excess it could have reached had we bought. But no doubt he felt siesta before him, and also the coming of other tourists. And he had recognized us as more permanent residents than these others, as his courtly suggestion showed — *mañana*.

The keeper of the gate was on the point of refusing us admittance; it was not within the hours; noon was coming on. But Doña assured him in her best Andalusian, — which by this time must have been very good it was so very effective, — that we had permission to spend the day in the Generalife. The keeper, gentleman that he was, that all Spaniards are in truth, so have the ups and downs of peninsular social life during the centuries tilted the social strata, did not ask to see the permit, did not doubt the word of Senora Doña.

“What would you have done if he had asked to see your permit?” I asked as we were made free of the cypress walk.

“I never said I had a permit, I only said I had permission. And I have, from Omar, whoever he was.”

“Of course I can’t distinguish between the two in Andalusia,” I admitted, “but Omar sounds Persian to me.”

“That’s the reason why you do understand,” said Doña. “Omar lived and smote ‘is bloomin’ lyre just about the time the Generalife was a-building. Moorish Arabs borrowed heaps and heaps of their art and philosophy of life from the Persians, who were indeed one of the two and seventy warring sects of Mohammed’s succession. It may be that we shall find the two Omars are one.”

We walked along, and suddenly I had it. ✎ Omar Khayyam! Of course the two Omars were twins. Khayyam was a tent-maker. And you remember how we have always felt in the Alhambra that the Arabs took their building ideas from the tents of the desert, the delicate poles turned to columns, the swaying tent-folds turned to that swaying plaster-work fabric.”

“Strange how all things work together,” was Doña’s comment.

“To them that love Allah,” I ventured, and, I hope, without sacrilege.

It is a delicate delightful little palace, with its divans and its miradores, its gardens and its patios, its running streams and playing fountains on different levels as though water were a

THE
GRANADA

GENERALIFE, THE SUMMER PALACE, GRANADA.

substance to which form could be forgiven, and its hedges and its cypress trees, and its lovely view, the wide Vega, the near city, the nearer Alhambra, and the very *ajimez* windows of our Fonda which stood out distinctly in the mass of the Red Town.

There is also a portrait collection in one of the halls, probably the worst portrait collection in the world, doing ample revenge to the perpetration of the Reconquest in the eyes of any seeing Believer.

Doña had persuaded the *duenna* of the place to leave us in peace and in the garden, through the silver tongue, and, no doubt, the silver palm. As she walked away, Doña said sotto voce and dramatically —

“ ‘ . . . What have we to do
With Kaikobad the great or Kaikhosru?
Let Zal and Rustum thunder as they will
Or Hatim call to supper, — heed not you.’ ”

We ate our cakes and drank our wine — pouring a little on the ground according to the request of Omar — beneath that very tree where Morayma did not meet Hamet. We decided to prefer that she did not, since Boabdil, the Unlucky, had had such a surplus of unluck. And after a drowsy mid-afternoon, when we

half-siestad in the shade with the murmur of bees in the rose hedges, we had our book of verses, without the book.

Doña had been looking across at the red towers and red walls behind which lay the low red palace of the Khalifs of the last Kingdom —

“ ‘ They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts, where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.
And Bahram, that Great Hunter — the wild ass
Stamps o’er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, but they lived life when they lived it,’
I ventured in Oriental sympathy, “ they gloried and they drank deep of many other things than wine if they were forbidden that — women and song and science and the things of the intellect. They knew the true Omarian philosophy. Perhaps, after all, they had read him, for he lived in the twelfth century and his book was transcribed for the Arabian libraries from Hindu Kush to Cordova. No doubt the Spaniards burned the very copy they found in Granada, in Yusuf’s library, so fallen, so fallen. But the Arabs knew —

“ ‘ Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend
Before we, too, into the dust descend,
Dust unto dust and under dust to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and — sans end.’ ”

“Then you do think,” Doña said, “that they were delicate decadents, the Moriscoes? —

“‘. . . The Phantom Caravan had reached
The nothing it set out from. . . .’

But,” she went on, “a poet once wrote for me in a book of his own translation of Omar, which is a more Oriental translation than Fitzgerald’s, this quatrain which matches yours —

“ ‘ While still thy body’s breath is warm and sweet
Follow thy pleasures with determined feet,
’Ere death, the coldest lover in the world,
Catches thee up with footsteps still more fleet. ’ ”

I cannot say that I liked Doña’s poet’s version of romantic pessimism, so well as Fitz’s and mine. But I shall have to admit that I, too, have noticed that where Doña’s past is concerned I have very strong, and perhaps illogical, prejudices. I lay on the bench quietly looking over the palace and the plain until the memory should pass away. Doña looked with me, but her eyes caught the gently stirring treetops across the palace grounds, the Garden which we wondered every one did not call the

Garden of Allah. And she remembered and murmured —

“ ‘ Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose,
That Youth’s sweet-scented manuscript should close,
The Nightingale that in the Garden sang —
Ah, whence and whither flown, who knows? ’ ”

That was the right memory for the nearer things, the lovely green pleasure ground, the memorable palace. I looked out over the town to the farther distance where so much splendour had come and so much splendour had gone, all gone now, Moorish and Spanish, leaving such great emptiness. There was only one sufficient answer —

“ ‘ The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes, or it prospers, and anon,
Like snow upon the desert’s dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two — was gone! ’ ”

Late in the afternoon we made our way out through the little gate above the Miradore, and followed the path up to the Silla del Moro. Whoever was the first Moor to take his seat on this high place and look upon the Alhambra, the Vega, the Kingdom, upon all Andalusia, the lovely West Land of Arabia, it is still the vantage point from which those of Moorish sym-

pathy may best understand all the loveliness that was and still is, in the lovely fading light of sunset. The Silla is perched upon the mountain like an eagle's nest, seemingly above and over the valley. There may be, there are, higher peaks about Granada, but none so immediately over it. The view is as wonderful as from the Tower of Vigil, more extensive, but more vague; and a thicker veil was woven by the fingers of the sun out of the evening mists over the lands. We hoped it was in this wise that Boabdil looked upon it from his sad vantage point on the high hills opposite. And we breathed with him as every Andalusian lover must, an *ultimo suspiro*, for the lovely land we must leave on the morrow.

As we went back through the garden of the Generalife, we stopped a moment to listen to the play of its waters, to smell the roses, to look at the thin young moon that had risen and was hanging like a crescent over the Alhambra — at the very last the crescent was restored! And I left Doña to say what we both were thinking —

“ ‘ Yon rising moon that looks for us again,
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane,
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden, and for us in vain.’ ”

And in that book we read no more that day. With *buenas tardes* and *muchas gracias* to the *duenna*, we took our way, beneath the cypresses, underneath the stars.

CHAPTER VIII

SEVILLE IN ARABESQUE

THERE is no city in Spain — let Doña and me be extreme this once — there is no city in the world, we who have not visited them all would tell you — so disappointing in the beginning, so captivating in the end, as Seville.

There are cities into which you may enter immediately, as though you had lived there once and were come home again. But Seville keeps her secret, denies she has any charm, presents you with evidence of monotony and dullness. She refuses to be historic; she whitewashes her traditions so blandly that you cannot find the fascination, the *alegria*, that always you have known lay hidden in her name. She is a level monotonous city of the plain, and you feel bewildered; you resent her indifference. You wonder why all the men from Martial to Arthur Symons have placed Seville among the italicized *Cities* of the world.

We had come away from Granada, torn our-

selves away — but then, was there ever any one who did not? — in order to be in Seville for Corpus Christi, rather, for the *Seises*. We had, with great cunning, so we thought, stolen up to Seville at midnight, thrilled with the mystery of the night as it came down over Andalusia, raptured by the great fronds of the palm-trees that lifted themselves in the shadow of the Orient against the purple night sky, and lured by a long line of lights outside the city which mark the way for shipping, but which looked like festal fairy lights in our strange night.

It was in this way, stealthy and in the night, that the Moors made their capture of Seville, and we remembered how the son of Musa had found here Egilona, widow of Don Roderick, had wedded her, and brought peace to the city. And we recalled how Columbus had said, when approaching the New Indies in October, 1492, “Thanks be to God, the air is very soft as of April in Seville when it is a pleasure to be there.” And how George Borrow who delighted in Seville, if they did confiscate his Bibles, — we know now that Bibles were only incidental with Borrow, and life was the main thing, — had spoken of “the delicious climate of this terrestrial Paradise.”

But Seville was besieged eighteen months by the Spaniards. Alas, Seville did not surrender to us in a night. It took us a long Spanish time to win; always Seville eluded us with *mañana*.

I cannot describe to you the loneliness in which we spent those first several days wandering about the alien streets. We walked through the crowds of the street of the Love of God. We sipped coffee that was almost Arabian in the street of the Serpents. We sat on the marble seats beneath the date palms of the Square of San Fernando and watched the very indifferent and self-interested world saunter by — as only the Spanish world knows how to saunter. We looked into *patios*, those intimate livable *patios*, which open so frankly through their iron *rejas*, with all their beauty of columned arcades and playing fountains and shining *azulejos* and tall slender trees and gay flowers with caged birds singing — and we felt more alien than ever. Doña read from her notebook how Havelock Ellis says, “The distinction of Seville is at once aristocratic and democratic . . . and ancient civilization that has been matured through many generations and has penetrated the whole people. Everything at Seville bears the touch of a finely

tempered race, and the imprint is always gracious, noble, harmonious." Were we for ever to remain outside of this?

It is when you finally admit that Seville belongs to the Sevillaños that you begin to comprehend. You are able to remake Seville out of the life that is now throbbing through its old streets and old houses, in heart beats as rapid and joyous as ever in any day back to the time when Julius Cæsar fixed here the capital of Baetica. Seville is historic, but I know of no city where you so realize that the people live and have lived their own lives, notwithstanding conquests and kings and inquisitions and controversies. Life has gone on, men and women have loved and the river has flowed ceaselessly, whether men called it the Wady el Kebir, or the Guadalquivir.

"Things that have not changed since the time of the gods,
The flowing of waters, the ways of love."

Through all the changing history of the city, when it was in turn Sephela for the Phœnicians, Hispola for the Greeks, Hispalis for the Romans, Sibilis for the Goths, Ishbiliya for the Moors, Sevilla for the Spaniards, the Great River has taken its mighty way, floating triremes, galleys, caiques, feluccas, caravels,

schooners, and steamers, according to the command of Cæsar or the Captains of the Silver Fleet, or the captains of the reviving fleets of to-day. Yes, even before these familiar times, even in the days of Isaiah, who said, "Pass through the land as a river, oh daughter of Tarshish."

Farther back than this it is possible to read the history of the Great River. For the Geographic Society of Madrid, gravely considering the matter and attempting to understand why Andalusia is not Spain, have determined that when the pre-pre-historic Spaniard, the fore-runner of the pre-historic Iberian, came down from Europe to the waters to look across at Africa, he peered from the cliffs of the Sierra Morena across narrow seas at Andalusia! They explain the fauna and flora of Andalusia as African, by the geological fact (?) that it *was* Africa, a hundred thousand years ago. And later, perhaps ninety, perhaps fifty thousand, the Mid-Land sea, the Mediterranean, broke through the mountains at the Straits. Or perhaps mighty Hercules slashed it. Andalusia was separated from Africa, and the Great River wore through its channel below the cliffs of the Sierra Morena, contenting itself with being a river instead of a strait.

Perhaps this is the only way whereby to understand Andalusia.

The Great River is the greatest river in Spain; the Ebro or the Tagus cannot compare in volume of water or of history. It has been a highway for voyagers into and out of Spain, ever since the oft-met Phœnicians came hither. Hasdrubal and Hamilcar and Hannibal, Cæsar and Pompey and the Scipios, all came this way. Trajan and Hadrian and Theodosius were born in Italica, the little town a Spanish league above Seville and named for Italia — a little Italy in this then western world.

The Berbers of Tarik probably came to Seville overland, but certainly Barbary pirates sailed hither. Those rival sea pirates, the far-flung Vikings, carrying their sea raids into the Mediterranean, turned aside to venture up the Great River as far as Seville in 843, seeking the famous treasures of Cordova. And it was the defeat of the Moorish river fleet that opened the way for the troops of King Ferdinand, the Christian conqueror of 1248.

Down this river Columbus had gone on his way to Palos of the Frontier, west from Cadiz, whence he started in those impossibly high caravels to cross an unknown sea and discover an unknown world — moved to his high adventure

CHAP. IV. COLUMBIA.

ITALICA, A RUINED CITY NEAR SEVILLE.

7. 1944
1944

so it is said, through Arabian astronomers who knew that the earth was round in centuries when to suspect such sphericity was blasphemy; no doubt from the very tower of the Giralda the Arabian star-men had studied the heavens and concluded the round matter. It was to Seville that Columbus returned on Palm Sunday of 1493, bringing his laurels with him, while the streets of the city were thronged with people curious to look upon the strange creatures he had brought back with him, and the strange man who had ventured farther than most men had then imagined.

From here sailed Magellan with his five ships to encircle the globe, only one of which returned, and he did not return. And when Napoleon entered the Peninsula in 1808 the plan was for King Ferdinand the Seventh, the Desired, and the undesirable, to hasten with his family to Seville, and embark for America, turning the Silver Road into a Via Dolorosa.

It was to Seville, and only to Seville, that the Silver Fleet and the jewelled merchandise of the New World came; not elsewhere on pain of death, *so pena de la vida y perdimiento de bienes*. From 1493 to 1529, not a ship could start for the New World which did not clear from Seville. And until 1717 all merchandise

from the Americas had to dock at Seville. The Fifteen and Sixteen Hundreds were a wonderful century for this greatest seaport in the world, with its *Casa de Contratacion de las Indias*. Its very insistence on being the greatest was its undoing. Perhaps the glory will return. Not the full glory, for the riches of the world are more equally divided than in the days of Spanish splendour, and there is no more Peru to plunder. But Seville, like the rest of Spain, is awakening, and, in truth, the Guadalquiver looks very busy with its shipping to-day. It lies fifty-four miles from the sea; so level are the lands that the tide comes up even beyond Seville, and boats of sixteen-foot draft can make this inland seaport. Flags of any nation may be seen floating from the freighters, and all the tramp steamers of the world know this port of call. Perhaps another time, another Thames, another London.

The first day that we went forth to find the Guadalquiver, the shining slow-moving river which had run its way through the dreams of our American childhood ever since geography had given us the strange names of strange places wherewith to feed our fancies, we came across a curious sign in that net-work of narrow streets that frets the map south of the

Alcazar. It gave us the queerest sense of the familiar-unfamiliar. The sign was hung from the front of a small almost sinister looking shop called Liverpool House.

Beer Wines and Spirits
of the best qualities
Dancing every evening
Civiliy atention Given
You seing money
Exchanges
White Lamp Rive Side.

Since we had left Gibraltar we had had no such "message from home." For in spite of Gibraltar and Wellington and the Counts of O'Donnel and O'Reilly and O'Leary, and the blood of John of Gaunt which runs in royal Spanish blood, and of the English mother to the Spanish royal children, there is practically no English spoken in the Peninsula. French is almost a stepmother tongue, but the speech of *los Ingleses* is not frequent and not favourite. We stood looking at this sign as Crusoe must have looked on the footprint of Friday in the Spanish island of Juan Fernandez. Then there were people who spoke our tongue, at least, people who almost read it, in this alien city.

"I really think," said Doña loyally, "that we ought to come here to exchange our money,

and to get a little ' civiliy atention ' so far from home. Do you suppose there ever are any English-speaking tramps from tramp steamers who come this way? "

We had come out on the banks of the river at the Torre del Oro, which does not look so very golden in this ungilded age that carries its credits in dull bank notes. But the Tower was familiar, since we had seen it so often in our picturing of Seville. And we dared not be disappointed. Had not George Borrow written of this very place —

" As the sun is descending it is enchanting to glance back from this place in the direction of the city; the prospect is inexpressibly beautiful. Yonder in the distance, high and enormous, stands the Golden Tower, now used as a tool-house, but the principal bulwark of the city in the time of the Moors. It stands on the shore of the river, like a giant keeping watch, and is the first edifice which attracts the eyes of the voyager as he moves up the stream to Seville. On the other side, opposite the tower, stands the noble Augustine convent, the ornament of the faubourg of Triana, whilst between the two edifices rolls the broad Guadalquiver, bearing on its bosom a flotilla of barks from Catalonia and Valencia. Farther up is seen the bridge of boats which traverses the water. The principal object of this prospect however is the Golden Tower, where the beams of the setting sun seem to be concentrated as in the focus, so that it appears built of pure gold, and probably from that circumstance received the name which it now bears. Cold, cold, must be the heart which can remain insensible to the beauties of the magic scene, to do justice to which the pencil of a Claude

himself were barely equal. Often have I shed tears of rapture whilst I beheld it, and listened to the thrush and the nightingale piping forth their melodious songs in the woods, and inhaled the breeze laden with the perfume of the thousand orange gardens of Seville:

“ ‘ *Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?* ’ ”

There was a golden light in the late afternoon sky that backed the gypsy suburb across the river, and the waters that almost always had looked like dull oxidized silver as though paved with the riches of the Silver Fleet, now turned golden with the spoils of the Incas, and the Tower itself borrowed some dying romance from the dying day. Suddenly the fact that the Tower holds ledgers and clerks faded into insignificance before the memory that it once held the treasures and the cruelties of Pedro the Cruel. And Seville and the Guadalquivir became blended with the old memory of childish geography.

“ Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thoughts go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
‘ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.’ ”

“ I can see the shady line of its trees,
And catch in sudden gleams
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
‘ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.’ ”

“ I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
‘ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.’ ”

、 It was in sharp separate little vignettes that we gradually made our way into the charm of Seville. In one of the early days of the week following Corpus Christi, when the crowds which assail the city so violently every holiday time, had scattered themselves northward to Madrid and southward to the Mediterranean, Doña and I were walking through a tangle of streets toward the Sierpe. Suddenly out of the iron *reja* that half concealed a more elaborate, much richer *patio* than we had ever stood outside of in admiring observation, there came

three dark figures, a mother and two daughters; the girl of fourteen in European clothes and hat but all black, the girl of eighteen in black but with a small lace mantilla on her head, the mother the very essence of the beauty and dignity that is Sevillian Spain. The three separated, and we followed the mother. We never saw her face, but — a theory which is Doña's, and which I have found after frequent testing is pragmatic — we felt confident that her face could not look so much like her as her back. She was taller than Latin women usually are; but I think we may say after our Peninsular experience, that Spanish women are not small; and unless it is the way they carry themselves and the incomparable elegance and ease of their walk, they are tall rather than short. But height is often a matter of the mind; I have seen Doña grow suddenly very tall. And Spanish women suggest many things which they may not be; they suggest height through dignity.

So did our Dark Lady. We called her this, borrowing from Shakespeare, after Doña decided that *La Doña Negra* would never convey our meaning, even to ourselves. She wore a shawl after the manner which is possible only to the Sevillana who wears it with a difference

tutored through centuries. This shawl is of some thin stuff, "like a silk nun's veiling," Doña tells me, and is so hung from the shoulders that it covers the entire person and the lower edge is straight around; other Spanish women in other cities wear the pointed shawl, which might be more graceful but cannot compare with this miracle of grace Sevillian. We were glad to be told, and know it must be true, that in Spain the mantilla is sacred; it cannot even be seized for debt. On her head she wore a thin chiffon scarf with the ends brought round in front. Gautier says a woman must be "as ugly as the three theological virtues" not to be redeemed by the mantilla. What did she look like in the face? We only knew that she was beautiful.

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen," I murmured, knowing at last how Helen of Troy must have looked in the later years when Menelaus fell victim to her mature charms. But on suggesting this to Doña, she protested that Helen was sixty or eighty at the particular moment of this Trojan affair, while the Dark Lady could not have been more than forty at the most. Whatever her age, she is deathless to us, and we still follow her through the tangled streets of Seville, not knowing

Abstract

THE GIRALDA, SEVILLE.

Figure 1 is a scatter plot with 'Number of children in the household' on the horizontal axis (ranging from 0 to 10) and 'Number of children in the neighborhood' on the vertical axis (ranging from 0 to 10). The plot contains 25 data points. Most points are concentrated in the lower-left quadrant, indicating low numbers of children in both the household and the neighborhood. There is a general upward trend, suggesting that as the number of children in the household increases, the number of children in the neighborhood also tends to increase, though with some variability.

where she is going, for she faded into the dark shadows of the late afternoon — and we think we see her yet.

Or, perhaps it was a bath I had in Seville which won me. Gautier, who must be quoted since he is always the only traveller who ever preceded you who saw things as clearly as you do and saw all that you do, said “a bath is pretty rare in a country where in summer they have to fill up the rivers with water drawn from the wells.” He was speaking about the North, during the aftermath of the reign of Philip II, destroyer of bath tubs and heretics, before the resorgimento under Alfonso XIII. But in Seville I had such a bath as I had not hoped for out of Paradise, or England, or in the Hotel Inglaterra. White tiled room, white enamelled tub, filled full of water so clear that it was blue, of exactly the right temperature, with monstrous bath towels like sheets, and, for three pesetas! Sometime I shall return to Seville, for a bath.

Always and for ever it is the Giralda which is Seville, the tower toward which the traveller looks across the *Campina* as he looks toward the dome of St. Peter's across the *Campagna*, the Tower back toward which he looks after his

journeying through Andalusia, after his journeying through Spain, after many towers have faded into the background of forgotten things; or, when Madison Square Gardens brings the exquisite reminder. The Giralda remains an entity, it houses the personality of Seville.

It was built in the last years of the twelfth century, by Abu Jusuf Yakub, the great builder of the age, after the plans of Jabir — Al-Jabir, who is said by some to have invented algebra, so exactly are the equations of this building worked out. The Moors based it on the broken rubble of Roman and Visigothic remains, and built it two hundred and fifty feet high; and this was the height of heights from which to summon the faithful to prayer. On this summit were four great brazen balls which an earthquake of 1395 threw to the ground. Another hundred years and the Christians added another hundred feet to the height, a rectangular belfry bearing on its four sides the four words, *Nomen Domini Fortissimi Turris*. And they hung in the belfry the Christian substitute for the voice of the muezzin, the chime of bells. Each of the twenty-two is blessed with oil and christened before it is suspended, and the bell ringers, who live in the inner upper rooms of the tower, regard these bells with a family af-

fection. The Tower is under the protection of the saints, Justa and Rufina; and because the Sevillaños fear that something might happen to this Tower, the Moors might return, or the earth might quake, the statues of these saints are never carried in processions through the streets like all the other precious images, but must remain on guard.

Had the Moors razed the Giralda as they would have when the assault was made on the city, Seville would never have been Seville. It is one of the great towers of the world, perhaps only the Campanile at Venice is comparable in tradition where it stands beside the "mosque" of St. Marks', which never was a mosque but only the tribute which the half-Oriental imagination of Venice and the wholly Oriental traffic of Venice paid to the art and architecture of Byzantium. And the Giralda has never fallen; the Infidel built honourably. Through the quakings of the earth, and of history, and of faiths, the Giralda has stood firm. It is like that persisting instinctive faith of man that has been in him ever since first he lifted up his hands in confidence and supplication toward the heavens; which is so natural that it is pagan, which is so simple and elemental that it withstands the successive interpretations man

has busied himself with, and withstands the awful penalties men have inflicted on those who have not accepted the interpretations of the moment.

After all, it is not out of keeping, not a colossal creedal joke, that at the summit of the Giralda above the Roman-Moorish-Christian tower, there stands the bronze figure of Faith, thirteen feet high and weighing twenty-eight thousand pounds, so delicately poised that it *girates*, turns, to every point of the compass as the winds blow. Is it not the supreme figure of faith, whatever winds of doctrine?

Within, without, at a far distance across the level plain, or beside it, the Giralda is ever beautiful, ever significant. It was built before the Alhambra in the undecadent days of Moorish architecture, a strong tower but essentially feminine, as all Moorish building is, except the walls of cities. The rosy hues change from pink to carmine, through a gamut that touches buff and amber and orange, and shifts with the varying fall of the day's light. Thrown sharp against a deep azure sky, or swimming against the flushing pink of an evening sky, or half-distinct, more truly seen against a moon-lit sky, it forms one of the undying memories of vision. There is endless charm in its building,

the solid work of the Moors is tempered with lace-like arabesques, the open belfries of the Christian work are solidly sustained by pillars. Nowhere in the world have Allah and Jehovah been so merged into God, except here in Spain, and especially here in Seville.

Arthur Symons says, as Doña reminded me when we stood in the *Patio de las Banderas*, that it is "perhaps the finest sight in Spain." Yet, the Giralda gives on as much beauty and largeness as it gives in itself. You may ascend it early in the morning to see the city and the plains clear-cut like a cameo in the clear light; or in the twilight to dream, when the mysterious luminous blue of the atmosphere, which has a hint of the sea in it, makes the land- and cityscape vague; or in the moonlight when Seville looks like a magic city with its glittering pattern of *patios* and streets outlined against the dark in those arabesques which still bespeak Arabia.

Seville looks like a great city from the top of the Giralda, resembling the city it once was, awaiting the city it yet may be; surely there is housing here for many more than the hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants — and once they were more than half a million. Towers and turrets, minarets and miradores, break

the monotony of the roof-plain; and you see on these roofs much of the intimate living of the city, where the flowers grow, where the chickens are kept, where the washing is done. The faint sound of castanets comes up in the evening, and always there is rising that mingled odour, the potpourri of Spain which Mrs. Gallichan has analyzed into "orange blossoms and incense and cigarettes."

The Alcazar, the Tobacco Factory, the Bull Ring, stand out from the mass of near-by buildings, the Orange Court of the cathedral is a tiny patch below, and the great figures on its gateway have become manikins. Beyond are the Parque, the Delicias, and the Prado of San Sebastian where life can be so gay at the time of the Feria, where once life was so terrible as it passed swiftly to death here when the Inquisition of the early half of the Seventeenth Century sent forty-five thousand heretics out of the world.

Across the river is Triana, and beyond the low hills of the Cartuja is the little village of Santiponce, with an old convent of San Isidro, in which church is buried Guzman the Good, whom we met at Tarifa, consenting to the death of his son, and who later was slain at Gaucin in battle against the same Moors. Here also is

buried his daughter-in-law, Doña Urraca Osorio, victim of the cruel love of Pedro the Cruel. Still beyond is the little remnant of Italica with its Roman amphitheatre, a trifle larger than the Roman amphitheatre of Rome. Was it not of Italica, Doña asked me, that Miles Standish spoke —

“ ‘ Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Caesar! Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, Than second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it. ’ ”

Over there also is the Castilejar de la Cuesta, where Cortez lived neglected and died neglected, buried for centuries in the little parish church of Italica, and finally restored to his Conquest when the dust that was once this intrepid Conquistador was carried across the sea to Mexico. In the extreme distance are blue hills, and far away to the South and the West there glitter the stretches of the slow-flowing silver Great River, and farther the salt marshes, marismas, bordering the estuary of the river where it leads down to the sea.


It was in the very early morning, but after the sun had dispelled the sea mists, that we made what Doña called our “ geographic survey ” from the Giralda, over *La Tierra de*

Maria Santisima. There is always more than geography in such a view. Small wonder it brought to mind the remembrance of another river —

“ Earth hath not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock or hill;
Ne’er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.”

CHAPTER IX

JEHOVAH AND ALLAH

HE cathedral of Seville, even of this happy pagan place, is still the heart of it. You can get no satisfactory exterior view of the building, for the shell of this marvellous church betrays that there was no definite architectural mind dominating Seville, as the Spanish architectural sense dominates at Toledo and Burgos and Barcelona. After you have once been within you can be indifferent. But at first view the exterior perplexes. There is no *outline* to it. It gives no suggestion of the oneness of the impression within.

We first entered the cathedral through the *Puerta del Perdon* — the Gate of Pardon — which seems fit, notwithstanding that it is a side door to so much glory. In spite of the new Christian figurations of adornment the old Moorish arch of the gateway still lifts itself over worshippers and sightseers, and the Moor-

ish bronze doors swing open for their entering. It gives on the Court of the Oranges, that sacred grove which the Arabs attached to their mosques with an understanding of the value of forests that the Greeks did not exceed, and which Byrant captured in his Druidic "The groves were God's first temples." "And Allah's," Doña added, her loyalty persisting even in Seville, where life is neither Christian nor Mohammedan, but very happy life. (By the way, the Druids are suspected of having been even in Spain.) Orange-trees still give shade to the cathedral *patio*, and in the centre is the old fountain where the Mohammedans performed those rites of ablution before prayer which were so essential a part of the old ritual.

On this first visit to the cathedral we had come without a guide. Almost always it is far better so, since a guide insists on your seeing the prescribed things; which is all very well, for so many well-meaning persons will ask you stock questions as to your having seen the stock things, and will so despise you if you didn't. But if you insist on seeing or not seeing, as it happens, you are certain to have your own memories to make the tourist's general into your particular.

We saw a woman now and then come through the *Puerta del Perdon*, and turning to the right, enter a little door.

“Let’s see what’s behind the door,” Doña suggested. “Don’t you believe—even here with Alfred de Musset, who did not write that story of Spain—that ‘a door should either be open or shut!’”

We lifted the heavy leather curtain—into the Sagrario. The Sagrario is only a parish church, but the word suggests infinitely more, and the scene suggested something of what Havelock Ellis said—“if Catholicism had no existence in Spain one feels that the Spanish would have invented it. Mysticism, even monasticism, is part of their temperament, a temperament at once so ardent and sensuous, so ascetic and unflinching.”

There was a sudden pause in the performance. The priest at the altar hesitated at this interruption, and yet I cannot think we let the curtain drop noisily. We stood there bewildered, because there was the dimmest religious light I have ever seen in a church. And in that glimmery darkness there was turned on us the white face of every kneeling woman. I do not think there was a man in the congregation, but fifty or sixty women, all kneeling, all covered

with the black mantilla, and their dark eyes turned inquiringly, rebukingly, on us, out of pale sad faces—for the Spanish face is always sad in repose, or it is not Spanish. It was a strange scene, one some Spanish Rembrandt, some gentler Spanish Ribera, should have painted.

I have never wondered since that in this most Catholic country, where the drama of church service is so perfectly understood, the priests encourage, even command, the women to dress in black and to wear the mantilla. You can enter no smallest chapel in Spain without a consciousness that worshippers as well as priests are a part of the never-ceasing pagentry of the mass.

—From the Sagrario you cross the Court of Oranges, with the Giralda rising above the walls unbearably beautiful in its nearness. There is still much building and refacing of the cathedral, and you make your way past the open-air pulpit, where so early as Fourteen Hundreds San Vincente Ferrer preached—under the shadow of the Giralda!—the Inquisition. We paused to read the inscription, and then to recall the irony of history which made it a Francisco Ferrer who, in modern days, and in Barcelona, preached retribution

for all the inquisitorial past of Spain, and paid for his preaching with his life; but the preaching still brings forth its fruits in anarchistic season.

Here also is the entrance to the Bibliotheca Columbina, founded by Fernando Colon, son of The Colon, and filled by him with the wealth of books he sought for throughout Europe, and rich also in works relating to America; five manuscripts of Columbus, and a treatise on Biblical hints of a New World written to satisfy the Inquisitors.

Then through a dark gate-passage where a bit of Moorish remains, and where hangs the crocodile tenderly presented by the Sultan of Egypt to the daughter of Alfonso Sabio, when he would marry her. We wondered if it could be the same crocodile, but it would be a very skeptical person who would practise his skepticism in Spain—Spain is not Italy.

Then we entered the great cathedral in such an informal, almost side-stepping way, that if the greatness of this house could have escaped, it surely would have. But not in any cathedral of the world, neither Toledo nor Amiens nor Canterbury nor St. Peter's, is the *impressiveness* so immediate, and so final. You get *all*

of Santa Maria de la Sede at once; it is not necessary to wait for the cathedral to grow on you. You are not conscious that the great church is second only to St. Peter's, that the lift to the vaulting is one hundred and forty-five feet, and to the dome one hundred and seventy feet, that the four rows of enormous pillars divide the nave into five naves, each of which is nearly as broad and as high as the nave at Westminster, that the whole church has the height and length and twice the breadth of Amiens; that a hundred windows, radiant with old stained glass, set high and irregularly, effect broken and shifting planes of light (which you afterward discover is one of the many secrets of its individual charm); or that it holds the dust of great vanished kings and of great vanquished discoverers. Or you are conscious of all this, and you catch your breath —

“Lest the far space and long antiquity
Suck out my heart.”

Down through these pillars, set like the tree trunks of a great forest, the farther end of the church looks half-way across the world; perhaps here Columbus acclimated his soul to the great spaces. The lift to the vaulting is infi-

nite, and even the choir and altar set in the midst of the space seem not to dwarf or obstruct the view, but to offer comparisons for a swift realization of all this *grandeza*. The builders of the Fourteen-Hundreds, who determined on plans "so magnificent that coming ages shall call us mad," did not know that our age, mad with the passion for bigness, for magalomania, would find its satisfaction, its comprehension, in the Seville cathedral. Christianity in Spain is objective, tangible; but with subtle understanding it works upon the senses, and confuses the things of the spirit with the things of the senses.

There is no first impression I know of or have experienced more instinct with awe than this first view. It is like seeing the stars or the sea alone for the first time with no understanding of them. And you will never again feel just the same emotion. As Doña expressed it, "You can see some things a second or a seventh time, for the first time, but not the interior of the cathedral at Seville." We found we could not recapture that first sudden rapture.

There is an easy familiarity about the place after you have had your one supreme initial moment of awe. There is a negligence about

even this ritualistic place, a homeliness about its splendour. The people use it with ease, it becomes a daily thing. All the day long, even during the services, except during the elevation of the host, the people move to and fro through its aisles as though they were streets, carrying whatever they will, bent on whatever secular mission they will; yet never seeming to demean themselves or the sanctuary. The Spanish face is grave and the Spanish voice is subdued; there is no need of pausing to assume devoutness. When the most solemn moment of the mass comes, and the sanctus bell rings through the wide stretches of the cathedral, wherever these folk bent on secular errands find themselves, near one of the eighty-two shrines or not, they kneel and wait for the moment to pass. For if they did not — Doña — and I in our absorption over the Saint Anthony of Murillo did not hear the bell, and a dark-faced verger, who must have been descended from a Grand Inquisitor, tapped us reprov-ingly, and compelled us to our knees. But — I would I could make my religious moment as brief and as complete at the same time.

King Ferdinand entered November 28, 1248. And here in Seville, King Ferdinand, made

Saint Ferdinand in 1671, lies buried, without whom — but who dares say without what or whom history would have been different? Saint Ferdinand has a chapel quite to himself, a church within the church, a *capilla real*, at the east end, with a lofty cupola supported by eight pillars, plateresque and obvious. The chapel was begun exactly three hundred years after the King's death, under Charles the Great who may have regarded this dead and saintly sovereign as his superior. After the chapter had delayed to the taxing of the patience of Imperial Charles, he ordered them to begin at once — “to execute the work as excellently as befitted its royal guest.” Granada centres the end of the Reconquest, holds the ashes of Ferdinand the Great. But in Seville can be read the increasing power and glory which made Spain possible, Moorish Spain no longer possible. Saint Ferdinand has epitaphs in Latin and Hebrew and Arabic — but not, you will note, in Spanish, Castilian was yet in the making.

On the anniversary of the Reconquest, and on the anniversary of his birth, the body of the saint, richly shrouded in its pitiful undissolved dust, is exhibited. There is a grand military mass of surpassing brilliance, and the

colours are lowered to the saint-sovereign. We saw the splendours in May, but I cannot but wish we had seen them in November, for at the time of the death the Moorish king of Granada sent a hundred Moorish knights to stand in vigil round the body of this king, whom the Moors of Granada had assisted in driving out the Moors of Seville. On each anniversary for a hundred years and more, until Granada saw that the end was coming and so refused tribute before the capitulation, the hundred Moorish knights came to stand guard for the night. They come no longer, and Saint Ferdinand is safe from the despoiling of the allying Infidel. But surely on November twenty-third, in the darkness that belongs to the Moors, these hundred knights shrouded in black and carrying candles, stand about the royal dust of the one Christian king, to honour whom they thought it not dishonour to Allah.

The little ivory Virgin of Battle, which Ferdinand carried attached to his saddle bow, stands near his sepulchre, and behind the altar is the Virgin of the Kings, the *Virgen de los Reyes*, given by Saint Louis of France to Saint Ferdinand of Spain, in the days when they were both winning their sainthood through crusading against the Infidel. The two men

THE
COLUMBUS

THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS, IN THE SANTA MARIA DE LA SEDE
CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

72 1000
1000 1000

were cousins, not only in the royal fashion of kings, but blood cousins, their common grandmother having been that Eleanor, daughter of King Henry II of England, sister of Richard Lion-Heart, and wife of Alfonso VIII.

Here also is buried Alfonso the Learned, perhaps the only Spanish king who deserves the title — but what other country dare boast of learned kings by title? In a pantheon below lies Pedro the Cruel, and Maria Padilla, his mistress whom he loved, and Don Fadrique, his brother whom he murdered.

In Seville, however dull you may have been in America toward the man who discovered America, however much you may make it a matter of course that we were to have been discovered, and a matter of indifference that we were discovered by Christopher Columbus, you will finally be impressed by him. In the cathedral you stand in the very presence of his tenement. Much as it has journeyed by land and sea, finding brief resting-place in Valladolid, where he died in 1506, in Seville, in Santo Domingo, in Havana, now it has come home to the city he made great, to the port from whence he sailed on his long voyages. In 1898, that fatal year when Spain lost the last remnant of her sovereignty in the Amer-

icas — for which she is slow in forgiving America — the ashes of Columbus made their last voyage to this last port. In the cathedral where he himself must have worshipped, where he may have kept vigil for the sake of his high adventure, in the south transept near the door of Saint Christopher, there stands the very splendid and massive monument in which Spain has interred the immortal-mortal remains of this alien. The great sarcophagus is carried on the shoulders of four brilliantly caparisoned knights, representing the Four Nations, the kingdoms that were “the Spains” in the Fifteenth Century — Castile and Leon and Navarre and Aragon. They stand here in Andalusia, the last province added to the crown in the making of Spain. And the inscription is a reproach to “Ungrateful America from its Mother Spain.”

Splendid as is the monument, and certain as we can be of the very dust of all Spanish greatness, I cannot but think it would have been more cosmic, and therefore more fit, had the winds possessed themselves of these once-wandering remnants of Christopher Columbus, if perhaps he had not returned from that shipwreck on Jamaica. I remembered Whitman's understanding of it —

"A batter'd, wreck'd old man,
 Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
 Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows. . . .
 My terminus near,
 The clouds already closing in upon me,
 The voyage balk'd, the course disputed lost,
 I yield my ships to thee. . . .
 Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?
 What do I know of life? What of myself?
 I know not even my own work past or present,
 Dim ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
 Of newer better worlds, their mighty parturition,
 Mocking, perplexing me. . . .
 And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?
 As if some miracle, some hand divine, unseal'd my eyes,
 Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and sky,
 And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
 And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me."

The great day of our living in Seville, the day of our final acceptance, was a Sunday which fell half-way through our stay.

As we sat through the most beautiful, most satisfactory, most real worship I have ever known according to Catholic rite, the wonder and the glory and the mystery of the cathedral explained so far as explanation can carry, the wonder and the glory and the mystery of the Faith.

The seats are placed between the choir and the altar, with the wide pathway running between for processional uses. The drama is

performed on a stage before your eyes, as the action passes and repasses between *coro* and *capilla mayor*; it becomes what it is nowhere else in the world and what no other people can make of it, a drama written centuries and centuries ago, but a living drama, to-day, in this place, among this people.

Not only is the antiphonal character so much enhanced, but the passing to and fro, the constant procession of *dramatis personæ*, of priests and acolytes and censors and choristers, purple-clad, scarlet, black, with various cassocks and chasubles and varied meaning, people the drama multitudinously. Small boys, very small, clad in scarlet, led the processions from time to time, and made Murillo living in the cathedral he has made his own. During the sermon the scarlet scamps crouched on the steps of the choir and laughed and lived joyously. The acolytes swung their censers from the altar and ran up the steps leading to it with that *alegria* which is so Sevillian, yet never inharmonious with this joyous expression of faith. There was no thought of dignity and therefore there was no lack of it.

The priests were many and of many ranks, in black and red and purple copes, but more varied, more interpretative of that varied liv-

ing that has been in Seville, through their contrasting faces. There were soft, gentle countenances of the Moor, persisting even in this transplanting from the mosque, this substitution of Jehovah for Allah. There were great men of much fatness who enjoyed the comforts of this world and the abundance of Fridays; for Spain is surrounded with seas that teem with fish. There were dark, lean faces with hawk-like beak, and furtive, searching, inquisitorial eyes of a Loyola, throwing shadows as deep as the Sixteenth Century over this happy Twentieth Century.

The music — was it of Eslava, the Nineteenth Century composer of Seville? — was of a beauty fitting the beauty of the cathedral, the temperate beauty of Seville; the organ was supreme according to its fame, the chanting devotional except that here again the boy soprano was not, as it never is in Spain, of the sweetness of the Spanish boy's face; a little vocal mixture of Murillo would so temper Spanish church music. The music did not suggest the foundations of the world when it was just becoming cosmos, as it did at Granada, where it was not so good nor the organ so rich; in Seville the music was almost at all times of a sheer beauty.

Looking off toward the sides of the great place from time to time, the play of light and of the significance of light was marvellous. Far over to the north the candles before a side altar glittered against the dark like distant stars. While just to our right, and much nearer, a great flood of sun from an upper side window fell upon the richly garnished tomb of Columbus. Clouds of incense rose to the groined heights and lingered there in soft shifting blue. Here and there on the side wall, with their rich encrustations, their flowing rhetoric decorations, a point of gold sunlight shot against the stone. And above the dark altar with its far candles, the sun lay splendid in a patch of crimson and blue it had captured as it came through the lofty windows. At one point in the service a curtain was drawn across the high clerestory window of the south transept, perhaps to temper the light, but more probably it seemed to preserve the illusion, the mystery, the half-revealed.

The Epistle was read briefly in Latin from the right pulpit. The Gospel in Spanish from the left. Then the sermon in Spanish on the left. Spanish translated itself into understanding, as its deep background of almost untouched Latin rose from frequent familiar kinship with

English words that have come from the Latin if less directly than the Spanish have come — *misterioso* — *glorioso* — *in Nombre de Dios y Hijo y Espiritu Santo*. Almost every word of Spanish in one's scant travelling vocabulary came to ear and expanded the sermon into at least a semblance of comprehension. There was some protest against *rationale*, from which I concluded that Spain also fears the modernism that is pervading the world, even Spain! That *sierpe astute* which the church has warned against in all ages lifted his well recognized head. *Conciencia* was emphasized in its working, and the *palabras* of the true word bespoke. *Christianismo*, and particularly *Catolica* were advocated.

And throughout this admonition, which lasted an hour by the clock over St. Christopher, the audience of three or four hundred in the seats, and the audience of two or three hundred standing, largely men, was most attentive with that pervading courtesy of the Spaniard which unquestionably he will carry over into the time when he yields less submissively to authority. They say this moment is coming, even to Spain. Yet I can but doubt the completeness of a religious revolution among a people who have been shaped for three centu-

ries to the stern, unsundering Catholic adherence of the Philips, and had been for seven centuries to the joyous faith that there is no god but Allah.

You come to Seville for the dance before the altar. And, if you are wise, you come with unprejudiced if curious mind. You have read the One Hundred and Fiftieth Psalm — “Praise ye the Lord, Praise Him with the timbrel and the dance; Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise Him upon loud cymbals. Praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.”

Dancing has been a part of the church service for so many centuries that it is possible to regret its absenting itself from our felicity, rather than to marvel that the great cathedral of Seville should be almost the last church in all Christendom where, as the Hebrews danced before the ark of the covenant, so the Sevillanos dance before the high altar.

There is an old, old superstition that the sun dances three glad steps on Easter morning, and believers have seen this. There is no reason why the sun should not dance on the day of the Festival of God. That father of the early church, Origen, desired that we might

be made to understand the mystery of "the stars dancing in Heaven for the salvation of the Universe." The mediæval Dante saw dancing in the Paradiso as it must be in Paradise.

Only our modern day has heard the piping and has not danced. For such dancing as may be seen in Seville on the four great feast days of the year was seen in England as late as the fourteenth century. It lasted in France up to the seventeenth century. In Rousillon, which was once a part of Spain, until the eighteenth century. And even Toledo and Burgos and Valencia until a recent day believed that the dynamic beauty and grace of the image of the godhead is pleasing in the sight of God.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, when the day is not yet darkened but the slant rays of the sun are touching only the highest windows of the cathedral, while the lower spaces of the great church are dim with shadows, and the altar is ablaze with candle lights which penetrate little this religious dusk, with the shadow of the *reja* falling in a great scroll on the pavement, the boys dance before the altar, as they have danced since the Christian conqueror entered Seville, when the children danced for joy. There are ten of them to-day, where once there were but six — *seises*. One may be permitted

to wonder how the costumes were expanded from six to ten, since once upon a time the Pope forbade this dancing, even in Seville, and suspended his edict only until the costumes of the boys should wear out. By careful renewal piece by piece and year after year, enough has accumulated, of this crimson and white, whereby ten boys can perform the ritual of the Corpus, and not be disobedient to the edict.

The boys come forward from behind a crimson curtain — the cathedral has been hung with crimson, and you stand in an attentive multitude after an elaborate vespers — and kneel before the altar, their plumed hats of Philip III style carried in the hand. The priests who have been chanting in the choir come down through the long processional way, and gather about the space in front of the altar. The boys rise and face each other in two rows. The priests form a semi-circle and kneel about these joyous children, each priest carrying a lighted taper, which throws strange dancing shadows in the deepening dusk and makes the scene more mysterious. There is nothing objective about it.

An unseen orchestra begins to play a slow minuet music. The boys put on their hats and sing the *coplas* for the Festival of God, words

and music carefully guarded by the cathedral lest familiarity should bring this dignified dance into disrepute. The second movement begins, and the boys begin their dance, their feet never leaving the floor, delicate, intricate steps, ever in unison, and with a pretty air of self-forgetfulness that persuades to farther mystery. The dancers form a central square, they form, they divide, they pass in one line between the leaders, and all with due dignity. The first movement is slow, the second faster and ending in a whirling pirouette. And then comes the movement when the boys no longer sing, but holding in their hands the castanets, without which perhaps no dance, even in a Spanish church, could be Spanish, they tread a more characteristic, a more national measure, now slow, now quick, with the hands never raised above the level of the elbows.

The entire dance is repeated. Then the boys kneel for a moment before the altar in front of the kneeling priests, with their heads bowed, and in another moment they have vanished behind the crimson-black shadow of the curtain. And night has filled the cathedral.

CHAPTER X

LIFE FOR THE LIVING



WE had finished our *almuerzo*, and I was about to take a *siesta*, for the weather at Seville was waxing warm and warmer; it was possible that we should not get out of this "frying-pan of Europe" before it had given us a touch of its reputation. According to the traditions we were not going forth this afternoon until the slant rays of the Spanish sun would afford some shadows to the buildings.

But Doña preferred to talk of the dancing we had seen at the Salon Oriente the night before, where Senor Otero's dancing girls, descended artistically from the dancing girls of Gades with modifications by time, had interpreted the *seguidilla*, *fandango*, *cachucha*, *jota*, *bolero*, *malaguena*, *flamenca*, *garrotin*, and even the *tango*, before the curious tourists from the four corners of the globe.

Don Jose Otero, teacher in Seville for forty years, looks as young as a slim toreador, of

whom he much reminded us, with his grave, plain face, illumined by brilliant eyes. Small wonder he invented the *Ole Andaluz*, a dance of the woman of the street impersonating a bull-fighter in order to get money to adorn the shrine of her saint. There is more than a little dash of *sal Andaluz* in this dance.

These *bayaderes* were brilliant in Manila shawls and fascinating white mantillas, or in the elaborate hair-dressing and high comb which is so typically Spanish. Not all of them looked "Spanish," but, no doubt, all of them were Spanish, even the blue-eyed, white, sylph-like creature, dressed in pale blue and white, who looked much more like a Murillo Madonna than like Carmen—but who danced like a Carmen, with a lithe, luring body entirely without stays, which moved sinuously and voluptuously, as bodies did in the days when dancing was neither a lost art nor an art with lost reputation.

"They look like women who dance, not like dancers," Doña had quoted from Gautier. And to-day she read me from the ever convenient Don Quicknotie, a full-page of Gautier's description, as appreciative and understanding as Havelock Ellis and Arthur Symons, those modern high priests of the dance who have

found so much reason-for-being in the dance in Spain.

“The feet rarely leave the ground, it is the body that dances, the back that curves, the hips that yield, the waist that is twisted with the suppleness of an *almeh* or an adder. In some of the poses the shoulders almost touch the ground, the arms, limp and dead, are as flexible and soft as an untied scarf, the hands seem scarcely to clasp the castanets, with their gold-tressed cord; and yet in another moment bounds like those of a young jaguar follow the voluptuous languors and prove that the bodies, soft as silk, are provided with muscles of steel. The Moorish *almehs* still cling to this method. Their dance consists of harmonious, lascivious undulations of the torso, the hips and the back, the arms being thrown over the head. Arabian traditions have been preserved in the Spanish national steps, especially in Andalusia.”

“What is an *almeh*?” I asked of Doña, knowing that you, the reader, will ask the same question.

“An *almeh* is like a *ghwazee*, only not quite so much so,” Doña interpreted.

“Um,” I criticized, in behalf of you, the reader.

“They are both dancers of the East, who,

DAY OF CUPPONGA

GYPSIES DANCING, GRANADA.

by the
author

in the old days, went the old 'limit,' '' Doña condescended.

I mused. "I do not recall that we saw anything at Senor Otero's salon exactly as M. Gautier saw things, in the old days, nearly a century ago."

"But did you want to — do you want to? To-day is to-day, and while, no doubt, we could see dances in Seville in the *Almehic* style, as we could have seen gypsy dancing done à la tourist in Granada, don't you understand better to-day what dancing means, what it has meant?"

"Almost," I admitted, feeling the static languor of siesta coming over me.

Or, I would have, had I not in my subconsciousness anticipated the verdict of Havelock Ellis (which was not then published) — "If we are indifferent to the art of dancing, we have failed to understand not merely the supreme manifestations of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life. The significance of dancing, in the wide sense, thus lies in the fact that it is simply an intimate concrete appeal of that general rhythm which marks all the physical and spiritual manifestations of life. Dancing is the primitive expression alike of religion and of love. . . . The

art of dancing moreover is intimately entwined with all human traditions of war, of labour, of pleasure, of education, while some of the wisest philosophers and the most ancient civilizations have regarded the dance as the pattern in accordance with which the moral life must be woven. To realize, therefore, what dancing means for mankind—the poignancy and the many-sidedness of its appeal—we must survey the whole sweep of human life, both at its highest and at its deepest moments.”

This, I urged on Doña, I was totally unable to do, in spite of the fact that I recognized clearly that not to understand dancing was not to understand Seville. I must have my siesta. And Doña, in high hauteur, declared that she would go off to Don Pedro the Cruel. She vanished into the next room with Don Quicknotie under her arm.

I woke later in the afternoon to see her standing in the balcony of my window looking on the wide Square of San Fernando, walled on its farther side by the plateresque and almost attractive front of the Casa de Ayuntamiento, the town hall.

“I could almost believe I saw his effigy swinging from one of those giant palms,” she

half muttered, and there was condemnation in her tone.

“ Who, and what? ” I demanded, recovering from the sleep into which the climate of Seville is certain to acclimate the traveller sooner or later.

“ Don Pedro,” Doña returned, watching the slow swaying of the frond of a palm tree that hung half broken from the bole. “ I should like to have seen him hang in something more than effigy.”

“ Was he like Cecil Rhodes? ” I demanded, “ and are you like Mark Twain, wanting ‘ a piece of the rope when his time comes? ’ You have been reading all this time. I claim a share.”

Doña sat down and unfolded to me the convolutions of the history of Pedro el Cruel.

“ He was a son of Alfonso XI, whom we almost met at Medina Sidonia making love to Leonora de Guzman; whom we met at Salado defeating the Saracens. He had two brothers, half-brothers, one older and one younger, Enrique of Trastamara, and Fadrique, Master of Santiago, the sons of Leonora. ‘ O mio Fernando! ’ how different La Favorita must have been in fact from what she is in Donizetti! Pedro was sixteen when he came to the throne. /

But he came boldly; he did things boldly, which almost compensates for his doing so many things brutally. At once he saw where lay the fate that threatened his destiny, for he brought Leonora herself to Seville, put her in prison, dragged her from prison to prison, and finally did her to death — in this one instance through natural (?) methods.

“He loved and he hated, in tumults. He seems to have loved Maria Padilla as devotedly as his father loved Leonora. And except for certain adventures which would do credit to the chronicles of a Haroun al Raschid, or the Chronique of a Louise XI, Maria is the only redeeming feature in his kingly career. He married Blanche of Bourbon — for two days — and returned to Maria. He married Juana de Castro — for ten days, while Blanche was still alive, the bishops of Salamanca and Avila having granted a dispensation — and returned to Maria. (Blanche lived until 1361, within eight years of the death of Pedro himself. But there is also a suspicion that she, too, was dispatched by Pedro, or at his order, and the probability makes for the fact.) Small wonder the people suspected Maria Padilla of practising witchcraft, as she must have done, the craft and witchery of a fascinating and fascinated gen-

tlewoman for a monster who seems to have been gentle enough with her. Lozano, a churchman, wrote — ‘in her little body heaven had placed great qualities and merits of the highest order.’ An archbishop of Toledo once unearthed a marriage certificate for Pedro and Padilla; *post hoc propter hoc*; their children had married into royal families. And then, Pedro was at all times as Moorish as though he had Moorish blood, and through contemporary proximity with the Khalifs and Kings who had more than one wife, the Spanish monarchs came to enjoy the same uxorious privileges.

“He dearly loved low life, this low-lived monarch. He was the original of all the picturesque heroes in Spanish romance, and in his own person went about seeking midnight adventure. The *capa* was a Spanish domino then as now, and shrouded in its folds Don Pedro went also through the streets of Seville — a sort of kingly muckraker, for he enjoyed what he knew as well as he enjoyed knowing it, exactly like the modern muckraker.

“One night, in the Calle del Cabeza del Rey Don Pedro — which was not so named until later — near the Casa Pilatus, which was built afterward, a hidalgo brushed rudely against his unknown sovereign. It was then, and it

may be still, an offence meriting the death penalty to so much as touch the person of the sovereign. Pedro, nothing loath, set to work to inflict the punishment. He dispatched his man, after a little protestation.

“ But he had issued an order only a few days before, forbidding street fighting, little thinking he would be the first to break his own laws; although this would not greatly disturb Pedro. Grim and sufficient, he summoned the Alcalde of the city next morning. The body of the ~~hidalgo~~ had been found. The body of the murderer must be produced, on pain of death to the Alcalde if not forthcoming.

“ The mayor of the city was beside himself. ~~An~~ old woman whose lighted taper had glimmered for an instant in the Calle del Rey, came secretly to the Alcalde. The Alcalde was more beside himself than ever. Until he thought to make an effigy of the King and hang it in this very Plaza de San Fernando, for the King himself to see — and where you can see it swaying this minute.”

“ And to what end did this monster come? ” I asked with some concern. Monarchs are not always paid on Saturday night.

“ Leonora, the forgotten favourite, furnished the Nemesis. Pedro killed Fadrique

with his own hand, in the Alcazar whither he had invited Fadrique, and where we are about to go. But he did not get Enrique, and kismet, in the language of the *calle* Enrique did get him. To help him in his difficulties, for Henry had captured the North from the king, Pedro invited in the Black Prince, our Black Prince, son of Edward Third, and direct descendant from Edward First, who married Eleanor of Castile, sister of Alfonso Tenth. The English hero of Crecy succeeded in restoring Pedro to his kingdom through the brilliant battle of Navarrete. And in gratitude Pedro gave him that great red ruby he had stolen from Abu Said, a fugitive king from Granada — Pedro, of course, killing Abu in order to get it. And the ruby, carried to England by the Black Prince, became a part of the crown jewels of the English realm, sits in the very front of the King's crown to-day. Once it was worn by Harry the Fifth at Agincourt.

“ King Pedro, also in gratitude, gave his daughter Constance as wife to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who accompanied his nephew on this Spanish expedition. John of Gaunt was more than a little like Pedro the Cruel, and he must have learned much from this visit to Spain. I know you would like to

believe that drops of Pedro's blood flow in the veins of English monarchs down to George the Fifth; it would touch them with romance, if also with cruelty. But I fear descent from John comes through his first wife, a French princess, and not through the Spanish princess."

"Still there was a psychological inheritance," I interposed. "Surely Pedro, the much married, through his daughter Constance, must have given something undiluted to Henry the Eighth. And then John himself was somewhat Moorish and uxorious, and Catherine Swynford parallels Maria Padilla."

Doña nodded, and went on to the conclusion of King Pedro. "The Black Prince had warned Pedro to stop his cruelties, for his people, as well as his brother, had turned against him. And the Prince went back to his own dominions, his health ruined through this Spanish campaign so that he did not ever sit on the English throne. But Pedro could not be other than Pedro the Cruel. He waged war against Henry, and Henry had Du Guesclin, hero of Brittany, to help him. Pedro was defeated. More than that he was done to death, and the story goes that Enrique stabbed him at Montiel, as he had stabbed Fadrique in the

Alcazar. And Henry became king — although John of Gaunt styled himself King of Castile through his wife Constance. In truth, he made a military expedition into Spain, and had himself proclaimed King of Leon and Castile at Santiago. But the Spaniards preferred a Spaniard. Gaunt John finally compromised his claims by marrying his little daughter Catherine to a son of one of the many legitimate and illegitimate claimants, who did become Henry III of Spain; and John ruled through his daughter — and he passed his English blood along to Isabella the Great, through Juan Second."

"And this is the last of Pedro?" I asked.

"Not quite. Philip the Second, or Ferdinand the Great, I forget which, did not enjoy the ill repute this ancestor had been given through his title, 'El Cruel.' And he attempted, *ex post facto*, to reestablish Pedro as 'El Justiciero.' Happily, history has its own edicts, and they cannot be set aside."

It must have been because Doña had been reading history too vividly that we did not care for the Alcazar, Pedro's favourite residence in his favourite Seville. The Alcazar did not disappoint us, for we did not anticipate any thrills

from its bastard Moorish Arabic. We had even taken delight beforehand in reading that the Moorish builders employed upon it had turned the arabesques upside down, knowing the Christians would not know. And we were certain we should not care for it, even though Mr. Howells has preferred it so openly to the Alhambra. But then, he saw it first, and in its full garish restoration of colour, before his imagination had taken the fragments of material and hints of colour in Granada and made them more Moorish than any modern rebuilder and decorator will ever be able. There is gorgeous decoration here, brilliant tiling, but all is definite, hard, unlovely. The Alcazar lacks subtleties; it is obvious. And while the Arab was not a mystic, and preferred his earthly habitations as objective as his Paradise, I cannot believe he would have lived happily in the Moorish palace of Seville. He never did. There was once a Moorish palace here but nothing remains, and these are imitated splendours. It is not a haunted house; you meet no ghosts of Arabia.

There is the Patio de las Banderas, where Pedro sat like a khalif to administer justice — El Justiciero! And there is the Sala de Justicia, where Queen Isabella the Pious sat every

THE
ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

PATIO DE LA MUNECAS, IN THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

Trial	N=10 (%)	N=20 (%)	N=40 (%)
1	85	85	85
2	80	80	80
3	75	75	75
4	70	75	75
5	65	75	80

Friday to grant justice, even to establish it between the families of Medina Sidonia and Ponce de Leon, who brought their feuds up from Cadiz and fought them in the squares of Seville, like Montagues and Capulets in Verona. Such was the general effect of Isabella's labours that rogues and those who would be rogues deserted Seville — and in two months the population was so reduced that the city authorities besought Isabella to relax her severities; which she did, except toward heretics, toward whom she did not relax. And there is the Hall of the Ambassadors, in which Don Fadrique was murdered. And the long low-vaulted bath chambers in which the lovely Paddilla splashed — before Christian sovereigns discovered the iniquity of the bath — and which waters were drunk by the courtiers eager to court favour with Pedro. And there is the lovely Patio de la Munecas, which cannot ever be so lovely as when the little Prince of the Asturias and his brothers and sisters come down from the royal apartments above, when the court is in residence in the springtime of Seville, and play dolls in this adorable “doll's house.”

And there are the Gardens. Nowhere in Andalusia do you find more of Arabia. And,

for that I judge that when you are in Andalusia, whatever is lovely you call Arabia. It was in such a garden as this at Joyeuse Garde that Isolde spoke to Tristan of "here in the never-ended afternoon." And when you are come into the gardens you recognize them as Lotus-land; you are "come into a land where always it is afternoon." The rose-pink of the Giralda swims against the hot blue sky, and about you are the fresh lush greens, while rose leaves fall soft and noiseless, as they have fallen since the rose of Sharon dropped its petals against the waters of Siloam's brook, and those who knew have gathered rosebuds against the flight of time. I know of nothing that speaks more wistfully of vanished loveliness than the dropped petals of a rose.

The Casa de Pilatus is as lovely and livable as the Alcazar is not; why, we were never able to tell. Perhaps because people have lived here, and lived nobly and richly. What the Palazzo Riccardi is to Florence and Strawberry Hill to Richmond, the House of Pilate is to Seville, with the famous folk who made this city humanly distinguished in the first half of the Seventeenth Century. The third duke of Alcala established here a great library. And

PLATE 18
GARDEN

THE GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

7. 2. 2017

he gathered about him the literary men and artists of the day. In these gardens, like the gardens of the Rucellai in "Romola," Duke Ferdinand Enrique and his friends discoursed, no doubt, of love and war and religion, the three eternal topics, and wondered "what was truth," as it was wondered in another House of Pilate, while the purple sky glittered with stars, and rose and jasmine scents filled the air.

Pacheco, canon of the cathedral, a rival patron of arts and letters, came often to the Casa. He brought with him his charming daughter, and, no doubt, in these very rose-embowered gardens beneath the moonlight of Seville, Senorita Dona Juana Pacheco taught the young courtly Velasquez the art of love. Pacheco's chief claim to fame is through his *Arte de la Pintura*, which makes him the Vasari to contemporary artists, and through his position as censor to the arts in Seville. The Lords of the Inquisition gave him this inquisitive place, and his powers ran — "We give him commission and charge him henceforward that he take particular care to inspect and visit all sacred subjects which may stand in the shops or public places; and if he finds anything to object to in these he is to take the picture before the

Lords, the Inquisitors." It is easier to understand the limitations of Spanish art after this.

— There was Céspedes who wrote verses and painted pictures and carved statues and planned casas. And there was Gongora, the poet, who read his verses to the critical audience, not knowing that his "affectations," his "gongorisms," would disturb George Henry Lewes two and a half centuries later. The Herreras came also among these great. Fernando was called "the divine," and Cervantes so believed in his divinity that he wrote a sonnet in Herrera's praise. Francisco, if he looked less like William Morris than did Fernando, had the temper of "Topsy." Where Morris chewed a silver spoon to bullion in order to vent and to keep his temper, Francisco in a temper would seize anything at hand wherewith to paint, and once painted a whole canvas with a spoon.

— There was also Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

— The creator of Don Quixote lived in Seville ten years, and could have entertained Don Pedro the Cruel with picturesque tales. He must have been a welcome guest at the Casa, notwithstanding that he was a tax gatherer.

THE HOUSE OF
PILATE, SEVILLE.

THE HOUSE OF PILATE, SEVILLE.

2000

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2

To have heard the “Exemplary Stories” right from the brain! I do not wonder that the Cortes in 1555, anticipating his fascination, declared:

“Moreover, we say it is most notorious, the hurt that has been done and is doing in these kingdoms to young men and maids, and to all sorts of people, from reading books of lies and vanities, like Amadis, and all the books which have been modelled upon its speech and style, also rhymes and plays about love and other vain things; for young men and maids being moved by idleness to occupy themselves with these books, abandon themselves to folly, and in a measure imitate the adventures which they read in these books to have happened, of love and war and other vanities; and they are so affected thereby that whenever any similar case arises they yield to it with less restraint than if they had not read the books; and often a mother leaves her daughter locked up in the house, thinking that she has left her to her meditations, and the girl falls to reading of books of that kind, so that it were better if the mother had taken her with her. And that it is to the great hurt of the conscience, because the more people take to these vanities, the more they backslide from and cease to find enjoy-

ment in the Holy True and Christian Doctrine."

—Other centuries than the Seventeenth have seen Sevillaños living out their passionate or their devoted lives in this city, and later becoming citizens of the world. Don Juan, the Don Giovanni of Mozart, was a real person in the Once-Upon-a-Time of Seville, his very house is shown, to-day a convent! And here and there you glimpse Leporello stealing through the streets seeking to add one more of the witching Sevillañas, Elvira or Anna or Zerlina, to the catalogue of *mille tre*. The Figaros of Beaumarchais and of Mozart could not have happened elsewhere than in Seville, and in the Plaza San Tomas they assure you the Barber had his shop, and gossiped and trafficked — "Figaro here, Figaro there!" Bizet's Carmen as well as Merimée's lived here. Mateo Aleman, creator of the picaroon, could bring him forth only in the city of Don Pedro.

Byron visited here, and did not make love to his landlady, although she made love to him! Borrow, looking the part of high adventurer and not of a colporteur, lodged in a quiet little square near the cathedral, for six months. Blanco White was born in Seville, and wrote

W. H. F.
C. S. P. 1883

STREET SCENE, SEVILLE.

Abstract

the Doblado letters about it. And even to-day poets, modern poets, are honoured in the city, which remains the romantic capital of Spain.

Everywhere you turn in Seville you see saints and sinners, monks and beggars, old women and little boys, stepped out of Murillo's pictures for a moment; you are certain that you will find them there next time you visit the Museum. It is this which makes Seville so familiar. For there is no painter so familiar — and dare one say in a day which disdains Murillo? — so deservedly familiar as this provincial Sevillano of the Seventeenth Century.

There is scarce a gallery of any note in the world without its Murillo, even New York of the New World; and in Europe the plunderings of Soult, not all of which were returned, scattered this universal painter even so far as St. Petersburg. Murillo was the favourite painter of our fathers and grandfathers, before realism and Velasquez and Sargent and Zuloaga had come to his undoing. It is curious, and explanatory, to find him the favourite of Disraeli. (And yet, I fancy, he was also of Gladstone, who had orthodox tastes in painting as in religion.) I remember seeing in the library of Hughenden Manor, Disraeli's home,

a picture which was painted in the Murillo manner, a pastel of a lovely child wafted by seraphs through the skies. It is reported that "Dizzy" said of this, "That is a pet picture. Observe how exquisitely the draperies of the angels are arranged. *The baby's me!*" They believed then that "trailing clouds of glory" do they come.

Murillo spoke the idiom of life, and of Spain, and of Seville. He lived contentedly, in an intensely Roman Catholic city, and his two years in Madrid in association with Velasquez only taught him to be more himself and of the church. While Velasquez painted the things seen so that to-day any study of the paintings of Velasquez enlarges the vision as does no other painter, Murillo painted the things not seen; and if we have come to where we do not care to see them, that is a criticism or an explanation of us; Murillo remains the same.

Except for his Madrid experience, Murillo painted for the church as devotedly as though he were the Fra Lippo Lippi the monks would fain have made. Indeed he would seem to have answered perfectly the mandates of Lippi's monks — "paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms." No painter ever lived who so succeeded in painting visible disembodiment, mys-

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"SAINT JOHN," MURILLO.

100

tic materialism. He was able to float his figures, especially his Madonnas, in luminous vapour into which they seem to vanish; there is a subtle in-weaving of light which dazzles, but that it is so delicate.

No doubt his Madonnas in that oft-repeated motive of the Annunciation weary the modern, with their sempiternal simper, their conventional folding of the robes, and their poising on a crescent moon — this Christian crescent moon in old Andalusia! These Madonnas will never be real mothers, which The Madonna was. An old-fashioned Murray guide-book, published contemporary to the securer fame of Murillo, disputes me. "His Virgins are fine conceptions of female beauty, unruffled by guilt or passion. His Infant Christs, however, with one or two exceptions, are children and nothing more — with sweet, childlike, loving countenances, but without a trace of superstitious intelligence in their bonny black eyes." But what adorable, truly adorable babies they are, the Infant Saviour, and especially the Saint John in the Church of the Caridad, as lovely childish children as any of Murillo's street gamins, or any of the beautiful Murilloesque niños you will see on any street in Seville.

In the cathedral are two of his great paintings; the lovely Guardian Angel; and nothing could be more lovely, in its diaphanous yellows and purples, its tenderness, its leading. And, the Saint Anthony, surely the greatest, hung in one of the side chapels, where the monk kneels in all his yearning, ecstatic, dependent desire, while the Child floats toward him on the rays of light; in conception and drawing and colouring a superb painting and a divine moment.

I shall never forget the first morning we stood before it, surrendered to the devotion which once was so indisputably Murillo's. Doña had shifted her place to get a better light, and her eye caught a figure sweeping down the long cathedral aisle upon us, an elaborately dressed, self-sufficient country-woman. Doña dared interrupt me with the whispered name of an American city where we were in the custom of locating any one whose self-sufficiency we could not tolerate.

"Is this the St. Anthony?" she demanded.

"It is," I replied meekly.

She lifted her lorgnette, gazed one instant — "gorgeous!" and passed on.

And Doña and I exchanged bows of understanding, and repeated the name of the city. But we left the St. Anthony with down-cast

faces, for another visit. That even to-day from the careless, Murillo could win such an adjective!

It was on the Barrio Humeros we really found that Carmen is still in Seville. We had sought her, as all latter-day travellers seek her, in the great Escorial of the tobacco factory, and sought her in vain among those pale, stern women who work ten hours a day and bring their babies with them and look old before their time, and where no Jose Maria of the most persuasive sort is ever permitted to enter. We began to fear that America, which is responsible for the reduced importation of tobacco from Cuba, must be held also responsible for the reduction of Carmen to such ghastly, ghostly relics. It is said that outside Barcelona, republicanism has no centre so strong as this tobacco factory of Seville. Descendants of Carmen turned republican! Surely the assertion proves that in Spain there is kinship between "liberalism" and anarchy.

Then, on a Sunday afternoon, we decided to go in search of the old Moorish walls of the city, and we found what we sought, and more.

We stopped once again at the Museum to see the Saint Jerome of Torrigiano — his work is also in Henry Seventh's chapel in Westmin-

ster — and from there we left the city through the Puerta Real. It is the gate through which the Reconquest entered the city after.

“ King Ferdinand alone did stand one day upon the hill,
Surveying all his leaguer, and the ramparts of Seville.”

Suddenly we were in a different world. Not the world of the Moors, three hundred thousand of whom issued in exile from this gate after the Reconquest, whereas the Christians of 712 were permitted to remain; but, perhaps the later date was of the greater wisdom, since there have been seven hundred Christian years to place against the five hundred Moorish.

We had found the world of the cigarreras. We had come to a revival of “ Carmen,” as thrilling a performance as any Calve ever made.

The Barrio is not fashionable, and it is of the people; it is far from the Delicias, and the more delightful for that. Through the long aisles of green trees, the men and women, yes, and children, multitudes of them, from the Triana and from the Macarena, shifted about in that glancing restlessness which ever marks the gypsy. That impulse which has led the gypsy to wander the world over, will not let him rest for a moment when he is not wandering, would

not let him rest now beneath the shade of the trees of the Barrio.

There were true specimens of the *gentes flamencos* there, those tall, thin, hipless creatures, who clothe their lithe, lean bodies in tight breeches and short jackets, and top them with pointed hats; however the world may go by, it goes far from the Barrio and from Triana and from Macarena. And these men preserve the lines of Don Jose, if velvet is not always their wear.

The *flamencas* are heavier, tall and heavy, with dark sullen eyes to look at life indifferently, dressed in gayer clothes than fits in with their dull work at the Fabrica de Tabacos. Indeed with the introduction of machinery what gaiety can be preserved? The cigarreras move about here as veritable Carmens, lovely brilliant shawls worn with the magnificent carelessness of inheriting generations, their hair done in that elaborate fashion which the Iberian women practised six centuries before Christ, a custom which must come down through the Gothic from the Germanic heroes as far back as the Valkyrie. In the New York art museum is a painting of Thusneld before the Emperor Tiberius, in just such "outlandish" head-dress. There is always a rose or

a carnation to flame against the heavy black hair and soften the mass of it.

→ The children shout madly, for Spanish children are to be heard. And they regarded the foreigners — *los forasteros* — with an attention the foreigners had hoped to avoid when they took their retired seats on one of the benches, and remained very obscure, while the Carmens moved to and fro.

The cries of the vendors of shrimps and crabs and chestnuts and water and lottery tickets — *la loteria* — which plays so large a part in the Spanish life and so significant a part in the Spanish fortunes — filled the air with a murmur more like bees than business. For the Spaniard never seems to make selling the main business of life; he likes the spectacle too well; he does not ply his trade, he plays his part.

And through the murmur and the cries there came a faint clicking sound, the sound we had heard in the refined academy of the dance, the sound we had heard before the high altar of the cathedral, the click-click of the castanets.

It was a tall, thin *flamenco*, who, in spite of the warmth of the day, had graciously, and for our sakes, worn his *capa* flung over one shoulder; and now under the folds of this he had sent forth his “invitation to the dance.”

The tall *flamenca*, the very handsome one, who for the last half hour had disdained his more obvious overtures, much to our distress, for he was captivating, and they did seem mated and fated, turned in her slow, gliding walk, turned her long, sullen, slumbrous glance upon him, or almost upon him we thought, and her fingers snapped, — once — twice — almost contemptuously. But he recognized the acceptance.

One slight wave of his hand brought a strolling player near, and the *senorito flamenco* turned his brilliant, commanding eyes upon the *flamenca*. She turned away. Would she fail us, would she fail him, or was it a part of the drama?

He began to click the castanets once more, taking a few paces toward her, and then one backward. She turned once more, her sulky, fatal eyes smouldering, and snapped her fingers — once — twice.

The man approached nearer, keeping his glittering smile fixed on her indifferent face, where the sullen disdain was not yet lighted. He bowed low, and she tossed back her magnificent head, defying him through half-closed eyes.

He came nearer, and faced her, with a gallant

bold male air, regarding only her in all the world, magnetic in his vivid animal life. No woman could resist.

She reached out her hands, slowly, touched his swiftly, taking the castanets. He threw off the *capa* with a swirl which flung it above the heads of the two, *flamenco* and *flamenca*, like the wings of a great bird, and slipped out another pair of castanets.

The dance began, with the *capa* lying on the ground playing some central part in it all, as the play mounted higher through insolent pose and fierce pace, and the dance grew madder, — but never so mad that it forgot the indolent, somnolent South, never so hot that the grave, sombre dignity forsook them. Until he knelt on the *capa* and she placed her foot lightly for an instant on his knee, — and the curtain fell.

CHAPTER XI

THE DEAD CITY

SUDDENLY the wind changed. It had been blowing up from the South, across the Andalusian land, which, dry and thirsty, had taken from it all moisture; so that when it reached the inland city it was parching like a sirocco. But there had come a lull, and our last afternoon in Seville was very still. Don Pedro swayed not at all where he hung in effigy from the high gallows of the palm-tree in the Plaza.

We made our last visit to the cathedral, took our last glass of *tila* on the Sierpe, wondering what was to come next. We knew that the next day would see us at Cordova, and that we should have to yield finally and completely to the Reconquest, which we had been so long putting off and denying.

After dinner — which we had made a feast in farewell to Andalusia, for we had heard enough about Cordova hotels to know we could

not there make feast though we must make farewell—we had gone up to our rooms a moment before, going out into the Plaza to mingle with the all sorts and conditions of folk who make the Square of San Fernando the gayest playground in Spain. Doña stepped out on the balcony to see if the night-loving Spaniards were as late as ever, and if the cinema man had begun to turn on his rolls—for the open-air cinema with seats that cost a “big dog” is teaching even the Spaniard how much the fool that has been sent to roam exceeds the fool that has been kept at home. She came back with a finger raised for me to listen, yet I did not hear the band.

“What rhymes with Spain?”

I listened intently. Could it be? After all these dusty days and ways? I hesitated to believe my unaccustomed senses. “You surely do not mean—rain!”

I stepped out on the balcony. It was raining, raining in Seville, raining in Spain! There was no cinema man in the Plaza and the seats were all vacant. Even the band had hastened to cover. For if in other countries they deny the weather, these complying Spaniards celebrate by admitting that it does rain if it is the merest mist of a drizzle, and run for cover and

close doors and windows against the unfamiliar *lluvia*.

“It may be our only chance,” said Doña. “Do you remember Lowell speaks of having been in Spain over a year and it had half-rained on three different days. And Gautier records ‘I have seen a cloud!’ Let’s go out in it.”

She whisked off whatever of Arabian adornment might perish in this unclimatic phenomenon, and we made a tour of the streets of Seville, empty as if the Reconquest had just happened. The cafés were filled, and the dancing seemed more lively than ever, for even the Sevillaña must breathe deeper breath in rain-washed air. We drank once more of Amontillado, the pledge of our return, and then made our way back through the Serpent and across San Fernando, where Don Pedro hung, at last shriven of his sins. A fog was rolling up from the South and shrouding Seville in sea mists. At last she belonged to us, and not to the Sevillanos.

We took the early morning train to Cordova, not the *expresso* but the *mixto*, and because the journey at the slowest of slow-going Spanish time was only four or five hours, we ventured to go third-class.

It was an experiment. Unless you are well provided with patience, and cushions, and curiosity as to third-class Spaniards, the experience is not worth the saving in *pesetas*. But it is worth while if you would discover how democratic are the poorer Spaniards; and the poor, at least the American poor, are not always democratic, do not always accept you because they fear you will not accept them. The Spanish of whatever rank does the accepting; you cannot advance your acquaintance with him. But after the preliminaries, no grandee can receive you with greater courtesy than the third-class; as no third-class accepts you with more simple unquestioning than does the grandee.

They were quiet, these our fellow-passengers, with the dignity of centuries of restraint; even the one baby who made the journey with us had learned not to cry. But we thought we understood when the mother bending over him almost more tenderly than the universal tenderness of Spanish mothers, explained that he was *ciego*.

There is no country in the world where there are to be seen so many blind people or people nearly blind. Men and women and children with no eyesight go about under the protection of Santa Lucia and of a common sympathy; it

is as though these worshippers of the sun recognized the blind as over-ardent devotees. The one-eyed are a noticeable number; and the near-sighted — who appear to be every one of the infrequent ones found attempting to read — hold their papers so near to the eyes that blindness seems about to descend upon them. It is impossible wherever you go in Spain, not to be impressed, oppressed, by the number of persons whose eyes are abnormal. We could understand how H. G. Wells, if he hesitated to place his story, "In the Country of the Blind," in Spain, did place it in a remote valley of one of the Spanish-American countries.

Near Cordova the district becomes dreary, as if nature would temper its setting to the dreary desolation which lay before us. One striking thing caught the eye, the castle at Almodovar del Rio, a most dramatically situated stronghold being placed in repair by some Spaniard who has learned to appreciate castles in Spain, a most impregnable place where Pedro the Cruel stored his immense treasures and, no doubt, his immense cruelties.

Over to the right rose the mountains, from which are being taken to-day riches of coal and lead and silver, but where Jose Maria learned the gentle art of hold-up, after he had fallen

into the snares of Carmen. It was from Cordova, Doña reminded me that the First Person Singular of Prosper Mérimée's story started forth on his journey which led him into such strange company. She read from an entry in the notebook — "At Cordova I secured a guide and two horses, and I went forth on my voyage with the Commentaries of Cæsar and some shirts; this was my only baggage."

"As light of baggage as Prince Hal," I remarked, "when he had two shirts, 'one for use and one for superfluity.' But I wonder why Cæsar's Commentaries?"

"The battle of Munda," Doña explained, waving her hand vaguely. "Cæsar against Pompey, and afterward Cæsar killed some twenty-eight thousand of Cordovans for pastime and revenge. Munda lies lost somewhere in the lost land about Cordova, but no one knows just where."

"Oh, yes, Munda," I muttered, but for the life of me I could not summon Munda from out my Cæsared and Commentaried past. It was as lost to me as it is to Cordova. But I did comment on the fact that if from the beginning Spain had not killed off so many of her folk she might have had a mightier population to-day.

Out of the car windows on the right rose those luring mountains where Don Jose became brigand. They looked very inviting, for brigands. Rather unexplored, and it was easy to believe that around here was the territory Dr. Samuel Johnson had in mind when with one of his mighty "Sirs," he declared, "There is a good deal of Spain which has not been perambulated. I would have you go thither." I was not surprised to learn that while the Civil Guards have put down mediæval brigandage, there is still protection shown by the sympathetic common people of rural Spain and of civic, toward the casual bandit who has not been able to make the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* — you see I did slip into a little Latin past. Even the conservative Baedeker notes, "The hero of the Spanish people has always been the enemy of society" — which, I advised Doña, would have been better English and better sense if it had been reversed.

"Quo modo sedet sola civitas plena populo:
Facta est quasi vidua domina gentium:
Princeps provinciarum facta est sub tributo."

Of Cordova, once the "Bride of Andalusia," might this Lamentation have been written. As Tyre, the proud city of the East, has shrunk to

the village of Cur with a handful of inhabitants, so Cordova, which once was the most beautiful, the most brilliant city in the whole world, with Bagdad its only rival, when Rome had fallen into barbarism and the Saxons lived in huts, has come to this. "A whitened and glistening skeleton," said Gautier, nearly a century ago. It is the Arab city taking an eternal siesta, and naught can rouse it from its sleep.

"When Cordova was Cordova," Doña had instructed me on our run up from Seville, while the landscape had settled into dullness and the Spanish family was taking a morning siesta, "increasingly through the reigns the Abd-er-Rahmans, the city stretched out for twenty-four miles along the Great River, and was six miles wide. It had a million inhabitants, nine hundred baths, six hundred inns, eighty thousand palaces, twelve thousand suburbs, seven hundred mosques."

I should have been astounded at Doña's mathematics, were it not that she had Don Quicknotie on her knee, and then she did express these figures in the round numbers which I notice are ever Arabian—if not in Arabic numerals.

"The Mosque yielded not to the Kaaba of Mecca in size or splendour, or in holiness since

it contained in its holy of holies one of the original copies of the Koran and a bone from the arm of Mohammed; a pilgrimage hither was equal to a pilgrimage to the sacred shrine of Mahomet. The library of Al-Hakem was one of the great libraries of the world, containing six hundred thousand books — all of which Al-Hakem had read — brought from Cairo and Bagdad and Damascus; if a book could not be bought it was copied; and if Al-Hakem heard of a book in contemplation he courteously sent word to the author and asked for the first copy.”

I interrupted, having the present book vaguely in mind, that an author had an advantage in the year of Our Lord, of 975, in the year 353 of the Hegira.

“ In those days Cordova was the meeting-place of the scholars of the world. One thing we can learn from Andalusia is that there were no Dark Ages. At the very moment when we speak of ‘ dark ages,’ when darkness had settled down over Christendom and even Rome gave forth no light, the lamp of learning was burning with peculiar brilliance in El Andalus, and even cast its rays through the darkness of Europe. For the nun, Hroswitha, in her far away Saxon convent at Guadersheim, where

she wrote lamenting the martyrdom of Christians in this capital of the western Khalifate, yet referred to Cordova as 'the brightest splendour of the world.' "

"It was surely a golden time," I agreed with Doña, and I could almost regret with her that we were about to leave it — except that there was something stirring in me, a suspicion that something lay beyond the Sierra Morena; not Arabia, but Spain, where, in fact, we had come, whatever our fancy.

But Doña had no disloyalties. "It was the golden time of Haroun-al-Raschid. Do you remember Tennyson's 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights?'

" 'When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sails of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

" 'Anight, my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue;

By garden-porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And broidered sofas on each side;
In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid. . . .

“ ‘ Far off, and where the lemon grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung;
Not he, but something which possessed
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd
Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid. . . .

“ ‘ Thence through the garden I was drawn —
A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn,
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
Graven with emblems of the time,
In honor of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

“ ‘ With dazed vision unawares
From the long galley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphate.

Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrades,
After the fashion of the time,
And humour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.' "

\ We had planned not to sleep in Cordova. For we feared if once we should go to sleep there, it might be that like Cordova itself, we should never waken. Therefore we would take the midnight train to the North. And because we would employ all our time in Cordova in seeing the city, we had brought our lunch with us from Seville and ate it in the train, offering to share it with the third-class Spaniards, and courteously refused with "much grace" — *muchas gracias*.

\ The Mosque has hours of closing, so we drove directly to it from the *Estacion*, knowing that we should wish to return later in the afternoon and make it more our own. It is the strangest temple in Christendom, this Mesdjib-al-Dijami. Indeed it is not of Christendom, however much it sits in the midst of the Most Catholic country. In Seville it was possible to understand the two-in-one, the oneness of God and Allah. But in Cordova, in the Mosque of Cordova, there is only Allah. "Nor hyssop branch, nor

CHINA IN CORDOVA

THE INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE, CORDOVA.

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sprinkling priest " has been able to consecrate this great temple to any but the faith it first enshrined. You may not be able to tell what the difference is, and you may be very certain that there is no difference. But you cannot deny, when you enter this mezquita of the Moors, that something was different, and that something remains.

You enter beneath the shadow of the campanile, the *Campanario*, which since it was built in 1593, and by that same Ruiz who built the Christian part of the Giralda, need not hold your attention long. But the *Patio de las Naranjas* holds you in fealty at once. It is much larger than the Court of the House of the Lord in Seville, a nobler and at the same time a more intimate place, not a court to pass through, but a place to linger in; and the perfect place in which to dream your last dreams of Arabia.

The nineteen aisles within the Mosque once opened each one by a gate upon this court, and the aisles of the Mosque were continued by the aisles of the trees. It must have been a gracious sight. The Moors knew life and they knew the joys of living. They were willing also that the women should worship Allah, or, at least, observe the men at their worship, for

here once ran the *As-sakifa*, an open gallery, such as the synagogues of the Jews provide for the women. But it must be remembered there is the "Galilee," the porch for women at English Durham, and the black cross in the cathedral pavement which said to them "thus far and no farther."

You enter the Mosque through the Gate of the Palms — and straightway you are in the midst of the strangest twilight forest that ever mortal looked upon. "Enter these enchanted woods, ye who dare," whispered Doña after she had recovered her breath.

It is the columns of the Mosque, the infinite pillars which support it, that are its wonder. Once there were fifteen hundred, and they were brought, of jasper and porphyry and breccia, from all the quarters and the eighths of the world; from Carthage, Tarragona, Nimes, Narbonne, Constantinople and Alexandria. You feel an impatience with lapidarian authorities who have discovered that not more than a score of these columns come from without Spain, and almost all of them from quarries very near to Cordova. "If you don't mind," said Doña, after I had wrested this smothering fact from her, "I shall go on thinking them quarried out of all the forests of the world."

They are twelve or fifteen feet high only, and this is one of the miracles. But it is because of their multitude and their lack of height that you get just the effect which the Mezquita gives, and nothing in the world gives anything like it. It is the *lateral* effect. Always in churches, in the great legitimate cathedrals, the effect is perpendicular; the eye, the spirit, is led upward. But in this Mosque you do not look at the bare plaster vaulting which has succeeded the old aromatic astesonado ceiling of larchwood with its stubbing stars; you look down through the columns in their infinite variety and their eternal sameness, to some far space where the Mosque does not end. You have never seen or felt just this before.

Renan admits "I have never entered a mosque without a vivid emotion — shall I say without a certain regret in not being a Mussulman?"

Probably Renan never entered the Mezquita at Cordova. It was in the temples of the East where Allah is still the living God that Renan experienced his impulse of conversion. But in Cordova, because the dross has been purged from worship through seven hundred mute years, he would have found a greater reconciliation between the faith which he could al-

most grasp, and the doubt which never quite possessed him. And, did Napoleon come down this way? I could picture him here, sitting cross-legged and listening to the expounding of the Koran as he did in the East.

The Mosque is built on the site of San Vincente, which was a Christian church of the Goths. But the Moors did not despoil Saint Vincent. They carefully divided the old church between the conquerors and the conquered, as Saint John's was divided at Damascus. Prayers were chanted to Jehovah in the one part, and prayers were muttered to Allah in the other part—and who shall say these prayers did not meet at the same Great Centre?

But finally the Moors determined to build mightily unto their Lord. San Vincente had the desirable site, and the Moors were the overlords. So they bought from the Christians their share in the church, and the Christians went peacefully away, carrying their images with them. Abd-er-Rahman the First began the Great Mosque. He worked on it for an hour every day, that he might with his own hands build a temple to his god. And, for two centuries, the Khalifs enriched this building. Three times it was enlarged, until in the last

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THE ENTRANCE TO THE MIHRAB, CORDOVA.

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addition, the Mihrab, the Holy Place, was almost lost sight of through the pillars. For then the sacrilege of the Christian choir had not interloped into the Arab spaces. When the Spaniards took the Mosque in 1236 at the fall of the city, they sprinkled it and purged it and dedicated it to the *Virgen de la Asuncion*. Alfonso the Wise, being very wise, appointed Moorish workmen to be attached to the cathedral in order to preserve the harmony of the building and to preserve it against time and against Christian architects. And then, being pagan, at least being part Druidic, as we all are, they too began to love these columned aisles, and to "offer to the mightiest solemn thanks and supplication."

But time went on and neighbouring Seville built herself her new cathedral on the old mosque. The clergy of Cordova conceived the mighty idea of thrusting a Christian choir into the midspace and through the roof of this great forest temple. The Ayuntamiento threatened any one who should work on this blasphemous structure with death, and for a time the threat availed. Finally Imperial Charles was besought and gave a warrant. The choir was built, very plateresque and very magnificent, but still a blasphemy. And when Charles saw

the work wrought by his warrant, he said what every true Christian has said ever since — “you have destroyed what was unique in the world.”

Fortunately, if you stand at the extreme south of the building, near the second Mihrab, the choir is almost not visible, and you can get some conception of what it must have been when a thousand lamps of silver and gold and brass, burning aromatic oil, hung from the star-sown ceiling, and ten thousand turbanned Moors knelt on their prayer rugs in the aisles of this temple, and set their faces toward Mecca and lifted up their hands toward the living god. Not at Mecca was the splendour greater, and not at Mecca were there more pilgrims.

The Mihrab, across the far-stretch of the aisle opening from the doorway where you enter, is by some miracle preserved in the glittering splendour of its Moorish glory. The coloured glass mosaics, inset by artists brought from Byzantium, are still the mosaic wonders of the world, and they glitter like precious gems, rubies and sapphires and emeralds. The pavement is of pure marble, and marked by the seven-fold circuit of the holy kilba, made by the pilgrims on their knees. While the sanctuary into which this leads by an archway still shi-

ning with the gold texts from the Koran on a deep blue background, is a place possible only to the Arab who did not hesitate to create miracles. The seven walls are of marble richly carved, and through the single block of marble shaped like a great shell to form the ceiling the daylight streams with a soft radiance which is surely the most unearthly light in the world, the light that never was on sea or land. Small wonder the Mezquita is to-day a mecca still to believers and unbelievers. The Mosque, especially the Mihrab, still seems reserved for Allah; even the Cordovans in their daily coming and going feel this; and they will tell you that the Sultan at Constantinople pays tribute to the King of Spain that mass may not be said in that part of the temple peculiarly consecrated to the Prophet.

It is easy to lose one's self in the Mezquita, in this forest, especially since the Mihrab does not serve as compass, and Mecca is not precisely south of it when you stand before it. At least this is our interpretation of how it happened to us. For we were locked into the temple during the noon hour and the siesta of priests and keepers, and did not know it ourselves, so lost were we to time, so content with ourselves that we had chosen a day when no

other persons in the world were visiting the Mosque. It was three o'clock before we found ourselves, and before the attendants found us when they came to prepare the choir for the afternoon service. They did not search us, and we were not carrying off either the Holy of Holies or the lovely little statue of Saint Teresa, by Alonso Cano, whom we had met at Granada.

We escaped from the church at the first booming of the organ, and the first nasal-guttural of the chant. And because it is the one other thing in Cordova that we must see, we found ourselves down by the *Puente Viejo*, the old bridge of the Romans, rebuilt by the Moors, and serving to this day.

It is sixteen stone arches long, and looks rather like other stone-arched bridges, like the famous bridge across the Trent at Newcastle, or the less famous but equally impressive bridge across the Mississippi at Minneapolis. The marvel is that the principles of bridge building, one of the most difficult of modern arts, were so well understood by the Romans and the Moors — representing such different civilizations — that the keystones remain as firmly entrenched as they were a thousand years ago.

DAY OF CALIFORNIA

THE OLD BRIDGE, CORDOVA.

72 2011

ANNUAL REPORT

It was at Cordova, and from this bridge that Carmen, bathing in the river, was first seen by the "I" of Merimee's story. I confess we had not the imagination to see her. The bridge seemed rather low for such an indifferent attitude as that taken by "I," and the gray dull waters would not have offered a background worthy of Diana, or of Carmen.

The Guadalquivir runs here in a swifter current, which to-day was a dull swirl of gray waters under a dull gray sky, with the dull brown of the stone bridge and the two great guarding gates turned gray in the sunless day, and even the pale ochre of the walls of the Mosque which rise in dominion above the mass of houses, turned to a grayish dullness. It was the day of days on which to see Cordova. We have never understood how travellers beneath a burning southern sky have been able to comprehend what a ghost among cities is Cordova.

The sound of bells came from the Campanario.

"But now the cross is sparkling on the mosque,
And bells make Catholic the trembling air."

Sad as it all was, we could not remain away. Those "tinkly temple bells," and they are tinkly and thin, sounded like the East a-calling.

Soon we were back in the great Patio, seated under a giant palm, where we could watch the varying picture of the women at the Abd-er-Rahman's well, of the priests strolling indolently through the cloisters or talking to the ladies of Cordova who had come to vespers, while the scarlet acolytes flashed like brilliant birds across the square, and the beggars huddled against the pillars of the doorway.

The East speaks very plainly here; it is as Eastern as the Psalms. And I listened while Doña read the last page we should turn in the story of our beloved Andalusia. I sat with my back against the palm, looking up into its great crown of fronds.

And Doña looked up and murmured —
“ ‘ Beautiful palm! Like me thou art separated from relatives and from friends; thou didst grow in a different soil and now thou art far from the land of thy birth. But the breezes of Our West kiss thy broad leaves, thy roots strike into fertile soil, thy head rises into a pure heaven. Before I was banished from my home, my tears bedewed thy kindred upon the banks of the Euphrates, but the palm and the river have forgotten my grief.’ ”

“ Is it yours? ” I asked courteously.

“ It is Abd-er-Rahman's, the Great First

Khalif. He brought the palm with him from Arabia, both of them exiles."

"Not like Robespierre," and I quoted from Hillaire Belloc — " ' he had no sense of exile in his eyes.' "

"Yet, a little like him," Doña admitted. "Abd was an exile but an Arab, and it softened his temper. He came from Damascus where he and his family had been outlawed, and he founded the Omeyyad dynasty in the Seven-Hundreds, after the Moors had completed the Conquest — and had been defeated at Tours from conquering Europe. Abd-er-Rahman was contemporary to Charlemagne, and it was his very soldiers who fought in the pass at Roncesvalles — which is in Spain, and in the Pyrenees — and who won. The blast of Roland's horn has sounded so loud in history that we forget there were victors. Abd was a great khalif, and he began this very Mosque, the very part of it which is before you. And he had forty-four sons and forty-two daughters. I wonder how many sultanas there were for the brood; the Koran permits only four, but, of course, the Sultan could break the laws of the Koran with impunity.

"There is an Abd for every century, and they are the chief of the khalifs. The one for

✓ the Eight-Hundreds was the Haroun al Raschid of Cordova. He made the city a second Bagdad, rivalling the original Haroun, who had just died — if he ever did die, that old Arabian immortal. There was under him one Ziryab, a Beau Brummel for Cordova. He knew a thousand songs, he added a fifth string to the lute, he introduced asparagus — ”

“ Oh, where are kings and empires now! ”
I interjected in longing —

“ And force-meat balls. He substituted glass for metal, and caused food to be served on leather, and he adapted clothing according to the season. The appearance of Ziryab in the ninth century is an Arabian miracle, considering what we have always been taught of that dusky time.

“ But he had his troubles as well as his delights. The Christians had never been persecuted during the history of the Moorish occupation, and they determined they would become martyrs. They took the only way whereby offence could come. Always the Moslems spoke of Jesus with respect; they do to-day when he is not obscured in the conduct of his followers. But they punish with death the one who blasphemes against Mohammed. They punished ✓ Eulogius and Flora who are the great figures of

the martyrdom. And there was no longer peace between them.

“ Abd III of the Nine-Hundreds had a Christian mother. You cannot understand Spain of to-day unless you understand that all through the Moorish occupation and until the completion of the Reconquest, there was decreasing distinction between races. The ‘ melting pot ’ got in its work, and the chemistry of arrogance can precipitate little straight ‘ Spanish ’ blood to-day in the haughtiest hidalgo. Abd III built Az-Zahra, the palace-town for his favourite ‘ The Flower of the World,’ beside which if the Arabian chroniclers are to be trusted, the palace built for Princess Badroulbador by Aladdin pales into commonplace. This must be what Coleridge meant when he saw in his opium dream —

“ ‘ In Xanadu did Khubla Khan
A stately, pleasure dome decree
Where Alph the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.’

“ But, for all this, Abd-er-Rahman III was not to be envied. And a paper, found after his death, enumerates the days on which he had been happy. They were fourteen. And he

reigned from the year 912 to 961. And to us, and such as us, he addressed a warning — ‘ O man of understanding, wonder and observe how small a portion of unclouded happiness the world can give even to the most fortunate.’

“ One more figure stands forth salient, Al-Manzur, ~~a prime minister, subtle and cruel~~. He died suddenly. And the devout Christian chronicler of the time wrote — ‘ In 1002 died Al-Manzur, and was buried in hell.’ ” Destiny was a simple and direct thing in those days.

They seemed very far away in time, but not far off, as we sat in the great closed-in Patio which had seen such intense life of the Moors, with the Mosque confronting us which had seen so much worship of the Moors, — and where are the roses of yesterday? For a moment the court was empty. The priests had smoked their after-vespers cigarettes in the arcades, the acolytes that had flashed scarlet across the space had rehabilitated themselves as real boys and had vanished through the puertas into the town, and, for a moment, the women of Cordova had ceased to gossip and to draw water. The stillness was like the stillness in the city of the dead.

And yet, the Koran still avails. Bishop Hartzell admits “ one-eighth of the world’s

population is Moslem. The proportion is increasing yearly. To-day nearly all the sacred places named in the Bible are under Mohammedan rule. In Africa Islam is leaving Christianity far behind in the race. Mohammedanism is absolutely dominant in the Persian Empire. Many more native Indians are becoming Mohammedans every year than Christians. We cannot be too conservative in forecasting the outcome of the present survey" (by the World's Sunday School Union). Illiteracy, ignorance, fanaticism are to be fought down and this will take many years. While Sidney Low, less denominationally biased, admits "The Moslem world is farther from conversion to the faith of the West than it was three centuries, or even ten centuries ago."

"I am the East, the immemorial East.
My steadfast spirit hath not changed or ceased;
As I have stood through countless ages past,
So shall I stand while sea and mountains last."

Doña rose and made her way over to the fountain of Abd-er-Rahman. I saw her open her purse and take out a *perro*. Even as I sat there beneath the palm of the Khalif I could see with satisfaction that it was a *Perro grande*, which means two pennies in one. Doña would

not forget me. And I saw her drop it devoutly into the waters as though they were the waters of the Fountain of Trevi. I am not at all certain that we shall ever return to Cordova. But the pledge was of our return to Andalusia.

➤ In this brief day in Cordova we added to that collection we were making of Spanish countrymen — a collection every traveller makes, and turns over in his mind afterward as definitely as he turns over the visible postcards that picture his journey — five different and very definite individuals. We have concluded that there is no country in the world where individualities are so sharp, and we are unable to answer your question, “ Why? ” unless it be that Spain educates and disciplines her people less than any other government.

➤ There was the driver of the carriage in which we made voyage about the streets of Cordova, especially through those narrow streets where not only carts cannot pass each other, but where the single cart has worn troughs in the corners of the buildings by the scraping of the hubs of the wheels. Cordova at large is as desolate as you suspect. But this genial, gentle driver filled it with hospitality we appreciated. He sought out churches and patios and shops with

an ardent desire to atone for the spoliation of the past. He did not apologize; the native Spaniard never does this; but he did wish us to understand and to see all that Cordova could offer.

There was the guide who chaperoned us through the cathedral in our first moments, before he understood we were not birds of too swift passage. He had the true Castilian breeding and the gentle deference of Andalusia; of slender build and middle-aged dignity, he suggested the cosmopolitan, though it is more than probable that he had never been outside of Cordova. Spaniards are not wanderers from parish to parish. He spoke something which on recollection I have determined must have been a mixture of Spanish and French and English, perhaps the amalgam Mr. Howells so happily — to our envy — described as “desperanto.” But it was so clear and conveying, it seems as I recall to have so occupied itself with nouns in the fashion of Alfred Jingle, Esquire, that we understood him without trying to understand. And we regretted when he seemed to appreciate that we had come to make the cathedral ours, and he might leave us to our absorption.

There was the courier to the hotel which we

had determined was not our hotel because of all we had read of hotels there in general and of all we had heard of his particular hotel from friends who had gone before, but at which we did attempt our dinner entirely because of this courier; and we agreed, after we had dined, it was because of him. He had met us at the train and selected our carriage and driver, and had planned our day with us as we stepped from the train, quite as though he had no interest in us other than that of an intimate friend who did not insist on the intimacy. We speak of him now as our friend in Cordova. He was not expansive, like an American met for a day, but reticent as all Spanish gentlemen are of whatever rank. There was no touch of the cavalier about him, something rather of the ascetic; he would have made an admirable priest — out of Spain. He was of a tall frail figure with the elegant swing of shoulders without which a man is not Spanish, a pale, delicate-featured face with small “shrinking” eyes which we found later were so near-sighted that the man could be only a few degrees from blindness. The possibility of this has haunted us, for it is not pleasant to think that even now it may have come upon him. The man’s presence hinted at disappointment, ambitions un-

satisfied, and we wondered if it had been in North or South America, in each of which he had lived a year, or in some other part of Spain; for he, essentially an alien anywhere, was emphatically an alien in Cordova.

There was the young courier of the same hotel, the irrepressible boy who "guyed" the dignified first courier at every turn in the insolence of his untamed and undisappointed youth. He had been an amateur bull fighter, bandalero or some other, in a recent bull-fight, and he slapped the healed wound in his leg with some pride in mishap. I so regretted that I forgot at the time to ask him concerning Rafael Guerra, retired *torero*, who lives just outside Cordova, and who will fight no more, "until Spain is a republic." The youth had been a courier for wealthy travellers, and he assumed a very knowing air because of this. He could speak according to his card, French, English and Spanish. "I can speak German too, but I will not put it on my card." We found elsewhere a prejudice against the German as traveller; what he is doing as developer does not compensate. And we felt that we should like to meet our German friend of the Algeciras ride again. It is because the American is a traveller who cannot be denied — if he is often

deceived — and because there is a common bond of democracy in the two peoples however much they also may lack democracy, that our countrymen have first place in the hearts of at least the couriers!

Then there was the *portero* who concerned himself about our small bags, because we had arrived at the station at nine o'clock — the rain had begun to fall — and we would have to remain until midnight. The porter could not consider us as strangers if we dwelt so long under his roof. He was tall and thin and wiry and active, as a porter should be, nervous and energetic as an American, with merry eyes and a smile which betrayed the most beautiful white teeth I have ever seen in or out of Spain. I felt particularly drawn to him because he assured Doña that I could speak Spanish; I had ventured that our places in the *wagon lit* were *siete* and *ocho*. And I am certain that Doña particularly liked him because he declared, as Spaniards are not supposed to declare, that he “did not like fat ladies.” I hope “she” will not follow the universal custom of Spain.

And then came the International Wagon Lit, the Magic Carpet, to carry us to the North. We said good-bye to our intimate friends of the day, and we hoped the *pesetas* were neither

less than they should have been for service, nor more than would continue us as friends, equals. And we climbed the steps of the sleeping-car — and found ourselves in a compartment which was luxurious beyond our hope.

Smaller than our American compartments, this little stateroom had a compactness and convenience which could give hints to every American sleeping-car I have ever been in. There was a place for everything, hooks and racks, and a hammock which was rigged three-cornerwise, making it a copious basket, and a hook back of which was a little plush disk to hang your watch against. A separate toilet-room had only the disadvantage of being shared with the travellers next door; but we had travelled in standard Pullmans. The rooms were finished in mahogany and lighted with electricity. Only — instead of having the berths head-to-foot with the train as they are with us, they ran across the car, across the tracks. And because no mortal can sleep when his stomach is travelling on a tangent faster — or is it slower? — than his extremities, I did not find myself inhabiting the *wagon lit* quite transversely as the Compagnie expected.

And I did look out frequently at the night of La Mancha, and wondered about the cork for-

ests I could see dimly, and wondered if I did see Don Quixote in their shade. I did not waken Doña — if she slept — when we passed near Las Navas de Tolosa, the great first battle in 1212, that promised the last battle in 1492 against the Moors.

And so, as George Borrow says, of his trip from Madrid to Seville, “ We travelled all the way without the slightest accident, my wonderful good fortune accompanying me.”

CHAPTER XII

IN OLD MADRID

IN so many ways Spain was reminding us of America that we were not surprised when we experienced no thrill on approaching its capital, and no thrills which were distinctly Madrilenian after we had spent our allotted portion of time seeking for the spirit of it; we had suspected beforehand that its spirit did not exist; and we agreed afterward that it does not exist. There may be Americans who look upon the city of Washington as something more than a clearing house for the country, as a symbol, the Centre of Things. I suppose there are Spaniards who regard Madrid with spiritual affection. But I can understand neither the one nor the other. There are cities in America the very thought of which thrills one's spirit, thrills one's patriotism. There are cities in Spain that give backward into long antiquity and give immediate consciousness of exquisite or vital life. But, to us, not Washington, and not Madrid.

They were made by fiat; they answered a necessity; they did not grow out of the instinct of men for living places.

You remember the old song, "Long years ago, in Old Madrid." It played as accompanying music through our consciousness, but a little cynically. No doubt there is romance even in the modern capital of the modern Spain. Musset must have seen true — "white city of serenades." Once in a way we saw the cavalier beneath the senorita's grated window — or the senora's — "where softly sighs of love the light guitar." Being human, being Spanish and most human, they make love in Madrid as in Seville; neither have the two things changed here since the time of the gods, love and flowing water. To be sure, the Manzanares is a geographical expression. It is to-day as Gautier saw it in 1840 — "washerwomen wash their clothes with sand, and in the very centre of the river-bed there is not enough water for a Mohammedan to perform his ablutions."

— Madrid is still new, and still very much in the making. It had not the plans of a L'Enfant to follow. It is engaged to-day in reconstructing itself on the large Lenfantine plans of modern capitals. It reminds the American of his home cities in another way. The streets are

torn up, not so violently and wholesale as at home; and new thoroughfares and new buildings are under way. Deliberately, in that characteristic Spanish objective way, Madrid has determined to become one of the capitals of the world. It has been a second Paris, rather a second-rate Paris; imitation is the flattery which modern cities pay to Paris.

If Dumas could see it now he would realize that Africa has been beaten back from the Pyrenees to Guadarramas. Cordova is the last stronghold of the Dark Continent. Madrid, sterile as it is, even at times in national psychology, is become part of Europe. The French conquest, so ineffectual under Napoleon, is now complete. (Spain is the country of conquering defeats, or defeated conquests.) The "intrusive king," Joseph, who had to fly from Madrid so many times during his few months of Napoleonic sovereignty, failed, as he told his Imperial brother he should. But France has captured the capital and Madrid is a second Paris. The *alegria* of Andalusia is no longer here; it is the vivacity of Paris, always, of course, tempered with Castilian gravity.

But Madrid has decided not to be second-rate. A great scheme of regeneration is being

carried out. In fifteen years, definitely in fifteen years, Madrid will be remade. The municipal council has voted immense sums of money, seven million dollars for paving alone. Those present stone pavements of the city! We hear them yet as *tartanas* with peasants, and carriages with grandees rattle over them; we feel them yet, as their uneven surfaces crumpled up the feet, and safety in crossing the Paseo del Prado, the great famous boulevard, lay only in stepping stones. No doubt this explains why motor cars and taxis are not more common. The *Sociedad de Atraccion* — they have an annoying habit, these Spaniards, of doubling the wrong consonant — *de Forasteros*, “the society for the attracting of tourists,” might well have busied themselves with the streets and hotels of Madrid, as they have with such increasing success in the affair of roads and hotels in Spain.

In front of the palace, and on the Castellana, the fashionable drive, there is asphalt; otherwise you can hear mediæval Spain walk the city; the footsteps of the Cid, or the hoofsteps of his Babieca, must have sounded this way. We longed at times for a bit of Holy Week when even the tram cars do not run. But in fifteen years you will not be able to hear the

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THE PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID.

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Cid, and you can walk the new Gran Via and think you are in Paris, and finally know that you are in modern Madrid.

By that time the Plaza de Canalejas, named for the last assassinated premier — until the next one — may have become more splendid than the Puerta del Sol. But it can never displace the Sol. It is the Sol alone which gives you the feeling that there was ever a Madrid before this morning. This is the very heart of Madrid, where the streets, and all the city, centre. I venture that every Madrileño and Madrileña passes through at least seven times a day. There are half a million people in Madrid. Most of the time they are all in the Sol at the same time. It is the busiest, noisiest, most fascinating, most human place in the world. It has been Spanish, has made Spanish history, since before the “Only Capital” was established. For the Comuneros made havoc here in 1520, when even in Madrid there were “commoners” who objected to centralization of government. And to-day it is the meeting-place of discarded politicians waiting their turn in the next shift of the government, maintaining that spirit of “regionalism” which distracts the Peninsula and the Capital; and the plotting-place of anarchists determining

where and at whom the next shot shall be fired.

“Let us live in the very heart of Spain,” said Doña, and it was to the Sol that we went, and found lodging where we might lose nothing of what the world meant when the world went by. This hotel — where I should advise American-Spanish travellers still to go, where Lowell stayed in the earlier days of his Spanish ministry in the '70's — commands the plaza and the streets leading down to the palace. And its restaurant is so famous that guests at the two fashionable hotels which have been built on the Prado, no longer enduring to fill their hunger with the husks of exterior show, come hither to get a French dinner prepared by a chef who would do credit to any hotel of the French capital, and served by the most accommodating *mozos*, who have positive ideas on affairs Spanish, and affairs of the Sol, and who will confide in you, if you will, with as confiding democracy of equality as any waiter at home. We never wearied of talking to them, or of looking out of our dining-room window at all Madrid, where policemen mounted on horses, with lances like those of Breda, mingle the Seventeenth century with Twentieth century; *senoritas* shaded under the most vivid and

Wm. L.
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"THE SURRENDER OF BREDÁ," VELASQUEZ.

various parasols, wandering musicians, news-boys, bull fighters, politicians, peasants a-foot, peasants on donkeys, carriages, trams, motor cars, all pell mell, and all going somewhere < and never all going.

So long as you sit at your window looking out on the Sol you suspect that you have found Madrid. But when you venture out of the plaza by any of the ten radiant streets you do not find it. This is Madrid, but there are few landmarks to determine it.

The Puerta del Sol and the Prado gallery, these are the two things that must be seen, says the objective traveller. But there is also the people. And even in Spain, "what is the city but the people." And because these are so evident and so alive, there can be no doubt of the Madrid of fifteen years hence, whatever of historic doubt pertains to ante-Fifteen-Hundred.

On the Castellana, for an hour or two before the nine o'clock of Spanish dining, you will find the grandes and grandeeses, the *richos hombres* — which we have taken to be rich men, but which in derivation means men of the realm, *reich's*, one of the three hundred words left over from the Germanic occupation of the Visigoths. For there are few rich men in Spain, as rich men go. There are men with rich titles,

the Duke of Medina y Coeli has a wealth beyond the dreams of avarice in his twenty-eight — when we saw him driving on the Castellana we wondered where, oh, where was Peter Brown.

But the Castellana "looks" rich, even though, as they whisper in Madrid, there are ladies who dress "from the waist up" in placid economic fashion. If here, too, there is suggested an American parallel, their shams and pretences are so much more frank and external than ours. It is not that the carriages are so grand, or the more and more frequent motor cars. It is because they are so numerous, and the people take such evident delight in living, in being there, in being part of the display, part of the stately show. The Spaniard has a talent for the spectacle, in church, in the Corrida, on the Castellana.

We found none of that gloom so many have reported from out Madrid; I fancy the gloomy Philip Second may have enmeshed their impressions. There is no doubt a hauteur; who would have it otherwise in Castile? And there is a sadness of countenance, which is very becoming to these pale-dark faces; it keeps them in the picture, even as Velasquez would have it. "By sadness of the countenance the heart is made better," teaches the Book which teaches

so many things not in the Koran. And was not the most famous Spaniard of them all a Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance?

The Spaniard is no *flaneur*; his dignity, his gravity, save him. He takes life slowly; but he does not loiter, he saunters with delayed step; seeing all that goes by. He saunters in carriage or on horseback or merely sitting still. Life on the Castellana, that rolls by, or that observes from the seats that line the way, is not like life on the Delicias; in Seville there was a touch of Oriental languor; in Madrid the North has touched the languor of Andalusia with the dignity of Castile.

You fancy you can still detect the elements in the amalgam here, notwithstanding it is four hundred years since new blood was poured into the melting pot of Spain. The Moor is here, whatever the exodus of 1609 and Philip Third and Torquemada. ~~The Jew~~ is here, a little more furtive than the Moor, but he may again find his place in Spain, from which he was driven more cruelly than from any other country. And, rarely but still noticeably, there are the fair hair and the blue eyes of the Goth. And all made Castilian, which, to-day, is to say Spanish.

In spite of the fact that Spain, especially

Spanish Spain of the North, so frequently suggested America to us Americans, we realized that these Spanish would be the last to accept it. There is evident an Anglicizing of Spanish society since the English marriage; dress and manners and amusements show this, and no doubt the vigorous out-door life of England will work an agreeable influence on Spanish life, which has been so essentially interior, of the home. But being the most crescent people in Europe — we insist there is no decadence; Spain is a country which never has had the right to be itself before the young king came to the throne — they cannot quite relate themselves to America, that is to North America. We were reminded that American women who had come to Madrid for the festivities of the Spanish marriage returned to London and told King Edward they had had a dreary time. "Few of the Spaniards speak English, and none of them American." Their natural kinship is with South America, and so frequent are the returns of Spaniards who have found wealth in Argentine or Chile, if the treasure of the Inca is vanished, that an "American" in Spain means, as it does nowhere else in Europe, a South American. It is a queer sensation not to be an "American." There is still

a little, although a very little, of the aftermath of 1898. I think it is rather because the South Americans mean more, that *los Yankees* mean less, and are little taken into account in the capital of Spain, where the larger relations of the country are considered.

On one afternoon we sat in front of the Royal Palace for three hours, waiting for royalty. It was a very undemocratic thing to do, I admit. But in the first place there is not so much to do in Madrid that you can afford to miss the street scenes; they are Madrid, they are Spain. And in the last place, a king who is so good a democrat as Alfonso XIII is as well worth waiting for as a president. Doña and I confess at once that we have never waited three hours for a president. Not that we love presidents less and kings more, but because on familiar orthodox American streets there is nothing going by which explains America. We did not wait three hours for royalty. We sat for three hours on the long stone seats which front the *Palacio Real* across the Calle de Bailen. And then, the King came.

The palace is regarded as one of the most royal in the world. Royal palaces are neither here nor there with us; usually they are dreary enough, and while this gray granite is imposing

and fortress-like as well as suggesting livability, it is only a royal palace. We confessed we should like better to have seen the palace from which Philip Third looked out of a window across the Manzanares — it flows back of the royal residence — on the other side of which he saw a student with a book in his hand. As Porreno, the chronicler reports, “ he was reading, but every now and then he interrupted his reading, and gave himself violent blows upon the forehead, accompanied with innumerable motions of ecstasy and mirthfulness. ‘ That student,’ said the King, ‘ is either out of his wits, or reading the history of Don Quixote.’ ”

For all of his love of spectacle and emphasis on dignity, there is no one so informal as the Spaniard when he is off duty. We sat there in front of the palace, outside of which splendid up-standing fellows of the royal guard, in their uniforms of red and black and white with plumed hats, held the palace for the king; and all the Spanish world well nigh back to Phœnicia — the last mention of those far-folk, oh, my reader! — went by.

There were carts labelled *Recreos Infantes*, which went round the Plaza, and in which children could ride for a small *perro*. Had we known how to distinguish the children who

could from the children who could not, we should have been glad to provide some of those who could not with their "small dogs." But they were quite as happy we believed out of the carts as in. Spain is kind to children, of whatever rank. Indeed the Spanish seem a race of children, and to regret that it was ever ordained by Providence that they should grow up. They do not quite understand the exigencies of adulthood. But, when they do — and they are learning — Spain may take the place she has never really had in the world, not even in the brilliant Sixteenth Century.

Trunks on the shoulders of men, baskets and boxes, were carried by the palace, carried in and out of the palace, with a familiarity that almost challenged itself; it was so frank. And every kind of vehicle which has ever traversed a Madrid *calle* or gone up and down a Spanish *camino*, passed in review before the *Palacio Real*. There were motor cars, a few, and carriages, more; there were tram cars and busses. There were carts drawn by great oxen, and *tartanas*, very small carts, drawn by very small *burros*, and there were carts which suggested that they might be common carriers, drawn by that string of mules which is so characteristic of all Spain, three to seven mules in

a string with a donkey leading. Small wonder that in the language of the street, which is the most picturing language of any people, the Spaniards recognize him as *sabio mucho*, the one who "knows it all." We missed the "Twenty-mule borax team," as much as Mr. Howells missed the word "Prudential" across the face of Gibraltar.

~ The *tartanas* we always meant to ride in and never did. They are more fascinating than a jaunting-car, and hark back to primeval times. They must have been Moorish in origin, for over the body, which is made of open work, slats or cords, there is lifted a canopy, something like that on an American "prairie schooner," but the supporting arch shaped like the Moorish horseshoe. In Sicily the carts are of a similar build. It is strictly a creation of the Mid-terra.

^ And every now and then the Three Musketeers would go by. It is no surprise to find them in Spain; there was always something trans-Pyrenees about them. The undivided Two of the Civil Guards who had followed us all the way from Cadiz, and who having failed to get George Parsons Lathrop and his friend on their voyage through the Peninsula, had also failed to arrest us, were succeeded by the

Three of the army. If the others hunted us, these haunted us everywhere, the three soldiers who never worked in pairs or singly. They appeared in every costume and colour, from the dark blue uniform with red stripes a-leg, and the dark blue jacket with cerise-red trousers, to Copenhagen blue uniforms, or almost, I might say, costumes, so modish were they, and white uniforms with black stripes, and gorgeous combinations of strong and of pastel colours, while helmets plumed themselves into waving splendours.

There were many callers at the palace that afternoon. And yet the charming Spanish woman who sat on the bench with us and occasionally was joined by her daughter, a pretty *senorita* of perhaps fourteen, advised us at the start that all the royal family were out, and that the groups of people about the square were waiting for their return. Not many waited with us three hours, except a few other foreigners and our Spanish friend who was so very friendly. Diplomats came, at least they looked dignified enough to be diplomats, and our friend would have liked to tell us who they were, but she did not know.

An open carriage drove up the private way which rises from the royal park, and which is

concealed by a strong stone wall until the open square in front of the palace is reached. In it were a slender woman distinguished in her Spanish black, and a heavier woman not so splendid, more Spanish, dressed in black with a black and white hat. It was the queen mother—we were told, Maria Cristina, and one of the Infantas, an aunt of the king, but which we did not understand, not really knowing much about the Almanach de Gotha, or if Spanish royalty be expressed in that book. I think, however, it must have been Isabella.

Suddenly a racing car went by. We had seen it go swiftly in the opposite direction a quarter of an hour before with only the chauffeur, and could not understand when our Spanish doña said, “*el rey.*” Now we understood. There in the swift gray car, with only the chauffeur, with no outriders and none to clear the path, went the man who eight times since he has become king has been threatened with bomb or bullet. *El rey! el rey!* murmured the crowd, not vociferously but quietly, as though they would not intrude on the king’s *incognito* in their own streets.

We watched the car move on, with the slender, straight figure, and suddenly we, too, were loyal and murmured to ourselves, *el rey!* The

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KING ALFONSO XIII.

1. *Chlorophyll *a** was determined in 100% methanol extracts of the cells by the method of Arar and Cook (1987). The absorbance of the extract was measured at 663 nm and 666 nm. The concentration of chlorophyll *a* was calculated using the following equation: $\text{Chlorophyll } a \text{ (mg g}^{-1}\text{)} = 12.72 \times \text{Abs}_{663} - 8.29 \times \text{Abs}_{666}$.

chapel royal at Granada — “so small for so much greatness” — did not so impress us as this young king, who carries in himself the greatness and the possibly great future of Spain. We felt the divinity that doth hedge a king, and remembering all that has threatened him, we could wish that the hedging would be protective indeed.

We had but now come past the monument at the corner of the Calle Mayor, where his life and that of his queen of an hour were threatened on their wedding day, when men and women were sacrificed to that insane misunderstanding which makes anarchists vent their deadly fury on monarchs — and yet, since we had yielded in fealty to the king, symbol of a people, we should be able to comprehend those who yield to their hatred for the symbol. We thought how the youthful Alfonso, then but twenty, had said to Victoria Eugenia, as the blood of his subjects and hers splashed the white satin of her gown and she thought to faint, “the Queen of Spain never faints.” He became the king, and his queen dared not falter before the terrible and beautiful responsibilities of the kingdom.

Another attack was made on the king, even while we were in Spain, and thrilled the king-

dom into a united moment of patriotism. Some - superstitious madman had combined the unlucky month of April, with the unluck of Alfonso's royal number and the thirteenth day of the month and the thirteenth year of the cycle. (But perhaps Alfonso, like President Wilson, believes in the luck of unlucky numbers.) It was at the swearing in of the recruits, and the king, mounted on his horse, saw a man rushing at him with pistol upraised. The king started to ride him down, the shots rang out, and the people knew that once again the life of their king had been threatened and had been saved. It was the king who first lifted the cry, "*Viva España*," and the people went mad with - loyalty. There is, I believe, no king in the world so beloved as Alfonso XIII, except in Barcelona. Yet even there he can venture his charmed life.

He is every inch a king, as well as every minute, even though he is the only reigning Bourbon left in Europe, even though he carries the most tainted royal blood in Europe, the combined Bourbon and Hapsburg. And he is the only king ever born into the world.

"You that came forth through the doors
Shall burst the doors of kings."

Maria Cristina, his queenly mother, left in widowhood by Alfonso XII, who had done so much for Spain only in keeping it a kingdom, must have waited in despairing exaltation those six months of widowhood before Alfonso XIII was delivered into this world. This queen mother literally gave the king to Spain. For she fought for his life and his kingdom at every turn. A frail child and a fluctuate kingdom, she watched them both and counselled them into stature. And her reward is in the almost worship of her son, and the increasing loyalty of his kingdom and its increasing prosperity.

Yet, it is still a possibility, nay, a probability, which confronts him every moment the king traverses the streets of his capital, even so swiftly as in the racing car. Carlism is dying, if not dead. Don Carlos the Pretender refused to embarrass Spain in the war with the United States, and Don Jaime, his successor to the Pretension, has declared he will not enter the Peninsula but in case of anarchy. Carlism has lent itself to an encouragement of "regionalism," sectionalism, states' rights; but that, too, for all the activities of Barcelona and Bilbao, is disappearing, as The Spains find centralization a working policy, as the Peninsula becomes pan-peninsular.

Republicanism finds scant soil in infertile Spain. As Castelar said, who should have known, "we cannot have a republic without republicans." Altamira, himself a republican, declares: "It is a matter of fact that the republicans each day become more numerous and each day they become less important." Its principles have been written into the laws since 1873, and still Spain is a monarchy. To-day, if you ask any republican whom he would select for president of the Spanish Republic, he will answer "Don Alfonso." Spain is a democracy, but out of that you cannot make a republic. It is not political revolution which threatens Alfonso. And the whimsical half-question in his eyes seems ever to query, "how does it happen that I am king and you are not?" (George of England has it also, but not so whimsical.) Yet, neither his half-amused disclaimer, nor his unceasing devotion to his kingdom, which he has raised so largely by his own individual care and interest into a waxing power among the powers, can be surety to his safety.

Then, after we had speculated on the king and things kingly, we saw the most Spanish sight which it is possible to see in Royal Spain. There was a stir among the guard about the

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entrance to the courtyard of the palace. There was a straightening up of the tall and splendid guardsmen. Attendants looked down the hidden causeway and then took their places. The Spanish friend advised us that the king was probably coming, *el rey* and *la reina*. Two horsemen rode spiritedly up the driveway and up to the doorway of the palace. No, no, the Spanish lady explained, not *el rey*, but *los niños*. The riders jumped from their horses and took their places at each side of the door. Outriders appeared and then the long ears of the mules, the four mules which in historic Spanish fashion are honoured with drawing the royal carriage of the royal infants of most Royal Spain. Their bells made a merry jingle, and they looked indeed royal, these four lean mules of at least semi-Arab breed, with their very gay harness and chenille tassels. Two nurses accompanied the children, just ordinary English nurses, looking very strong and wholesome and capable, in blue nurses' dresses with white aprons and white caps. And the four children looked, as they have the right to look, like children. Neither more nor less royal than the children you know. They were all dressed in white, the girls with white caps, the boys with large straw sailors, which they touched in pretty

salute to the grand guards who stood about the palace of the king, their father. And the solemn, dignified guardsmen returned the salute to these four children, princes and princesses of the realm.

- ✓ They are Alfonso and Jaime, and Beatrice and Maria Cristina. Alfonso is Prince of the Asturias, which is by way of saying, Prince of Wales. At the age of one, although he could not have the honour enjoyed by his father of presiding over the opening of the Cortes, he was made cadet in a regiment, and entered on the register as “resident in the province of Madrid, aged one year, and a bachelor” — rather a sense of humour for one so young.
- ✓ While on occasion the little prince is called Alphonsito, the name still clings by right to his royal father, who, in spite of the five “Infants” is nothing more than a boy himself. And the people cannot forget that he was so short a time ago so very little; Alphonsito remains their pet name for the young king.
- ✓ Don Jaime — we asked the Spanish lady, our friend, to repeat to us the names just so we could hear from an unsuspecting Spaniard the Spanish pronunciation, “Hime” — is the favourite of all, because of his deafness; the Spaniards have an especial tenderness even to

Day 3 Carnegie

PRINCESS BEATRICE.

NO VINU
AMORU

the afflicted of royalty. And Don Jaime, who bears the same name as his royal cousin the Spanish Pretender who pretends with so little effect to the throne, is more Spanish looking than his fair brother, who betrays his English mothering. Jaime is altogether *simpatico*. Beatrice and Maria Cristina are named for the mothers of Their Majesties, and when they are grown they will be excellent pawns whereby to cement whatever of royal friendships Spain would establish with the nations, her peers.

A little later, and a closed limousine bringing the king and queen from the *Casa del Campo*, where royal tea, become popular in Madrid, is served, drove up the concealed drive — we saw just the tip of Her Majesty's nose — and quickly into the inner court.

Queen Victoria is popular or not, according with whom you are talking. But there is a royal exclusiveness about Spain itself. The Queen Mother, so long as she was regarded as an Austrian, was unwelcome to the kingdom. And Victoria is fair and foreign and has been here but a few years, and cannot forget or give up English customs. Still, she is much admired in court circles, and she deserves admiration among the people, for she lives simply and domestically. And if she does not love bull feasts,

at least her example is persuading other ladies of the court away from the *corrida*.

Queen Victoria is not the woman to change a government, or change the status of women. Yet her example, and that of her English countrywomen, is effecting a different attitude toward women from the historic Spanish Oriental attitude. It is quite true that Spain is "a man's country." Yet the great rulers of great success have been queens, and the kings who have been noted have not always ruled the country to its good. Spain never enjoyed the dubious blessing of the Salic law — except for a brief moment, when Ferdinand VII established it by personal promulgation, in favour of Don Carlos, and precipitated, through a little later withdrawal, all that shedding of blood and sharpening of political animosities known as "Carlism." However much a later Isabella may have failed — "I thought I had taken deeper root in this country" — the queens of Spain have been powerful in holding the throne for their sons, like Maria de Molina, like Maria Cristina.

Women have advantages in Spain, and have had, notwithstanding an Oriental touch to the national psychology. If a man breaks his engagement to a woman he suffers social ostra-

QUEEN VICTORIA WITH THE SPANISH MANTILLA.

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cism and the woman does not. Alfonso XII, father to the king, was recalled to Spain after the failure of the Republic, when he was not expecting it. And the people objected to his marrying his cousin Mercedes. "But I have promised." And the Spanish people would not have permitted him to break that promise.

It is the pretty custom in Spain for the man to give the bride her wedding dress. Alfonso gave Victoria hers—which was splashed by the blood of those sacrificing to the god of anarchy, on that May day of 1906. And when, after our return from Spain, we read that an adopted Spanish countryman of ours in Illinois had been married by proxy to a Spanish girl in Avila, we knew that the man, out of his American earnings, had sent the bride her dress.

This marriage by proxy is one of the safeguards which Spain throws about the marriage of her migrating men and women. Without the ceremony by proxy, no girl is permitted to sail to the vague new world, where the promise might or might not be kept. If the more "modern" Northern nations would do this thing surely migrant marriages would be on a better basis. Even in the golden century of Spanish discovery, no man was permitted to leave all Spain, no matter what his station, commoner

or grandee, unless he first had permission from his wife, and he had to report or return home every three years. Yet we talk about mediæval Spain! Small wonder the government did this. You cannot know even a very little of Spain without seeing what admirable well-poised women they are; the common sense of the women of the common people is remarkable in Spain, as remarkable as it is in France. And some day these women will remake their country even as the common women of France have made the French people.

One of the gifts made by America, the United State, to "the mother country," Spain, which compensates somewhat—if that were possible—for the loss of empire through the United States, is the International Institute for Girls, founded by an American woman, and now happily lodged in Madrid, in an old Franciscan convent on the Via Fortuny—but these mediæval conventual buildings offer large opportunities in Spain for many new undertakings—with one new built hall. After fifteen years the Institute begins to be accepted in Spain, because Spanish girls are beginning to make the demands girls in other lands are making; and the Institute is no longer suspected as against the nation and against the religion of

the nation. The classes in domestic economy are most popular, and the ladies of Madrid have demanded an afternoon class where the national supremacy of *garbanzos* and *pucheros* and *azafrán* are being threatened.

The girls of the school go up to the University of Madrid for their final examinations and their college degrees — since in Spain only the state can give degrees. From the beginning of Spanish university life which dates back before university life in England, women have had equal rights with men in this matter of degrees, but have not used them. And the men at the Madrid University are proud of these Spanish girls, and pelt them with flowers at the conclusion of the examinations, and ever chivalric, throw down their caps for the girls to walk over. Senor Altamira is a patron of the school, and I think it was he who has commented that women in Spain must become either “school teachers, telegraph operators, or queen,” no other vocations being open. But, through the American influence of this school, and the English influence of the queen and the Anglicized court and its open-air propaganda of healthful living, and the native common sense of Spanish women, Spain is a man’s country only historically. Emilia Pardo Bazan is perhaps the

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leading Spanish novelist, and Maria Guerrero is unquestionably the leading Spanish actress, or actor, in Spain, where first in all the world women were permitted to act their parts on the stage. And, still, with the defect of their qualities, there have been women bull-fighters. There is no question of intellectual equality; it is taken for granted. And there is no impulse toward women's suffrage. There are no old maids, there is no divorce, — which, no doubt, are mediæval advantages.

CHAPTER XIII

TOLEDO THE PROUD

SOMETIMES when in Spain you believe you are in America; not in the America which was colonial, which borders the East Sea, which fancies itself America, but in that most indubitable America, the Far West.

Doña looked out of the car-window — sometime some one will write a perfectly comprehending book on “Spain from a Car-Window” — on the morning we were making our flight to Toledo. And all about was the American desert which used to occupy so large a part in the geographies of our youth; at least it did in mine. The books of a later day, I believe, reveal that there is no Great American desert, but the great American granary, just as some day all the world and Spain will discover that Spain is not desert nor semi-desert, but one of the possibly fruitful places of the world.

“I could believe that I am crossing the Colorado, or strayed off to the Mojave,” said Doña.

“ I can understand now why there are only twenty millions of Spaniards, and so much country. The Spaniard needs space; he demands deserted spaces in order that he may get the sense of the desert. And, sometimes, he gets that. You cannot make me believe after this that the Spaniard is not a North African, a familiar of the Sahara.”

↘ The great endless-stretching spaces quivered in the heat of this early summer morning. The Spanish sunshine, which is the clearest in the world, except Arizona sunshine, poured its uncompromise over everything, clearing and purifying the outlines of all atmosphere. It was a cloudless, vapourless sky, shriven of all things earthly; no filament of remotest cloud tempered the deep indigo blue; so translucent was this blue, so compact of nothing but blue, that the eye penetrated to the far depths of the heaven. It was a sky reft of all sense of the earth. I am not at all certain that such a sky is humanly endurable.

The breathless earth had been burnt reddish-brown by the merciless African sun for thousands of years. There is something oppressive, inhuman about a naked plain, a sterile stretch of earth. The plain was almost treeless. Here and there was an insistent group of poplars

betraying a well that watered their oasis, or a thin line of low topped pines so characteristic of Spanish scenery and of Spanish paintings, or a tree we did not know, but thought must be kin to the mesquite of our Far West. Three small towns—unless there was but one, and mirage repeated it doubly—lay off to the right, in pitiless sunshine. The French writer who declared a century or two ago that the Moors cut down the trees of Spain in order to exile the birds who ate their grains and fruit, wrote without knowledge of the Moors or of history. The trees about Madrid were cut ruthlessly as they are in every primitive country, to provide fuel. But to-day Spain is replanting. Alfonso planted trees at the *Fiesta del Arbol*, Arbor Day, when he was four years old. And every anniversary of that day Spanish children plant trees, ten thousand of them on a single day, which is rather many for Spain. In time, Spain also as well as America, so much younger and so much more ruthless toward trees, will be replanted.

On the very edge of a distant hill, rimmed sharp against the sky, a man loomed larger than life, showing distinctly against the unyielding sky. It was like a canvas by Velasquez; we had seen this picture before. The

Prado, the Velasquez room, is still the very sky and landscape as he saw it about Madrid, and as we were seeing it.

Mule paths ran off into the country with strings of mules as we had seen them in front of the Royal Palace in the city making their way along the plain, and the gay red sash or bright blue jacket of the peasants showed clear in the burning clearness of the air. We could fancy we heard above the rumble of the train — and the train between Madrid and Toledo rumbles over rougher road-bed than had been our previous fate in Spain — the soft cry of the driver, ar-re, the cry we had heard in Tangier. From time to time we crossed or ran parallel with the old diligence road, and we remembered how Theophile had gone that way and nearly lost his breath in the rough and tumble of the coach. After passing the junction of Algodor, the road ran along the Tagus, a real river whose deep flowing waters redeem the desert into rich abundance of green pastures and green orchards. There were wide fields of what looked like purple horsemint, white daisies hinted that even here might be found flowery meads, and the red poppies in the fields on the left through which the sun shone blood-red gave us again the sense of how much

blood has been shed to how little end throughout all Spain. This Tagus, *Rio Tago*, flows in full horseshoe about the city of Toledo, and then off past Salamanca, and across the boundary between Hispania and Lusitania, until it flows past Lisbon and empties into the Atlantic. At Toledo the full sharp curve is like the Wear at Durham, or like the human flow of the New Town as it sweeps about the Old Town of Edinburgh. But it is only when you are trying to place Toledo that you think of other cities. In the end you know that more than any other city, Toledo is like — Toledo, haughty, proud, austere, epic, the most Castilian among the cities of Castile. To the very town itself you pay the homage that is tinctured with fear. You can never be quite certain that this *Felipe Segundo* of cities will not issue orders of banishment. In corners, in street scenes here and there, you learn to love the place with a love which for cities is ever the desire to return. But Toledo, the city, the whole city, yields never to your devotion; Toledo has never been conquered. Even in the four centuries of high Moorish fashion, the people were Mozarabe, half-Arabs.

It was not strange, that Doña should assert that Tubal Cain founded the city. This grand-

son of Noah, named no doubt for that great grandfather back in the beginnings of history, who built the Cities of the Plains, must have inherited an understanding of their disadvantages. He came to Spain, this *niete de Noe*, as Garcia Dei, chronicler to Pedro says, not long after the deluge. It was nearly one hundred and fifty years after, but the flood had not abated as one would have expected, at least in Spain. "Because of the waters he did not dare settle in the plain but chose the rocky height. This was forty and three and a hundred years more after the great and savage deluge."

There is such a quality of ancientry about Spain that we preferred to accept Tubal Cain for Toledo. . . . It lies "asleep in lap of legends old."

We took a carriage at the station and drove up the steep winding ways into the town. It is not good to do this, neither for yourself nor for Toledo. I can forgive us for coming at mid-day; here is no city dusks and mysteries, and romance and lyric note. It is the only city of the world I should risk at noon; it must lack atmosphere. But its simple stark impression should come upon one full force, not received in surreptitious half-thrusts through the win-

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THE GATE OF THE SUN, TOLEDO.

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dows of an omnibus. That hard brilliant sky, like the steel of a Toledo blade, should be above you as you cross the Bridge of Alcantara, and these burnt-red walls that gather and flash back the merciless heat should be permitted their slow *auto da fé* — act of faith! You pass the noseless statue of Wamba, you pass through the Puerta del Sol, one of the loveliest and least spoiled Moorish things in Spain — you think it the loveliest while you look — and by winding ways you reach the Hotel Castilla.

It is truly a charming palatial seductive place. But the proprietor did not wish us. He asked more than we were paying in Madrid for the best table I have ever epicured at (surely the verb is as permissible as gormandize) and more than if we had been staying in the hotels on the Prado without such menu.

Doña turned Spanish. She haughtily ordered the porter to pick up our bags, and we walked out of the hotel. The courier who had ascended with us, came calmly after us. He did not offer the slightest objection to our doing as we would. He advised the Hotel Imperial which is on the Zokodover. He was so courteous and uninsisting that we did him the discourtesy to suspect him. We followed the porter down the narrow street, across the “Soko,”

which we promised ourselves we should appreciate later, under heat which rivalled the old fires of heresy, and up to the top of it, where we found a hotel so Spanish and also so modest in price that we remained. The bedrooms of the *primero suelo* all opened on a common cloister walk, and our own triple room, partitioned with thick hangings and furnished with four beds and one pair of French windows opened on the other side on to a balcony, on to the Soko — memorabilia Tangerina.

— We had our taste of a Spanish *posada* without capitulation. Not any one anywhere could speak anything but Spanish, or realize that even if the air was Spanish we wanted all we could breathe at night, and not have our windows locked and the key laid away. We dared to enjoy even the very Spanish cooking of this hotel which has never accommodated itself to the un-Spanish palate.

And when we sat on our little balcony looking out on the historic and once so terrible Zokodover, we almost could have wished that our rebellion, that is Doña's, had taken one more step in revolt, and had landed us in the little pink-washed *venta* across the street, where three times in one day we saw the *moza* washing the steps and the street in front of

the *Gran Paris*. The *grandeza* of Spain never seems so quixotically grand as when the “ d ” is dropped to *gran*.

We were forced to surrender to Spanish ~~heat~~^{heat} and Spanish customs. Wisely and well have these people of the Africa of Europe learned that one cannot be too much in the sun without consequences. We had withstood it so often, but in this high city, where no intervening atmosphere tempers the sun's rays, you decide that the elevation of Toledo, its natural hauteur, lifts it too near the fire ball for the venturing forth of people of a temperate zone. We remained in our half-darkened room — which gave on the Zoko — until late in the afternoon, when the slant rays could not strike into these narrow lanes of Toledo.

And the ever faithful Don Quicknotie came also among us. We were too interested for siestas in spite of the heat.

“ How shall I remember Toledo, before I have seen it? ” I demanded of Doña.

“ Gothic and ecclesiastic,” she replied briefly. “ There were Moors — ”

“ Of course,” I interrupted sagely.

“ Yes — but — ” Doña admitted sadly, “ the last of them, and not very Moorish. They mingled too immediately and too compellingly

with the Christians. Almost the only large event is the Day of the Foss, which relates to that first Abd-er-Rahmann we found and left at Cordova — but it may not have been his fault. Rather his lieutenant, Amron. After a siege he captured the city, invited the nobles to the palace, made them enter one by one, and dispatched them as ruthlessly as the grand wazeer and his blackamoor in 'Kismet' would have done. It was a terrible day for Toledo, an awful night of suspense, a Saint Bartholomew outdone and before it was done. Always thereafter *una noche Toledana* means a *nuit blanche* as this was black, a sleepless tragic night, a heart-ache, head-ache night."

" 'On such a night as this? ' " I murmured apprehensively, looking furtively, so as not to offend Spanish pride, into the far and opposite corners of our triune apartment, where we had elected each one bed.

" Briefly the Gothic period runs for four centuries after the fall of Rome, and, of course, Rome fell in the outposts of the empire before it collapsed at the centre. The Goths had descended on Spain as they had on Italy, quite like the Assyrian wolves. They remained in Spain and they waxed splendid, more splendid than in France or Germany. Their princesses

married with the Frankish kings; Brunnhilda is one of them. The Goths, you know, were Christians, primitive Christians, basing their faith simply on the four gospels; it is called Arianism."

"Is that all Arianism means?" I ventured.

"All," Doña nodded. "Isn't it simple and modern? Small wonder when it came in contact with the faith developed through seven centuries of Latin subtleties, it was held in contempt. But so long as the Goths remained Gothic, that is splendid and savage, Arianism remained supreme. The great Gothic kings are Leovigild, Wamba, and Roderick, the Last; or if not great they are for remembrance. They lived and reigned, sometimes in Toledo, sometimes in Seville."

"You never said anything about Seville being Gothic when we were there," I protested.

"Did you ever think it Gothic?" returned Doña.

"No," I answered honestly, "never."

"Then why expect me to have told you a thing you couldn't believe? It's only history there. Here it is life, the very essence of Toledo. The city looks Gothic, stern and strong and valiant. I know of none like it. It is as Gothic and independent as the Visigothic oath

of loyalty to the sovereign — ‘ King shalt thou be if thou doest right; no king shalt thou be if thou doest not right.’ ”

“ After the Reconquest, dated here 1085, Toledo became ecclesiastic, and remains. The great ecclesiastics were very great; they made Toledo a veritable Rome and sometimes not second to Rome. Mendoza and Ximenes were practically *Reyes Catolicos*. They were also contemporary to Wolsey, and it’s interesting to know that the revenues of this Toledo see were once charged by order of Charles the Great, with a pension to Wolsey.”

“ He must have served more kings than Henry VIII, better than he, my Lord of York, served his God,” I interrupted.

“ They had to serve them, or be supreme over them, and these Spanish archbishops knew the acts of supremacy. They have not forgotten to-day. With an annual revenue of over forty million *pesetas* from the state, they are not likely to forget. It was because of the hierarchy that Philip Second removed the court to Madrid; but I think he must have been sensitive to what emanates from Toledo, for it was then the people first began to hear the great cathedral bell, the greatest in the world, in the capital.”

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"QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND, WIFE OF PHILIP II," MORO.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

Suddenly, against the quiet that succeeded our historic review, when we had nearly gone the Spanish way of somnolence, we were startled by a loud raucous sound, that we had heard before, often in Spain; but never so near in Spain and never so reminiscent.

“It is the Soko!” Doña exclaimed. We needed no other proof. Directly beneath our window, which looked forth on the Zokodover, raucous as in “the braying adventure” in Don Quixote, raucous as when we had heard their midnight melody in Morocco, there sounded the long bray of a donkey. It was not the last donkey we heard in Spain. The last one was in San Sebastian, or I think there may have been one at the Bidosoa frontier. But this was a bray which must have been heard in Tangier.

“Zokodover means Place of the Beasts,” Doña remarked sententiously.

“Is it our last Sok?” I asked, hoping for the last donkey.

“One more at Segovia, much disguised. But you can see another, a ‘Sok’ in English Winchester. I am not certain whether Winchester borrowed the name from Philip II when he came to be married to Mary in its cathedral. And according to Chesterton’s ‘Flying Inn’

England has been conquered by the Moslems. This is the most important Soko in Spain for it saw tournaments under Don Roderick at which 'the king of England's son' whoever he might be, came to tilt; and weekly markets for Moors and again for Christians, bullfeasts and *autos da fé* for Christians, and the clash between the Comuneros and the Imperialists when Toledo, revengeful for Madrid, attempted a revolt, a manifestation of that 'regionalism' which has shattered Spain into 'The Spains' up to to-day — but to-day is changing."

"People the town for me," I suggested. "Whom shall we meet as we go forth on the ways?"

"I think you will like best to remember that here, in this very Toledo, in the Eleven-Hundreds, just about the time when Omar was making tents and rubaiyats in Naishapur, there dwelt our friend, Rabbi Ben Ezra."

"Truly," I exclaimed, "was it of Toledo he spoke —

"Then welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough,

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!

Be our joy three-parts pain;

Strive and hold cheap the strain;

Learn nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

[illegible]

A STREET IN TOLEDO.

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“ Yes,” Dona countered with —

“ ‘ And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure, brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to endue.’ ”

And later, when we picked our way across the cobble-stoniest streets in Spain, we ventured to wonder if Browning had learned some of his rough-shod verse-mastery in Toledo.

The slumbering people were just beginning to re-open their shops — they really close them in the afternoons in Toledo; in Madrid they pretend to close them. We went down through the Zokodover, keeping under an arcade which runs along the sides, where near the Moorish arch several bookshops displayed attractive titles in the limited window space. They were not only attractive, they were exciting to us! Here in this ecclesiastical city, under the shadow of Mendoza and Ximenes, we feasted our eyes on the new reading of old rhymes —

*Adventuras de John C. Raffles,
La Doncella Raptada.*

*Memorias Intimas de Sherlock Holmes,
La Hija del Userero.*

El Codak Traidor,
El Enigma de la Mesa Juego.

Ultimos Episodios de Nick Carter.

It was really too much — the *last* episodes in the life of my old friend, Nick Carter. Only in Spain could I have hoped to find such a title, such a conclusion to the whole matter of Nick. Nothing could withhold me. I plunged into the little shop, followed by Doña who has always had a more than sneaking fondness for my friend. I demanded of the shopkeeper those *Ultimos Episodios*. There was fire in my eye. But it did not kindle the grave Ximenesian bookman. I gathered from the Castilian he and Doña exchanged, and its very frequent use of *picaresco*, that the Spaniards recognize their own, even when it wears Anglo-Saxon *titulos* of Raffles, Holmes and Carter. It is not necessary to name heroes to-day as they were named in the Spanish days of Peter Brown.

And here again, in their love of picturesque, the blood-and-thunder epic, you will grant me that Spain and America (the United States) have another quality in common, Spain where the people do not grow up but flourish in a lusty youth, and America where even Senator Hoar admitted Nick Carter as his most desirable

travelling companion between Worcester and Washington.

Was it sheer luck, or the eternal fitness of things? Below this arcade we came upon the great Moorish arch that confirms the Zoko as Moorish. Its intense burnt orange masonry framed a patch of burnt blue sky in a sharp utterly Spanish brilliancy. The newness of Spain to the traveller, the "differenterness," comes in just such moments of earth and sky. Steps led down from the gateway into a narrow lane, into a courtyard, where Cervantes lived and wrote his *picaresque* novels, if the genre had not then been invented and he had to call them "exemplary novels." A *tartana* or two, just to prove that there are carts in Toledo, and mules and muleteers were there, and in one corner of the gallery, which runs about like those in old English inns, you think you almost see the shrewd blue eyes of Don Miguel looking out from under his shock of red hair on this curious and eternally interesting world—which is so little changed from what he saw, for he saw below the *Felipe Tercer* surface that was so very superficial.

By good fortune we made our way to the cathedral—along the Calle del Comercio, where Doña must pause for a moment to speak

to the son of our Grenadine friend Abelardo — at the time when all the world and the guide-books say the cathedral is to be seen; toward the end of the day. As a matter of truth which I dare brazenly to proclaim, our lasting impression of the Toledo cathedral is that it has no part in us, as we had no part in it. I know this is not the thing to admit. Toledo is one of the great marvels of the world, it is the greatest example of Spanish Gothic. But perhaps that is just it; it is too great, too multi-fold, too magnificent. Our Spanish Gothic was yet to come.

It is at the end of the day when slant rays from the sun strike in through those marvellous stained glass windows, stained in an age and by masters who knew how to imprison colour that was nothing but colour, no substance, within the clear prison. Great patches of jewelled colour, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, sapphires, topazes, lay quivering against the pillars and walls and marble pavements, and in the far heights the planes of stained light crossed each other and almost you could see the sunlight break them into coloured iridescence, the stain of the glass has so dyed that far atmosphere.

Other times we appreciated the Toledo cathe-

dral through our intellectual comprehension. No doubt we lost out because the other large cathedrals had been so very different from what we had known that they enthralled us; except Granada, which we rejected. We did not reject Toledo; it rejected us. But since it was the first mighty specimen of Spanish Gothic which is as Gothic as it is Spanish, we must have been continually contrasting it with the French and English Gothic we had known. And Toledo is as different from these as though it were simply Spanish. Its proportions are magnificent; we saw that, but we saw it through a glass dimly — only that Toledo always has too much light. But these proportions were continually interrupted, and those two so very evident Spanish interruptions, the altar and the choir, set into the nave and crowding it, were more evident than ever. There is a bewildering detail about Toledo. From the time of its beginning, which was when Saint Ferdinand, that rather terrible saint, determined to make the Moorish Christian cathedral into an indubitable Spanish Gothic cathedral, to the last moment, the last gasp of the *Transparente*, that decoration (?) back of the altar, the chapter of Toledo has had untold wealth to expend, and the nobles of Toledo have

had untold sins to expiate. And this wealth and these penitences have been spent on the head church of Spain. The archbishop if not always a cardinal, but now almost always a cardinal, is the primate of Spain.

That *Transparente* offended us every time we entered the cathedral. We tried to avoid it, we would have nothing to do with the apse, we visited the chapel of San Ildefonso less than we should have but for the confronting statuary. But we found ourselves returning as though for penance. One writer unable to endure it has said it is "too famous and too horrible." But we found it rather a bit of marble vaudeville let into the stately drama of the cathedral, where the Archangel Raphael for ever kicks his marble foot high in the air and to balance himself for ever squeezes a gold-fish in his hand. It is Spanish, of a sort, and it does print a page in Spanish art.

We loved to enter the cathedral by the "Early Spanish" *Puerto de Niño Perdido*, the Door of the Lost Child, which if not as lovely as its name, has a primitive charm all its own. And you enter there quite naturally, since the *Calle del Comercio* leads toward it, with the spire, a glorious spire, pointing the way. The beggars love it too, small wonder, if they call

it by its right name. For some reason we were not annoyed as we should have been by the beggars in Spain, with their *una limosna, por la amor de Dios*. It may be that the Cortes has finally passed the law outlawing beggars who for so many centuries have been the inlaws of the church. But in spite of the experiences of every traveller who ever preceded us through Spain, and especially in Toledo, we cannot declare that the beggars are one of the bugaboos of Spanish travel. I have found them worse in Scotland. Usually they are old enough to fit the picture, or if they are young enough they are adorable, companionable.

Within the church the Moor still retains a little out of the Reconquest, an arch in the chapel of Santa Lucia, lacy and arabesque like the Arabian Alhambra, and there are Moorish doorways here and there, and in the arcades of the arches about the apse the Moorish horse-shoe mingles its charm with the Spanish Gothic, with more vital significance to-day than can be found in the Mozarabic rite.

This Mozarabic rite is recited every morning in all the year in the chapel which occupies what should be the second tower of the west front, but which is capped significantly by a Byzantine dome. After Alfonso VI had taken

the city he agreed to let the Moors continue their worship. His wife and his archbishop broke his word, and he returned to wreak vengeance. But the Moorish leader pleaded for the queen, and thereby got himself a statue which stands near the altar. The Moors and the Christians knelt together for a hundred years. But finally, Saint Ferdinand, *muy santo*, came and divided them, and took all things for himself. Later Mendoza, under the Great (?) Ferdinand, restored the ritual, and from the Fifteen-Hundreds until to-day it is said or sung every day in the Capilla Mozarabe. I am not certain I should care to hear it every morning. It is a curiosity rather than a worship.

— The treasures of the cathedral are beyond belief. The choir stalls, the *sillera*, are as precious as paintings, masterpieces in wood, done by Vigarny and Berruguete. There is a soft beauty to Vigarny, a stern beauty to Berruguete; you take your choice, but best if you leave neither. The wardrobe of the Virgin—who once visited the church and left her footprint on a stone still to be seen, must be of greater value than that of any earthly queen in any Christian century; only an Arabian princess in an Arabian night ever had such

jewels; enough in value to feed all the half-fed of Spain, and to capitalize industries through which they might feed themselves.

The final impression in the Toledo cathedral is that of a certain inhumanity. Man seems small here, and his days as a tale that is told. It is distinctly hieratic, a cathedral for prelates that were princes, not for the people. The true essence of Roman Catholicism in Spain is grandeur; never in St. Peter's will you get so large an impress of what Catholicism has meant. There is Castilian grandeur in Toledo, almost a divine hauteur to it. Seville is human, socialistic, in spite of its space. Toledo is set apart, away from the people. The note of Spain is monumental. Megalomania is the natural passion. It is the large things that give the type in Spain. Haughty and supreme and indifferent as is the Spaniard, and the Castilian more, he cannot accept a divinity before which he is not compelled to abase himself. Except he could have built so stupendously a house in which to acknowledge a supremacy, he could not have surrendered.

The Moors knew the art of city planning according to climate. These narrow tortuous ways of Toledo, mere lanes between high cañ-

ons of walled houses, have protected for centuries men who thereby did

“ Fear no more the heat o’ the sun
Nor the furious winter’s rages.”

We could almost walk from one end to the other, from the Alcazar to San Juan de los Reyes, and escape the burning sun that burns so fiercely in Toledo. I doubt not that the habituated Toledan who knows the ways can accommodate his steps according to the Zodiac. We could not remain long enough to become habituated. So we started out one afternoon for San Juan, and were lost inside of five minutes. Street, who was once the authority on Spain and on Toledo, declares that you must have a guide; it is the most difficult town he had ever attempted to fathom! We would have nothing of a guide, for in travelling we had found the serviceability of the homely phrase, — how many things you see when you have no gun.

~ But to be lost in Toledo is to find Toledo. Because the ways wind and dip you can always turn to the circumference or the centre, to the cathedral or the walls, and you come upon much beauty thereby. There is no corner of

Toledo that has not its picture. But that day it held more.

Of course we asked our way, else what are people for?—those large placid women who wonder much at the foreigners, those absorbed indifferent men who wonder at the foreigner not at all, and those *muchachos* who ask if they may accompany you, and whom you deny with reluctance because they are *muchachos* and so companionable; but you must have your adventure. It was Chesterton who said “an adventure is only an accident rightly considered.” This accident of losing our way became a divine adventure.

We had asked and found the way; one exquisitely beautiful piece of Spanish youth, a young fellow in brown tones, trousers and shoes and eyes and hair, all but his long blue blouse which now we think must have been an artist's apron for artists are like Vallombrosan leaves in Toledo,—this charming young fellow went quite out of his way to find our way, and we thanked him insufficiently; it was difficult to thank him for being, and for being blue and brown like Toledan sky and sierra.

And then, we lost our way again. It was not important that we reach San Juan, but still it

is better to have a goal. So after we had looked into the *patios* of these houses where the door stood open, not the lovely *reja* of Seville where all the world might look, but stern iron-bound, iron-nailed gates — yet the *patios* green and cool and livable; and after we had considered the touches here and there that betray the Moor, and touches which might seem to betray the Goth; and after we had crowded into a doorway while a donkey with panniers filled with green stuffs grazed his way by; we asked the question.

— It was of a young woman, perhaps eighteen years of age, dark and sweet, stern of face, and all in black. She had come out from her *patio* for a moment, and she graciously left the door open to refresh us. And she spoke volubly, and in the Castilian which here already is a little touched with the warm South. I gathered a few words — Alfred Jingle's nouns — enough to know we were on the generally right direction, and Doña listened companionably, asked a few more questions for courtesy's sake, and we turned to go on, while she turned to reenter the door. And then, it happened. Just before the heavy door closed on the delicious *patio* and the Spanish young woman, she smiled — or was the face too grave for smiling? — and mur-

A Patio, Toledo

Chen, X.
Chen, X.

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mured distinctly, but softly — *Vaya usted con Dios.*

And the door closed on her dark figure, and Doña and I reached for each other's hands. After all, we had not come to Spain in vain. And Mr. Howells no longer was the victim of an envy that had so threatened to become permanent.

We walked a straight way, without variable-ness if with charming shadows of turning, to San Juan de los Reyes.

It is the church of the Franciscan convent, and was chosen for their sepulchre by the great Catholic Kings before they knew that Granada would be given into their hands. It is not interesting on the outside, except that it looks steeply down on the Bridge of San Martin, and the Baths of Le Cava-Flora, who like the Egoist, "had a leg." The chains of Christian captives released at Granada hung festooned above the doorway, and failed to rouse our historic appreciation; not because they were witness against the Moors, but because they are ugly and false decoration. We know nothing of the inside of the church. For Spain is beginning to restore her public monuments, if at times so badly; and scaffolding blocked the nave and concealed all that elaborate sculpture

of the rapt tourist's gaze. But the cloisters — if not a *patio* — are as lovely as cloisters should be, in England, or Italy; and this was Spain. There is a grace and freedom to this place, a gaiety, a happiness. Only the Greeks at their pagan loveliest deserved to have lived here. Yet it was Franciscan. And out of this came Ximenes, sternest, most capable, most relentless, of those churchmen who with Isabella and Ferdinand made the greatness of Spanish history.

There were many places near San Juan we wished to see. So fate sent us a *muchacho* for guide who was so American and capable that we never quite understood why he did not speak "American." The road is very dusty outside San Juan, and he had been playing with a gang of boys barefoot. When we selected him from among them all, by that subtlety that knows its own — his freckles were so fetching and his face looked so altogether Irish — he produced from somewhere very good looking blue and red socks into which prison cells of pride, to Spanish or to any real boy, he thrust his dusty feet, with a smile at Doña that was most cavalier. He had brown corduroy trousers, and the blue smock of his fellow boys, except that most Spanish boys wear the black apron like those in

City of Columbus

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THE CLOISTERS OF SAN JUAN, TOLEDO.

Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension on the transformation efficiency of *Agrobacterium* strains. The number of transformed cells was determined by the number of colonies obtained on the selective medium. The results are the mean of three independent experiments. Error bars represent the standard deviation.

France. His intelligence matched his smile. He dismissed his companions like a Don, and was ours for a *peseta*.

El Transito and Santa Maria la Blanca are two lovely and different little synagogues, where the Jews, founders of Toledo, were permitted to worship, in those dark days before the illumination of persecution came upon Spain. El Transito is dainty and human and Moorish; Santa Maria solemn with a sense of space, and a quality of reverence. El Transito was built by Levi, Jewish treasurer to Cruel Peter — and Peter also killed him. The Jews were mighty at Toledo, but never were they quite assured of peace. The Christians limited Jewish interest to thirty-five per cent., which perhaps in those parlous times of percentage was not usury. Alfonso VI, who retook the city, ruled that a Christian who killed a Jew should be paid one hundred maravedi, but a Jew who killed a Christian should be paid by death. The legend of the Niño Perdido is the old story of Chaucer's Hugh of Lincoln. San Vincente Ferrer, whom we met in Seville, preached his anti-Semitic crusade here, and there were fifty outbursts against them in four hundred years — until Ferdinand and Isabella exiled all the Jews. It was in our beloved

Granada that the edict of banishment was signed. In the very Hall of Justice (?) opening into the Court of the Lions, the Jews had appeared before the sovereigns, offering thirty thousand ducats to defray the expenses of the war against the Moors. (How the palm of Ferdinand must have itched for it!) Suddenly Torquemada entered unannounced, and holding up a crucifix cried out — “Judas Iscariot sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. Your Highnesses would sell Him anew for thirty thousand. Here He is. Take Him, and barter Him away.”

— The edict went forth that by the next July, it then being March, the Jews should all be harried from the kingdom. And a quarter of a million went into banishment, including the ancestors of Benjamin Disraeli.

At the *Casa de la Mesa* we made some acquaintance with the strange, weird, fascinating, repelling, typical Spanish genius, who was not Spanish but Greek. And in near-by San Tomas hangs one of the great paintings of the world, El Greco's “Burial of the Count of Orgaz.” Domenico Theotocopulos is the painter of Toledo; half a hundred of his pictures are here, although many more than that number were once known, and to-day no one knows where

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Columbus

"BURIAL OF THE COUNT OF ORGAZ," EL GRECO.

1. *Pharmaceutical industry*—United States—History. I. Title. II. Series.

they are. No one knows anything of the Greek, except that he came from Greece to Toledo. — He studied under Tintoretto and was accused, to his madness, of painting like Titian; as Berruguete his contemporary in Spain studied under Michael Angelo. The two, painter and sculptor, both left portraits of Cardinal Tavera in the Hospital of Afuera, two of the great things among Toledo's art treasures. El Greco rebelled against a tax on pictures and won his suit; while it was pending he *rented* his pictures — a scheme which Whistler might have envied! But almost nothing else is known of him. Perhaps his paintings explain; cold, intellectual, intense, merciless; modern they are in a sense and realistic, fit to forerun Velasquez; but not sympathetic, not human, like Velasquez. Of this "Burial of Count Orgaz" it might be said that if Spain were destroyed it could be recreated from this picture. And of nothing by Velasquez can this be said. Intensely Spanish is every face here, and immensely varied in type, the Spain of Philip Second, where Velasquez is the Spain of Philip Third, and the difference is between planets.

In Santo Tomé it was not alone El Greco we went to see. But a *genre* picture I should give

much to have had El Greco or any other painter give me back. For some reason the dress of a Virgin was to be changed. And the custodian, a young vigorous woman of the people, assisted by the sympathetic devotion of an old Spanish woman with finely chiselled face and deep-set solemn eyes, redressed her, kissing passionately each separate garment, sometimes giving them to the old woman to kiss. It was a scene of devotion unsurpassed. Our *mucha-cho* watched it reverently, and Doña watched it through tears. When the dressing was nearly completed the woman turned from her work and coming to Doña gave her a pin, one of the common iron pins, a glorified pin which had been used in dressing *Nuestra Señora de Piedad*. Doña kissed it as she took it. And she has it yet.

From the Alcazar — ill-fated place of the Day of the Foss, and of Blanche of Bourbon's imprisonment by Pedro, and birthplace of Juana the Mad if she were mad, and residence of the Cid when he was Alcaide to the city — we saw one of the most wonderful descents of night that the world can offer. There is always a deep purple to Spanish shadows, even at noonday. Almost always there is a mountain range in sight, where the shadows

THE ALCAZAR AND THE ALCANTARA BRIDGE

THE ALCAZAR AND THE ALCANTARA BRIDGE, TOLEDO.

10. 11. 1914
11. 11. 1914

deepen and play. The Montes de Toledo circle about the Vega and cherish the purple shadows. But night comes here rather as a separate detached thing. The day which has been mercilessly clear, when you feel that nothing has intervened between you and the source of day, changes to a pink thrown across the steel blue; then by some scarce felt gradations to lilacs and greens and citrons, colours never ventured but on the Master's palette, to a brilliant red-orange, the colour so characteristic of Toledo, and always the sky painted the same even tone, with no clouds to break it, and only a little deeper where the dark of the earth meets the light of the sky.

Against the sky the town was an etching, the one spire of the cathedral and the lower more even roof line of the houses sharp-cut, while below the Alcantara Bridge threw its great span against the dull waters of the Tagus, and the great gate towers at either end lifted heavily against the landscape. The bells from some one of the hundred churches rang out.

Suddenly the night fell black and complete over all the earth. There was a sense of the earth being not there, of all things melted into an eternity of darkness.

This is the city of Manrique; his verses are printed on the walls of the town hall. And out of a reading of Longfellow of many years ago there came to me those *Coplas de Manrique* which I had not thought ever to recall in the place of their birth —

“ Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

“ Where is the King, Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

“ Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

“ Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odours sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet?

“ Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest and sceptered throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.”

CHAPTER XIV

THE BULLS! THE BULLS!



WE had been asking ourselves if we should do it, from the very beginning, from the moment it was decided that we should come to Spain. That is, Doña had been asking herself, and I had been asking myself.

We said nothing about it to each other, or very little. We read, or remembered, much about it before coming, for it has been mightily written of by masters in picturing craft in and out of Spain. But after we had reached Spain and were confronted everywhere with the possibility and on every Sunday no matter how large or small the town, the question was, of course, always before us.

I think we rather grew to envy Mr. Howells, who explains that he went all the way through the Peninsula inquiring here and there as to the possibility of seeing it but always finding that it was out of season or, for some reason, out of his reach; he pretends, in his gentle un-

critical way, to having been disappointed. But he chose to pass through in the late fall, whereas this particular calendar runs from Easter to All Saints, especially inclusive of Holy Days.

It was not that we asked each other the question, *each* Sunday and each feast day—Shall we go to-day? Perhaps it was that neither of us had quite the courage to put it up to the other, and put upon the other the burden of what might follow. In any event, we did not come to Spain to see the bull fight, although we knew that it was an essential part of our Spanish experience, as it is an essential part of Spanish life. Finally we should go just because a nation at play best betrays itself. And so we found ourselves in Madrid in the closing days of our stay and the days of possible bull feasts drawing to a close. Almost without consulting Doña I had the courier in our hotel secure tickets for the next Sunday. They were blood-red tickets, as they should be.

People tell you that the bull fight is dying out in Spain, even the higher class Spaniard will tell you with a hint of apology for those, his too intense forebears. But the majority of people speak of things as they would have them, and lend the inclination or disinclination

of their own class to other classes. We cannot tell you, if that is what you wish to know, that there is less bull fighting in Spain; I think there is more. Unless there were once more people, then there never was more interest in it.

It is quite true that the King of Spain takes little pleasure in the once royal sport of his subjects; in fact, Alphonsito cried when he saw his first bull fight. And one reason for the unpopularity of Maria Cristina when she was queen governess was her distaste for the national sport. The present queen does not attend the bull feast, so the people of Spain regard her as more alien than ever. But the Infanta Isabella, *muy Madrileña*, daughter of the luckless Queen Isabella whose birth — significant augury — into this Spanish world was celebrated by the slaying of ninety-nine bulls in one corrida, frequently completes the *capilla real* of the morning with the *Plaza de los Toros* in the afternoon.

The first thing you see in any Spanish city is the great circular building called the Bull Ring, the *Plaza de los Toros*. Ronda and Cadiz, as well as Seville and Madrid, have them. They seat people by the thousands. The one at Madrid can accommodate fourteen thousand.

And they are filled. Especially on feast days all the world goes to the bull feast, especially on church holy days; Easter and Corpus and Ascension and the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and all those other days when the very names of the church day suggests that a bull fight is not in harmony. I do not think there is one on Good Friday.

It is an ancestral sport. Once there were Romans here, and amphitheatres and *panem et circenses*. The Spanish *pan y toros* is but the modern reading of the old phrase. In Southern France, in the old Roman amphitheatres at Arles and Nimes, I have seen preparations for the bull fights. The Provençals are staging them with ever increasing success. Perhaps they have even been staged among the ruins of Italica. "From yonder heights forty centuries look down upon you!" And the Moor is said to have introduced the bull fight. I prefer to believe it was the Celt-Iberians, who sported first in this wise. In any event, the bull fight was and is entrenched in the Peninsula. The great Cid played it, and I doubt not greatly. Isabella the Great, in spite of her submission to Torquemada and her *autos da fé*, did try to put an end to the bull fight — but I suspect Ferdinand preferred them. Before Isabella there

was that daughter of Pedro the Cruel, Lady Constance, who married John of Gaunt and took with her to England nothing less than her most Petrean passion for baiting the bulls. At Tutbury in Staffordshire she established a Ring, and every year, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, there was a *corrida*. Lady Constance went to England in 1369, and the Staffordshire bull fight lasted until 1778! "Let him who is without sin among you."

— The Great Charles was a fighter of bulls, and killed his animal in the Plaza at Valladolid to celebrate the birth of Philip Second — again the strange augury of the bull! Pizarro, as you might have anticipated, was a renowned bull fighter; baiting the Incas was pale sport to him. It was once the accomplishment of a Spanish noble to play at *torero a cavallo*, mounted on the finest horse of Arabia — which he did not risk so wantonly in the fiesta as is the certain fate of the miserable foredoomed hacks of to-day. There are a few nobles, but rather of Portugal, who still can conduct themselves in the Ring.

— When English Charles was flirting with Catholicism and with the Infant daughter to Philip III, Doña Maria, whom he came to this very Madrid to woo — and jumped the walls

THE COLUMBIAN

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THE PLAZA MAYOR, MADRID.

[illegible]

of her garden to seek an interview with her, much to the horror of Spanish guardians who still kept their women in Oriental seclusion and comprehended not at all such French vivacity in wooing — there was a great festival day made for him in the Plaza Mayor, which remains an old-world, old-day sort of place; and one of the few squares where you can gather any remnants of the past. It was permitted that Prince Charles and his almost bride should sit together, separated only by a railing, a great concession from Spanish social ritual to English informality, and, no doubt, it caused more comment than any of the feats of the Bull Ring.

But there was one Englishman in his train who did not fancy the sport. Dear old James Howell wrote one of his ever delightful "Familiar Letters" from Madrid, August 16, 1623, saying: "There was a great show lately here of baiting bulls with men for the entertainment of the Prince. It is the chiefest of all Spanish sports; commonly there are men killed at it, therefore there are priests appointed to be there ready to confess them. It hath happened oftentimes that a bull hath taken up two men upon his horns with their guts dangling about them; the horsemen run with lances and

swords, the foot with goads. As I am told, the Pope hath sent divers Bulls against this sport of bulling, yet it will not be left, the nation hath taken such an habitual delight in it."

Fancy! Of course he delighted in that "bully" pun, but being seventeenth century, he did not call our attention to it. Pius V might deny Christian burial to the *torero* who fell in the fight of the arena, and he might excommunicate the kings who permitted *corridas de toros* in their realms, but it takes something more than fear of the future to root out of people its instinct for pleasure.

As the fight was in the time of Prior Charles, so was the fight in the time of Lord Byron — who was born near Tutbury and not far from the time of the English bull fights. And because the bull fight, — like the flowing of water and the ways of love — has not altered through centuries, nor during the last century, Chivalry's account still remains the true reporting. — "Hushed is the din of tongues."

It was perhaps because we happened to see the young bulls majestic and happy in the flowery meads about Seville that we deferred our experience. For Andalusia, which is the chief place of the bull fights is the favoured home for bulls. Along the stretches of the Guadalquivir,

the herds of bulls eat and make merry, not knowing that to-morrow they die in *corrida*. The bull is carefully bred; eugenics has not been a science practised in the Peninsula even by the Moors. But the breed of bulls is established, and the sons of fathers have their fame. The baby bull comes to the age of two and then his mettle is tried. As we watched a *tentadore*, a try-out, we had gone forth on the Guadalquivir to see, we were reminded of a certain bull calf which was offered for sale at a State Fair in the American West, a compact, animated, promising animal, who answered to every point made in his favour by the auctioneer — “ ah-huh! ” We were reminded of him, and his subsequent prosaic life as head of the farm herd when we saw the young bull of Andalusia tested as to the mettle of the pasture.

This really charming bull youngster — it was Doña's unhappiness that she herself could not get near enough to stroke him — was separated from the rest of the herd by two horsemen. He ran joyously a-field, until suddenly he felt a blow against his flank. The horseman had overtaken him and struck him with a *garrocha* that tumbled him. The bull calf got up, looked about puzzled, found his enemy, and charged him. Again the skilful *tentador* rolled him on

the grassy plain, and again the bull rose and exhibited his mettle.

That was sufficient. That was his undoing. Had he been craven, had he been less bullish, he might have escaped his fate. He was baptized with his own name, and for three years more he lived at peace, a sacred bull fed on maize and even wheat, while his inferiors, the people, starved, but willingly for "the bulls." He lived unconscious of his fate, only remembering that a long brandished stick had once assaulted his person. He treasured that insult, and it is when he reaches the arena after all those years that he gets what he believes for a half-hour is his chance at revenge.

And, in the meantime, all over Spain, small boys are playing *al toro*, growing up as the bull grows up, to take their places in the arena, or on the seats of the arena. If the boy must remain at home he awaits his father who does not remain at home — and who can find no excuse in "the funeral of his grandmother" for she, too, is at the *corrida* — with *Que tal los toros?* "How goes it with the bulls?"

The corner lot of the American city produced the National Game. The plazas of Spain are as frequently arenas for the fight. Everywhere you find those adorable boyish boys, the *mu-*

chachos of Spain, learning to *torear*. One fastens sticks to his shoulders for horns, and charges upon his companions who wave scarlet rags before him and brandish sticks for lances and swords. Even knives have entered into the amateur bull fight, and the adults can scarce restrain their delight in the possibilities. When Francis First of France was a royal prisoner in this little royal Madrid of the early Fifteen-hundreds, he exclaimed, on seeing beardless boys with swords, "Oh, most happy Spain, that brings forth and brings up men already armed." Had he but seen boys *al toro*!

When the boy is fifteen or sixteen he may enter the Bull Ring. And why not? It is the best paid sport in the world. Not even a prima donna can rival the income of the *primero torero* of Spain. Two thousand dollars for an afternoon's work — where else than in the *Plaza de los Toros* can such a sum be earned in three hours in Spain?

The president of the Bull Ring pays a tax of fifty thousand dollars a year to the government — which he can well afford to pay — and the government gives this to charity hospitals. In truth, the *corrida* is a means of raising money for charity much more favoured than

charity balls. Even the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has enjoyed such a benefit. Surely this is "the land of contrasts."

The names of the *toreros* are well nigh like those of which Rossetti spoke — "whose names are five sweet symphonies." Once they were Romero, Candido, Costillares, Hillo; of late they have been Bombita, Machaquito, Guerita, Bienvinid, but within a few years these have retired. Machaquito only a few months after we saw him consented to the pleadings of his wife — they make excellent husbands, these bull-killers — and in a restaurant, where always the *torero* is king, he took from his pocket a pair of scissors and his wife clipped the small black braid of hair worn like a diminutive Chinese queue, and Machaquito was no longer a *torero*. It was a day-and-night wonder in Madrid. The fall of the cabinet a week before had not stirred the ripples of Madrilenian interest.

The *Plaza de los Toros* of Madrid lies on the outer rim of the city, a building which M. Dien-lafoy included in the illustrations of his book on Spanish architecture. It is reached through long stretches which are more like Paris than any other part of the Spanish capital. It is a curious thing to join the long procession in

every imaginable vehicle which moves out to the Plaza. But even if you have been somewhat out of it, there has been tremendous tension in the life of the city all this morning of the Holy Day, an undercurrent you have felt, which you could not escape. Spain may slumber other times; it wakes and watches on the days of the *corrida*. And, if you meet a funeral train on the way, every man's hat in the tram car is removed from the head, not for convention, but with the utmost reverence.

The Ring built of concrete looks like the Roman Coliseum tempered by the American grandstand. The circle of seats is complete, and they rise tier above tier, divided into *sol* and *sombra*, and into different prices according to sun and shade. But all are filled, with the *aficionados*, — the Spanish “fans,” only the word in its historic Latin derivation signifying “having an affection for,” is a more picturesque word — sitting in the sunny bleachers but more often swarming over the double barriers down into the arena in order to anticipate what they shall soon see. In the best shaded angle is the royal box, and opposite to this is the *toril*, the entrance to the “apartments of the bulls.” Over all is the blue sky, or, as Theophile Gautier said — “a theatre so vast

that God alone can paint the ceiling of it with the splendid blue which he draws from the urn of eternity." And Theophile said those things so naturally.

I cannot be quite certain that my emotion as I sat there compared with his — "I confess that for my part I felt my heart clutched, as it were, by an invisible hand, my temples throbbed, and cold and hot sweat broke over me; the emotion I then felt was one of the fiercest I have ever experienced." But, it was something strange. For, after all, after all you have read and heard, your first bull fight is like nothing else you can ever experience in the world.

I found, after I returned home, a letter Doña had dared to write of her bull fight. Mine was not just the same bull fight, but I give her preference.

"The seats were filled from lowest tier to highest, the whole fourteen thousand of them, on this Very Holy Day. All but one group of seats. The emptiness of the royal box was impressive, significant. In a few boxes that neighboured it there were men and women who may have been noble, I mean of the nobility. The women wore carnations and the white lace mantilla of ceremony, and they threw their bril-

liant Manila shawls over the front of the boxes, draping them as gay tapestries. The whole Plaza played in shifting brilliance with parasols and fans, and the hard brilliant colours Spanish women affect when they forsake their customary black.

“The espadas, the banderilleros, the picadores, all those brave fellows we know under the inclusive name of toreadors—and that name not Spanish—some mounted on the ill-fated horses—all but the *toros* themselves—made procession, headed by the band, and made salute toward the majesty of empty box. At least these *toreros* were dressed in very glad fashion, very decorated, very decorative, in their suits of gold and silver glitter, satin trousers and bolero jackets of some vivid tint, and carrying the purposeful *capa* as only a Spaniard can wear a cape. They did not look insignificant; Mazzantinito, Manolette, Gaona, Chiquito, Bizoqui, Aranguito—I take their names from the programs. Are they not high sounding?

“They paraded about the confined arena, and each man received his applause according as the multitude remembered some escape or some quick thrust from previous *corridas*.

“And then a stillness does settle down over

all, a moment of suspense. The key to the *toril* is thrown from the municipal box, the trumpet blows, the door to the *toril* swings back, and — the bull has entered the Ring.

“ I saw one bull killed; four horses; no man — which I regretted. And then I came away leaving five others to their fate, for had I remained I feared I should have gone down into the arena and taken the bull’s part — only to share his fate.

“ It still seems impossible that it could have happened, and that I could have seen it. It is a stupid sport. The bull was magnificent. He explained through his splendour of bearing, his dignity, his suggestion of being a worthy antagonist, why the Spanish people still think a bull fight sport. Through the centuries they have learned all there is to the psychology of the bull, the ‘inside game’ they talk of in baseball. There is no danger. But once there was danger. Hence the game. Notwithstanding that the nature of the enemy is so well charted, and every possible move of his is foretold, there is always the possibility that some bull may discover a weak spot in the defence of the *torero*, and the always expected, but on our Holy Day, alas, unattained, thing may happen. The worst feature is that the fight is

not fair. The bull is foredoomed from the start — but the horses, how much more.

“ If the horse had been but chased around the Ring there might have been some argument to the sport. But he was walked up to the bull, the bull tossed him stupidly on his horns, pierced him, and he fell. The attendants tried to get him up, but he had no spirit; he was broken before he came into the Ring, and, no doubt, welcomed the thrust. So he died. So they died — one, two, three — four — right beneath me. They evidently massed the effects near the empty royal box. The horses were finished so rapidly I could scarce count. Sometimes of course I did not look. A strap about the neck of each horse terminated life more quickly — after the attendants had tried to lift him. Over on the farther edge of the arena I caught one trickling of red before the attendant could heap the sand over it.

“ Then the men began their performance. And it was pitiful. There is more true game when your kitten plays with your hand. The banderilleros threw their banderillos, a bundle of darts fluttering red and yellow and blue, into the neck; this was the comedy scene. Sometimes, if he is very indifferent, the darts are rigged with fireworks. And the people are

much amused. The diabolic darts screwed their way farther in with every shake of his magnificent head while slowly the blood began to paint thin crimson streaks down the neck. All the time the *chulos* were shaking their coloured scarves in his face, fluffing red capes in front of him; and he ran swiftly at them, but, of course, there were the barriers, and the men fled, more swiftly, behind these. And the audience applauded!

—“Finally, the espada, keyed for high tragedy, historically persuaded into thinking there was really a fight, came forward with sword, and the unintense dull sport of killing the bull went on, madly on, madness on the part of the men in the Ring, and the audience. Until finally the matador made the thrust, the splendid bull sank to his knees, staggered to his feet for one more dull brutal round, and went down without voicing a protest, the only undebased thing within all the round walls of the Ring. I went out as soon as the satisfied spectators could make room for me. And I heard in a near-by church the bells calling to vesper prayer.”

As I have said, my bull fight was a little different. For while there is the horror of unequally matched antagonists, I am not so certain that the *torero* was psychologically supe-

rior to the *toro*. And I am certain that at times he was the most alertly poised figure I have ever seen, and I have seen Matthewson poised against the return interpretation of a "fade away." He was fearless, splendid in his audacity, if you accepted the situation through his mind, with a curiously grave and detached expression, almost as though he would not but he must do this terrible thing. Because he planted his sword exactly in the three-inch square between and behind the horns I conclude that his tauromachian skill and science were even more than his bravery. I do not like a bull fight, or the idea of a bull fight. But I can conceive of Spaniards who would not enjoy a football game and would think it stupid brutality. The Spaniard is a gambler, not a sportsman, else he would see the lack of sport in measuring against each other such unmeasurable antagonists. But, neither is the American a sportsman in his National Game but a spectator, and he gambles also on the outcome.

But as I heard the mad joy of the crowd at the death as we came away from the one bull, I could understand how out of such frenzy at such an event those who would kill a king may come.

One of the modern Sevillian poets, Montoto,

has seen farther into the psychology of the Spanish bull fight than did Byron. He makes it significant of the national character.

“ His jacket short the *majo* dons,
 Buckling his doubled sash around,
And muttering ‘ Now for the Bulls! ’
 He hies him to the arena ground.

“ And drawing her Manila shawl,
 The *maja* takes with dashing air
A spray or two of flowers, and sets
 Them bright to deck and scent her hair.

“ And murmuring also ‘ To the Bulls! ’
 Aflutter leaves her house and all
And hurries down the old-time street
 As happy as at carnival.

“ The Bulls! The Bulls! To-day the Bulls!
 No more they care for tears or sorrow —
The Bulls! The Bulls! To-day the Bulls!
 Who cares a rap about to-morrow?

“ ‘ Whither hasting? ’ ‘ To the Bulls.’
 Hope is joyously replying.
‘ Whence? ’ ‘ Alas, but from the Bulls! ’
 Sad reality is sighing —
‘ To the Bulls! ’ and ‘ From the Bulls! ’
 Sum up life from birth to dying! ”

CHAPTER XV

MORTALS AND IMMORTALS

THE Escorial is a duty we would have shunned, as Alfonso XIII shuns it. He will not live in this palace-tomb, as preceding monarchs have felt it their peculiar Spanish duty to live, because he will be there long enough. After we had seen the bull fight, we knew that there was no reason for our not seeing the Escorial. After the bull fight, it is the most typical thing, only its type is historic.

The rise from Madrid is up a steady grade to the foothills of the snow-capped Guadarramas, marking the boundaries between Old and New Castile. There are many factories springing up along the way, many truck gardens, and a few villas. Spain is beginning to live, for when Gautier went this way he found nothing but a waste stretch the twenty-four miles.

Escorial means ashes, charred remains. At least an apochryphal etymology teaches this

thing. There is a barrenness about the site which is rather splendid; the supreme death-house of the world should have its fit environment. And continually there came to my mind the Kipling line — “black with the clinkered sin that never can burn again.” The Escorial gives you a very complete impression; there is nothing to relieve it. It is the background against which to place the character of Philip II. No man could live half a life time in this place and not come to be like it, even if it had not been his reflection in the beginning.

We brought away with us no definite idea of the place, but a definite impression. It is a monstrous granite mass, so huge that your preconceptions of it do not shrink before the actual, as they too often do. Its dimensions are enormous, 744 feet by 580, and I could almost wonder if Philip himself really could find his way about without a guide. Whether it is built in the form of a gridiron in honour of St. Laurence I do not know. But its roof space would make a modern gridiron, and there must be several thousand stone footballs surmounting roofs and pediments and cornices, such footballs as could be used only in the stone age. The whole thing is as hard as the heart of Philip. It is entirely impossible to appre-

THE
STATUE OF
PHILIP THE SECOND

THE STATUE OF PHILIP THE SECOND, IN THE ESCORIAL.

[illegible]

ciate this monarch-monk, this Grandest of the Grand Inquisitors, without having seen the Escorial.

I know the church is very cold and very high and very severe. Gautier has said the sufficient word — “ Without priding myself upon very profound devotion, I never enter a Gothic cathedral without feeling a mysterious and deep sensation, an extraordinary emotion, and without a vague fear that I shall meet around some cluster of pillars God the Father Himself, with his long silver beard, his purple mantle, and his azure gown, collecting within the folds of his gown the prayers of the Faithful. In the church of the Escorial one is so overwhelmed, crushed, one is so thoroughly in the grasp of an inflexible and gloomy power, that the uselessness of prayer is plainly demonstrated. The God of such a temple can never be moved.”

Before the high altar stand those statues of Charles the Fifth and his wife and children, and of Philip the Second and his wives and children, three wives in cheerful Moorish fashion, or it would be cheerful were they not the wives of Philip, and they would be Moorish were they not quickly successive. They are Maria of Portugal, and Elizabeth of France, and Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip's sis-

ter. Only Mary of England is missing — and she would have fitted the picture to perfection, the perfection of the historic Spanish temperament. We sometimes forget that she was not English, but half Spanish, and thoroughly the child of the era of Torquemada. The sculpture is all very curiously accurate, “period” sculpture, in its contemporary study of sixteenth century dressing, and is enriched with gold and actual jewels. They are warmly, sufficiently gowned, these royal folk.

But when we turned to the tomb of a little side chapel where Queen Mercedes, queen but for a few weeks, after her courtly husband Alfonso XII was brought back to the kingdom, we could still sorrow that this girl-wife should lie in such cold and isolation. It is so girlish a tomb, and even its artificial flowers and its gauze did not repel us. We thought how she must “ache in icy hoods and mails.” The guide told us that still a mass is said for her each day. I wonder. But the Spanish have long religious memories. And it has been a long time since that day in 1878, when Lowell wrote home — “Anything more tragic than the circumstances of her (Mercedes’) death it would be hard to imagine. She was actually receiving extreme unction while the guns were

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THE CRUCIFIX CARVED BY BENVENUTO CELLINI, IN THE
ESCORIAL.

1911

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firing in honour of her eighteenth birthday, and four days later we saw her dragged to her dreary tomb in the Escorial, followed by the coach and its eight white horses, in which she had driven in triumph from the church to the palace on the day of her wedding. The poor brutes tossed their snowy plumes as haughtily now as then. Her death is really a great public loss."

There are some tragedies which do not lose their compelling sense of sorrow after years, after centuries. The death of Mercedes is one of these. And while she cannot be buried in the Panteon, where her leal Alfonso lies, since she was not the mother of a king, perhaps she is the happier here, where some little daylight may steal in to comfort her frustrate child-life.

We ventured to sit in the choir stall where the Dark Philip sat, for fourteen years a monk among the monks of the Escorial. And we tried to think how it would seem if suddenly the messenger should come to us there while we were on our knees and tell us of the victory of Lepanto, which even then must have seemed as tremendous as it does to-day. And we were certain we should not have kept the humility of our countenance as did the king.

Nearby is that most strange crucifix in all the world, the one Benvenuto Cellini carved for his own tomb. He tells the story in the second book of his Autobiography with true Cellinian frankness. It would have best served for his own tomb, but he really sold it to the Duke of Tuscany for one thousand five hundred gold scudi, and the succeeding Duke sent it as a gift to Philip and his monastery. Small wonder Philip was shocked at the man Cellini had modelled for this Christ. It is as pagan as anything Cellini ever did, and its expression shifts so humanly, and so undivinely at times, that you, too, would, as Philip, draw over it a veil.

Below, in the dark of the earth, below the high altar and far below it, is the little hollowed out octagon in which there remains whatever does remain of Spanish grandeur. For in these small caskets, on these shallow shelves, there may be found the mortality of Charles the Great, and of Philips, Two, Three, Four, the four monarchs who, after all, are Spain—until we can see what the future shall be.

They are really here, the skeletons that were once these world-governing monarchs, the greatest in the contemporary world. If you do not believe it, if you do not grasp the fact, you

THE
PANTHEON

THE PANTHEON, IN THE ESCORIAL.

can buy a postcard just outside the door which will show you exactly how the skeleton of the once-imperial Charles looks to-day. His tomb has been opened, and he has been forced to yield up to the photographer the secret of his charnel house. It is a gruesome picture. But it convinces. No doubt Philip the Second, Philip the Prudent (!) looks like it.

One does not harbour such a grudge against the later Philips. They but inherited the very powerful faults of these two. And if the Fourth Philip liked to lie here in his empty niche and hear the blessed mutter of the mass above him, why that is the sort of thing he liked; and so did his predecessors.

It is rather against this Second Philip, son of the First Philip surnamed the Beautiful, and of Juana surnamed the Mad, that one centres one's anti-Escorialism. John Hay considered him the worst, and therefore the first king in the history of the world. But Hay was attaché at Madrid in the days when republican aspiration was highest, and the days when our own American republic was still a high ideal instead of a moderately successful fact. And, when you consider what Philip was, a fanatic and an epileptic by inheritance, battling for what he considered Catholic right in a century that seethed

with Protestantism, when Elizabeth of England and Catherine of Medici and Henry of Navarre were easy-going opportunists, at least one can understand him; even if afterward one fails to forgive him — for being himself.

There is ~~one niche, only one left, waiting the~~ present king. We looked at its singular emptiness, trying to interpret the history of tomorrow. Will it be a republic?

Without, and a stage above, you can find a Campo Santo, the tombs of countless royalties of Spain who were not regnant. Chief of these we found the exquisite effigy of Don Juan of Austria, victor of Lepanto, final battle against the Infidel. Small wonder, after all, that Philip could not forget even while he heard of the victory, that the victory was that of his magnificent half-brother, son to the Madrid actress. And, did Don Juan look like this, we could well believe that before such a Don Giovanni even Mary Queen of Scots and queen of so many brave hearts might have surrendered that citadel which suffered so many assaults — and was it ever taken?

Everywhere about are the tombs and tombs, so much of Spanish dead —

“Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers come to dust.”

THE TOMB OF THE INFANTS, IN THE ESCORIAL.

THE TOMB OF THE INFANTS, IN THE ESCORIAL.

| Number of hauls | <i>P. setiferus</i> (%) | <i>P. setiferus</i> + <i>P. setiferus</i> + <i>P. setiferus</i> (%) |
|-----------------|-------------------------|---|
| 1 | 10 | 10 |
| 2 | 20 | 10 |
| 3 | 30 | 10 |
| 4 | 40 | 10 |
| 5 | 50 | 10 |
| 6 | 60 | 10 |
| 7 | 70 | 10 |
| 8 | 80 | 10 |
| 9 | 90 | 10 |
| 10 | 95 | 10 |

The two little rooms which were the cell of Philip should have impressed us more than they did.

The interminable frescoes of Moorish victories in the corridors offended our highly developed Mozarabic sense.

The other paintings we could not warm to, perhaps because of the eternal chill of Escorial atmosphere. And we wondered what Rubens found to admire, when on his coming to Madrid as an ambassador extraordinary from England to Spain, he was personally conducted through the Escorial by Velasquez.

We should have liked to see the *Aulas de Morals* in which the monks formerly solved points of morality and theology. But either we did not see them, or we did not recognize them: I think we would have.

In a large sacristy we saw many beautiful embroidered copes; Spain is rich in them. But the ones which held our attention, for beauty and for significance, were those of dull black richly encrusted with silver embroidery which are worn at the funeral mass for the monarch.

The Library we found the most attractive, and ordinarily, except for working purposes, we do not find libraries inspiring.

During our pilgrimage about and through the Escorial we were occasionally thrown with other touring parties, and particularly with a solitary gentleman wrapped in a travelling coat up to his chin, who carried a continual attitude of protest against everything, against the authenticity of anything, and particularly against the cold of the Escorial. It was an exceeding warm day without, yet this palace-tomb made us shrug our coat lapels together against its Philipian atmosphere. And it made the protesting traveller shiver and shudder. He seemed to recognize Doña as an inextinguishable bit of sunshine, and very frequently made his protests to her. Especially he insisted that more people had died from colds caught in the Escorial than from fevers caught on the Romagna. But it transpired later, when we were going back to Madrid together, that thirty years before he had been to Burgos. And he had never been there or been warm since. His train was stalled in the Pyrénées in snow and he reached Burgos at three in the morning, only to find the fires out in the hotel, even the fire of welcome. He tried an hour or two in the icy bedroom, and then made his way down to the kitchen, where he spent the next three days attached to that centre of comfort, and waiting

for a train out of Burgos. He had never been warm since. His friend had died from the cold.

We wondered if, after all, we should stop at Burgos, even in this mid-summer weather.

But after the man had thawed off his reminiscence of Burgos, and thawed out his acquired English attitude, which we had taken for the real thing, he displayed himself as an American, that is as a Bostonian, expatriated through at least thirty years, a Bostonian who had known the Boston people worth knowing, and an Anglo-American who to-day knew, or knew about, the English people worth knowing. He told Doña why William Watson could never become poet laureate, which made Doña quiet, for all her propaganda in the nomination then pending was for Watson. She did not seem to accept the Anglo-American quite so generously after that. She gave him a touch of Burgos. And she advised me by telegraph that we should go to Burgos.

If the Prado is the only other thing beside the Puerta del Sol to be seen in all Madrid, you see it for the same reason; it is the sense of life, of vitality, which is so distinctive of Spanish art. While the painters of no other nation have so concerned themselves with death in all

its phases, human and divine, the painting of no other nation has been so vital and alive; it has erred by over-concern with death and over-intensity of life.

It would have taken more time than we could give it to begin to comprehend Spanish painting, even to take the first steps in its comprehension. Through nothing else in Spain do you come to such consciousness that the Spanish people differ as much from other peoples of Europe as though Spain were a separate continent; it must be the seventh.

You walk through miles of the Prado galleries with the most curious feeling of having entered an unknown world, of being in the presence of people whose psychology is not obedient to the laws you and your kind obey. These strange, dark, ominous, sinister folk, with predilections for death and suffering and malformation and melancholia, even mania, get on your nerves. You wonder if perhaps they are not the truth of humanity, and you have been too foolish — confident of the brightness which must be illusion.

And then, you come into the one small room, "small for so much greatness," where you are in the presence, the veritable presence, of men and women who may have been abnormal; his-

THE
MUSEUM OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

1. *Chlorophyll *a** was determined in 100% methanol extracts of the leaves and stems of the plants. The concentration of chlorophyll *a* was determined by the method of Arar and Johnson (1977).

tory more than proves their variation; but because the master-portrait-painter has given them life that still is, you accept them as you accept the men and women you know, not unconscious of their faults, but very conscious of their humanity. Velasquez never compromises with humanity, and, therefore, never condemns it.

It requires some bravery of spirit to sit in a room thronging with such vivid personalities as Velasquez has created — whether they were or not — as the Third and Fourth Philips, the Count-Duke Olivares, libertine-statesman, Morales the sculptor, Menippus the teller of tales, the drunkards at the bowl, the smiths at the forge, the spinners at the web, the dwarfs, the waiting maids, the bristling lances, and Velasquez himself in that corner of the “Breda.” (If only we could have seen the sketch made of our Charles the First.) There is no refuge in dullness anywhere.

We were standing in front of the portrait of the Infanta Maria, the fair blue-eyed princess of this dark world, with her arms extended over that enormous farthingale which was then the robe of state, so enormously extended that the rose in one hand and the handkerchief in the other seem resting on a ledge of stiffened

silk; a delicate vapourous figure set against a deep background of violet tinted tapestries.

“ But where, under this mass of stiffened silk, this farthingale of steel — if it was steel — shall the Myself be found? ” Doña half-quoted, as she endeavoured to penetrate the periphery of the princess.

“ Velasquez certainly did not have to study female anatomy,” I observed.

“ I don’t think he ever painted the female nude but once.” It was an American voice that answered my anatomical excursion. I turned, and accepted the chance acquaintance as one does in a gallery.

“ You mean the Rokeby? ” Doña ventured.

— “ Yes, in London,” the American lady answered. “ I think it is his only nude, and to my thinking the loveliest Venus ever painted. You know the Spanish had an Oriental attitude toward women, and kept them secluded, even swathed in much clothing. But,” and she turned to a man standing near, “ if you are interested in the unanatomical Princess Maria, you must hear what my brother told me to-day.” And she commanded her brother to share with us.

He had come across an old statute of Philip

the Fourth, father of this very Infanta of the wide circumference.

“ It’s an old statute of 1639, which I think must have been about the time of the date of this picture. Philip had been scandalized at the enormity of the skirts which women were wearing.”

“ What would he have done in this day? ” Doña interposed.

“ I wondered when I ran on to this ukase of Philip. It does make a moral difference which century you live in.” The Historian took out his notebook and read — “ ‘ His majesty orders that no woman whatever her quality shall wear a *guarda infante*; which is a costly, superfluous, ugly, disproportionate, lascivious, indecent article of dress, giving rise to sin on the part of the wearer and on that of the men for their sakes.’ And Philip should have known.”

“ I never knew any of the Philips were so sensitive,” Doña commented. “ It sounds exactly like some modern Anthony Comstock on modern dress, from the opposite dimensions.”

“ And how rich Philip was in adjectives,” I appreciated. “ Did the Spanish women obey him? ”

“ He did not stop with the farthingale,” the

Historian went on, "He abolished the low-cut bodice, and he protested generally against the width of skirts, declaring by edict that they should not be more than four yards around."

"Four yards!" and Doña took a step in her yard and a half.

"And he penalized the wearers —"

"The Philips always were hard up," Doña protested.

"For the first offence," went on the Historian, "the fine of twenty thousand maravedi was placed, and for the second offence forty thousand maravedi and exile from the court. And the Spanish women, who never have been so submissive as we have thought them, promptly wore *guarda infantes* and wide skirts, and defied the king. Three daughters of a Spanish judge, Gil Imon de la Motz, led the revolt, and even appeared in church in the great farthingales. Philip, in addition, ordered them to be dressed in coarse nun's serge, but they were so attractive that he had to confess himself beaten."

"And, I suppose, next thing they wore the most limited skirts they could step in," I added, knowing a little of human-woman nature.

We became after this introduction very good friends of our countrymen. The sister whom

we had seen before at her easel making an excellent copy of Menippus, we called the Painting Lady, and in the brief, swift acquaintance, Doña discovered that she was none other than the friend of a friend, the two having met in Italy the year before, but in that fatal fashion of travelling friendships they had cried "vale" as suddenly as they had cried "hail." The brother was a student of history who, not having to teach history as a profession, was finding what finds he could in the almost unscratched Simancas papers, and elsewhere in Spain — where not even yet are researchers welcomed lest what shall ensue might be against good Spanish repute.

The country about Madrid we found full of a strange charm, not to be analyzed. It is level and far-stretching, teasing the imagination out to far memories, even memories of things that perhaps never happened. Continually in Spain — and we found it especially true here in the *Campina*, and especially near the twilight, when we liked to leave the Castellana and the fashionable crowds and drive into the open country — the emptiness of the world and even of history commands the imagination. Even more than those definite, beautiful places that create their

stories, this vague vacant plain so illimitable evoked its legends. We were almost surprised, yet quite content, when we found that Lowell during the days of his ministry to Madrid cared so much for the Madrid country. It was the Historian who told us about Lowell, as it was in his motor car that we saw so much of the surrounding country at twilight.

“ But then I am bewitched with the *Campina*. To me it is grander than the *Campagna*; of course I do not count the associations. I mean as a thing to look at and fall in love with. The Guadarramas are quite as good as or better than the Alban mountains, and their colour is sometimes so ethereal that they seem visionary rather than real. The *Campina*, I admit, is sombre — but its variety and shift of colour, its vague undulations! At night, especially, it is like the sea, and even in the day sometimes.”

The nights were becoming too hot for foreigners to do anything but look on. The Spaniards have a saying that noonday is fit only for dogs and Englishmen. But for themselves they claim the midnight. And, if the old saying is correct — “ the hour at which men retire is the measure of their civilization ” — then must the Spaniards who retire almost at dawn be much more of the civilized than civilization has ad-

mitted. Restaurant life for the fashionable is hardly as yet the fashion. The home is still the place where you meet your friends in Madrid, in Spain. We went to the very fashionable Parisiana restaurant in the suburbs of the city and saw something of the brilliant life of Madrid, although it was late in the season, and many of the diners were migrant rather than Madrilenian. Those that were true Spanish had a compelling charm about them, not inviting but subtle, for all its reserve. Men and women in black, Doña advises me, have a background for the display of expression that is much more dramatic than colours. In truth we found that colours make this people look a trifle barbaric, and when they do indulge the colour sense it is in the uncompromising primary tones with no subtleties; if they do it, they do it without reservation. But black — that is of a difference. Black does not so betray the avoirdupois of the Madrileña — which is still obvious; even the fashions have not achieved a slender Spanish silhouette; thinness is supposed in Spain to come from no cause but that of unrequited love.

And how well these dark-dressed, dark-eyed, pale-faced folk, on the verandas of the Parisiana, blended in with the night, the still summer

night, with the lighted city so near and its insistent murmur — the night murmur of Madrid is more plangent than that of any other city I know — and with the *Campina* so near yet so far and its quiet that was as historic as actual.

But it is never through the fashionable world that you get at a people. We confess that we spent certain late night hours in the cafés of the Alcala, or even, and preferably, on the Puerta del Sol. The night mob of Madrid is a shifting folk, never long in one place, in one restaurant, or devoted to one dancer or singer. These people who are so immovable and indifferent in the day, develop a migrating quality in the night, which amounts almost to nervousness. When you have spent several nights with the Sol crowds, you understand how after all there could be so many revolutions among so indifferent a people. There are certain cafés which centre compact parties; that is the politicians of this or that colour will throng this or that café; workmen at their better loved work of repudiating the government at another; officers of the army will fill another. But since there is no concentrated entertainment, and in a city of a thousand public dancers out of a dancing nation one is as good as another, and the music at one at least not worse

than the next, the men go and come in the cafés of the Sol, even as they go and come across the Sol during the day, but always they or those like them are there.

These almost last nights we fancied the talk among the politicians and among the soldiers was even more animated, more determined, that all things were wrong, more set on making things somewhat right, or different, than we had heard it before. For the telegraph dispatches for several days had reported the rising of the Moors, their rebellion against the Reconquest, which here in the twentieth century and in their refuge of Morocco, threatened to make itself complete. There must have been something to the plottings of last April; many a one must have said to himself, determined to say to the world, "I am a Moor."

In our wanderings we had come upon the Anglo-American who had been so very friendly at the Escorial — and I believe that friendships between Anglo-Saxons are more sudden, with more temporary quality of going to last for ever, than among any other "foreign" travellers. As yet, you do remain foreign in Spain, and somehow you do not less respect Spain. The Anglo-American suggested a little café in a street off the old quarter of Old Madrid near

the Plaza Mayor, where we had gone only in search of Cervantes. It is one of those cafés where in the approved Madrilenian custom the men and women sit on opposite sides of the room. But because of Doña we were admitted to the doña side, or, at least, to a neutral corner thereof. And because it was obvious that we were not of their life although they did not resent us, the Anglo-American I thought sat himself a little more in caballero fashion, and Doña, it seemed to me, drooped and lifted her eyes in a fashion she certainly had not yet acquired in the kiosk at Cadiz.

The dancing was very good; I cannot imagine it being otherwise in Spain. It had not the exceeding grace of Seville. When the Castilian dignity unbends, the outline is sharper, the colour higher, the suggestions more open. The bailarina of Madrid, so far as I saw her, seemed to me more emphatic.

A band of street musicians strolled in, and the little group that played for the café dancing made no objection to the intrusion, but turned their opportunity to their own advantage and drew on the café's stores. A woman with a harsh Philipian face sang a strange thing which was more like the Moorish wail we had heard in Tangier, a strange thrilling unmusical thing

which held her audience in thrall: I should have said, which proved them all Morisco, except that we too yielded to the harsh beauty of it. Then another singer of the band — we could not see his face for the blue smoke of cigarettes that filled the arcade between us and the corner of the walk — began with one guitar, strumming the accompaniment, which he must have been playing himself, in the same voice, the same song we had heard in Cadiz on the water front, with the Atlantic sounding at our feet, and the April night overhead, and the Moor on the sands beside us —

“ From the desert I come to thee
On an Arab shod with fire.”

Doña's hand sought mine beneath the table. For there had been fighting between the Moors and the Spanish, and some must have fallen, perpetual sacrifice that men have made and will make to their belief that there is no God but Allah.

CHAPTER XVI

GOING NORTH

IN the motor car we were to be whirled to Segovia, by way of Avila, and to Valladolid by way of Medina del Campo.

We had more emotion at leaving Madrid than on entering. For the Spanish are an appealing people, and you do come to wonder what they are about to do with it all. Will they justify the prophecies I have been so bold as to make for them? We were almost tempted to sit down until "to-morrow" and discover. But perhaps we might do better by going and returning. Perhaps in Spain it is a proverb that a watched pot never boils.

So we left our Puerta del Sol, and through the wide streets of New and the narrow streets of Old Madrid, and the scant fringe which is beginning to be suburban Madrid, we were speeded on our way, past country villas of the Spanish grandees who infrequently are begin-

ning to take some pleasure in living out of the "*Unica Corte*," past the cinder heap of the Escorial at a distance, and through the Guadarramas that separate New and Old Castile.

Under an increasing sun we were taking the same road by which Napoleon and his troops moved to the north out of Madrid on the Christmas Eve of 1808, facing a blizzard; a march which he was to repeat in a blizzard more terrible on the steppes of Russia four years later. We wondered if this man, who was full of superstitions and sensitive to suggestions, felt any forerunning prescience of 1812. He climbed valiantly up these mountains, decrying the mountainous best of Spain with — "Shall a molehill in Spain check the Conqueror of St. Bernard?" His thoughts were with the past.

But it was good on this hottest of Spanish days to remember what once the Guadarramas had been. From the ridge of them we looked down on the wide-spread valley of the Tagus, even as Napoleon must have done, but all the landscape was shimmering now in a sea of purple heat, and in the far distance the hills of Toledo deepened into purple shadows. Every detail of the country was clear in the

merciless sunshine; we could have constructed a relief map of this valley without leaving the summit. Purple hardhead, so the Historian said who had various bits of information on other things Spanish than history, dyed the hills deeper than heather. And yet if in the South of Spain shrub and tree are ever reminiscent of Africa, in the North of Spain one must go to the North of Europe for parallels, and especially to the Scotch Highlands. Yellow gorse glowed in tremendous patches, growing out of the great gray boulders that are heaped on these granite hills like the broken playthings of Brobdignags.

There is a sternness and a mystery to these mountains and their far downward sloping plains. We were entering into that part of Spain which has been warred over by factions many times within the past century and through many centuries. Scarce a building that we should see up to the border but has suffered from the Carlists, the French, the Comuneros, and the provincial wars before there were "The Spains."

Northern Spain must be constructed, although it furnishes magnificent material for the remaking; and it is necessary to forget. Southern Spain, as it is, stimulates the imag-

ination, gives models rather than materials for the imagination; it is a place in which to remember.

When we reached Avila we were reminded of Gautier as he crossed the northern boundary of the province. "It became necessary to employ our best Castilian." For in Avila they speak Castilian, and they speak nothing else. It is as proud and fortified within its speech as within those wonderful dark granite walls which have endured since the time of the Battle of Hastings.

"It is called *Avila cantos y santos*," the Historian said.

"Saints and songs," suggested Doña.

"Usually stones and saints," he answered, "the old word sometimes meant stones."

"I like it better in the modern version," answered Doña.

"Only so strong a city does not suggest songs, even its bells jangle more than a little out of tune," I commented, as the bells from a parish tower began to sound.

"'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter,'" said Doña, as we went on.

The cathedral, San Salvador, the only one we were to see in all Spain not dedicated to

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the Virgin, is itself a veritable church militant. The apse forms part of the walls, "the fighting turret," with embattled parapet where men did battle for their city. In one of the towers of the west front, Alfonso Eleventh, of La Favorita fame, was kept during his boyhood by the bishop of Avila. The strange granite giants that guard the portal must have seemed strange even to him. The church within and without gives some suggestion of the French fortress-cathedral of Albi, the sheer lift of the walls, the simple height of the interior, with the meagre light let in through half-blocked windows. It is typical Romanesque of Spain, and there is still a touch of the Romanesque in the Spanish temperament.

— Here in Avila, where the church of Nuestra Serafica Madre Santa Teresa de Jesu stands, there came into the world that so typical Spanish saint, Saint Teresa. She longed for martyrdom at the hands of the Moors when only seven, and she became a martyr and made them. The Historian set forth that she was gazetted commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies against Napoleon before Wellington came to relieve her. And it was the Historian who murmured Longfellow's translation of her bookmark —

“ Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.”


The tomb of Prince Juan, son of the “ Catholic Kings,” is in the negligible church of San Tomas at the foot of the hill in the south part of the town. The beautiful marble work, so like that of the “ Catholic Kings ” at Granada, draws the sense of relationship close. How much of hope lay frustrate in this tomb. For Isabella, the daughter, had been taken from a convent and sent to Portugal to marry the heir to the throne, and to serve as a pawn in the Spanish game, only to die an early death; Catalina had been sent all the way from the Alhambra to England, to become the ill-fated Catherine of Aragon; and Juana had been sent to the Netherlands to become the bride of Philip the Handsome, and the unloyal and the early-dying. While in exchange for Juana, Margaret of Austria, sister to Philip, had been sent to Spain to become the bride of Prince Juan. I cannot but think if this happy, debon-

naire princess could have become the mother of a Philip, Spanish history would have been of a different colour. But as Prince Arthur of England, and Prince Philip of Austria-Spain, so Prince Juan of Spain sickened and died. And life could never have seemed the same to the Great Isabella after she laid him here — and Granada and America only five years gone by.

In this church of San Tomas they say Torquemada lies buried. But the keeper says not so. Not even the Historian could persuade him to tell us where. Heretics, so they say, have so mutilated the monument of this Grand Inquisitor that it is no longer shown. Parama, the Spanish historian, declares that "God was the first Inquisitor, and His condemnation of Adam and Eve was the model of the judicial forms observed in the trials of the Holy Office." What can you say after that? And even the Saintly Ferdinand heaped fagots on the burning piles of the *autos* with his own hands.


— We left Avila, to be whirled along in the late afternoon, conscious that in those foothills off to the left was *Madrigal de las Altas Torres*, a very little town, surrounded by its perfect geometrical circle of ancient walls, and the

birthplace of Isabella la Catolica. Who would not choose to be born in Madrigal of the High Towers? Certainly another time we shall visit it, if only for its name.

The road this afternoon was very dusty, and the late sun was early July and very Spanish. We reached Segovia in a disguise of dust. 

“ How can I live, fair planet,
From all thy lustre hid,
My body's in Segovia,
My soul is in Madrid.”

But we were lodged in a posada overlooking our last Soko, the Plaza del Azoquejo; so have the Castilians altered the evidence that far in the once-upon-a-time Segovia was held by the Moors. It has this in common with Toledo, and, like Toledo, was constantly the pawn in the Christian-Moslem struggle, never quite certain of its adherence.

We were not certain that we did not like Segovia better than Toledo. In truth, I think I may make the assertion that we did. Toledo is so aloof and self-conscious, and self-sufficient; and it is so tourist-trod. Segovia is placed at the end of a high ridge almost as imposingly; Spanish towns have a preference for such position. But Segovia is no hieratic 

city, and its people are human, and if they look on the visitor in a little wonder they have not yet become so inured to him that they regard him as prey. Segovia has the serenity of the Middle Ages, like Sienna. It lies in the heart of a great sun-baked plain, but there is more of greenness round about than at Toledo.

And above the Soko, reminiscent of the Moorish occupation, there runs that unsurpassed remnant of the Roman occupation, the aqueduct. It still stands without mortar, as the Romans made it in its granite tremendousness. Small wonder Marshall Ney said of some repairs on this masonry — “Here begins the work of men!” We found it more wonderful in itself than the better known Pont du Gard — although Provence is a lovely province in which to look on such awe-inspiring work. There is much in common between Provence and Spain. Go there after you have been in Spain, and you will think you are still in the Peninsula.

If El Greco is the explanation, the “secret of Toledo,” as Maurice Barres, with the hint of Spanish in his name and in his temperament, intimates, the open confession of Segovia is Ignacio Zuloaga. It was to visit this city that the Painting Lady came. Through her we



A CORNER IN SEGOVIA.



might see something of the landscape traditions which have made this painter, who to-day stands at the top of contemporary Spanish art.

I would not enter into discussion as to which it truly is, Sorolla or Zuloaga. But the Painting Lady had no such reserves. Although we had met her with Velasquez, and he is, in a way, a rival and his youth contemporary to El Greco, she made no compromise when it came to the moderns. And El Greco is Zuloaga's self-chosen forerunner, with always a dash of Goya.

There are other living Spanish painters, and half-Spanish painters, who jog the art-wearied critic into new enthusiasms. In our day, which is deserting Raphael's Madonnas for Titian's, Rubens for Rembrandt, romance for realism, and prefers John Sargent as the portrait painter psychologist preëminent, it is no wonder that the Spanish painters with their sense of sun, their vivid, uncompromising reds and blacks, their consciousness of the splendours of living whatever the environment, should have struck the note for which the world waited. Sorolla paints the sun. Zuloaga has an appreciation of the shadows, on the palette, in the temperament. The contrast between the

contemporary Murillo and Velasquez is not greater.

← For here is a brushman with a vivid national note who takes his Spain seriously, painting dancers and bull fighters it is true, but getting at Spain through these, getting at the depths of the national temper, which is deeper than you sense at a distance and as austere and intense to-day as when El Greco painted.

← With the Painting Lady we visited the studio of Daniel Zuloaga, uncle to Ignacio, and, like him, an artist and a nationalist and an appreciator of El Greco and Goya, but more of a dreamer than this painter, who, by the way, first found his appreciation in Barcelona, that home of causes to come.

The uncle has a studio in the old dismantled church of San Juan de los Cabelleros, one of the many twelfth century churches of this Middle-aged Segovia, where there are still churches to spare as studios. It lies on the outskirts of the sunny city, and here the uncle and his son make tiles as exquisite as those the Moors made centuries ago. Nowhere else in the world has the art been equalled of imprisoning colour in encaustic tiles so that it glows with the vivid intensity of painted glass.

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There is no call to pity Spain, which has such traditions and such upholders of traditions as these Spanish artists. "An artist's work should have national quality," Zuloaga has asserted. And we do not doubt that as the artists, so increasingly are the people.

One bit of Segovia reminded us, yes, even of the Gardens of the Alhambra. We saw the cathedral, of course, with its late Spanish-Gothic emptiness, which we agreed would have been more certain of our worship than Toledo, for it suggests emptiness to be filled. But we did not visit the Alcazar, not even in memory of Gil Blas, or of our King Charles, who so enjoyed the great trout furnished him out of the rivers, late mountain currents, which unite at the foot of the Alcazar hill.

We preferred to go down the hill and wander along the pathways with the waters on one side, and on the other side the old walls of the city, red-brown and old, based on Iberian foundations — so runs the ancientry of this city. The walls are graciously broken here and there and covered with luxurious green. We made one little excursion to the knight templar church, which lies beyond the joining of the rivers, with its memories of knights in days

when Spain was more ritualistic than it is to-day.

It was at twilight time that we found ourselves stretched out on a bit of green sward here, which was almost green enough and near enough to running water to make the heart glad in English fashion. We stayed until the echoing cry of the watchmen on the heights — *el serreno*, the serene one, so accurately do they name their functionaries — told us that the night was growing late; we heard him beneath our windows at intervals throughout the night, and the answering cry far off in the city, and again far off, persuading us that we were in the Middle Ages — “two o’clock and all is serene.”

~ We reviewed Segovia, and agreed, Painting Lady and Historian and Doña and I, that it has more of Spanish charm than any other city of Spain. (Of course I knew that Doña meant Northern Spain.) Above us the great Alcazar, with its sails spread, began to grow luminous and silver white in the early starlight, and the Historian reminded us that here once dwelt Alfonso the Wise, son to St. Ferdinand; and the Historian did not insist that we translate “*sabio*” into “learned.” It was in this castle that this Wise Alfonso said

that if he had been consulted at creation, he “could have suggested several improvements.” Doña reminded us that he was contemporary to Omar, who had wanted to “shatter it to bits.” Edward Everett Hale, with a delicious mediævalism which would have done credit to that Christian chronicler who recorded the death of Al-Manzur at Cordova, says — “If this saying were really uttered, which there are strong reasons to doubt, it is probable that the king had no blasphemous intentions in view, but that he was merely ridiculing the system, then received, of Ptolemy.”

And the Historian remembered that it must have been of this castle which he had not seen, that Emerson wrote —

“Masters, I’m in pain with you;
Masters, I’ll be plain with you;
In my palace of Castile,
I, a king, for kings can feel.
There my thoughts the matter roll,
And solve and oft resolve the whole.
And, for I’m styled Alphonse the Wise,
Ye shall not fail for sound advice.
Before ye want a drop of rain,
Hear the sentiment of Spain.”

The roads running to the North of Spain are better than elsewhere, since it is the route

the king takes in his motor car to San Sebastian. We determined to begin our start next morning as early as when Gautier went these ways, and rose at the dawn in order to escape the day. Because of this we should not see La Granja, where so much Spanish history has been made, in the troublous nineteenth century. Yet a new Infanta in the royal family, "a new baby to the Spains," as Mr. Dooley puts it, was sufficient reason for closing the gates. And we regretted more leaving far on the left Salamanca, Don Quixote Cervantes' town, which is said to be more Spanish than any other. But the Historian had to get on to Simancas.

There was no dew on the land, but in spite of this there was the early freshness of the world just after the dark, and here and there in the fields we could see men stirring at their work, for they knew the value of early rising. The wide, tawny plains, with their occasional forest of low pines, seemed to demand the march of infantry, the wheeling of cavalry. Here and there on the hillsides we could see flocks of sheep, perhaps the descendants of those flocks which used to cover the hills in the old days, when the monks of El Parral and the Escorial and of the many other monasteries

used to keep great numbers of sheep, and have them washed and clipped in the streams at Segovia. And the multitudes of pigs had not been reduced since Mr. Howells went that way, and wrote this so charming dissertation on unroasted pig —

“ At a venture I should not say that there were more black pigs in Old Castile than in Andalusia, as we observed them from the train, rooting among the unpromising stubble of the wheatlands. Rather I should say that the prevailing pig of all the Spains was brown, corresponding to the reddish blondness frequent among both the Visigoths and the Moors. The black pig was probably the original, pre-historic pig, or of an Italian strain imported by the Romans; but I do not offer this as more than a guess. The Visigothic or Arabian pig showed himself an animal of great energy and alertness wherever we saw him, and able to live upon the lean of the land where it was leanest. At his youngest he abounded in the furrows and hollows, matching his russet with the russet of the soil, and darting to and fro with the quickness of the hare. He was always of an ingratiating humourousness and endeared himself by an apparent readiness to enter into any joke that was going, especially

that of startling the pedestrian by his own sudden appearance from behind a tuft of grass or withered stalk."

— We reached Medina del Campo in the forenoon, pausing a moment at the castle, el Castillo de la Mota, just outside the town, which was built for the father of Isabella, was the prison of Cæsar Borgia, and was the place where the great queen died in November, 1504, leaving her kingdom not to Juana la Loca, but to that crafty husband, Ferdinand, and that Imperial grandson, Charles. Medina itself is but a "city of the plains," and might have been founded by Tubal Cain. But it had a certain historic situation to us, because it was here and while they were attending mass that news was brought to these Catholic Kings of the victory of Alhama, the beginning of the end.

— It was the Pious Isabella who determined to complete Alhama with Alhambra. No doubt she felt the significance of the news coming during mass; more than did her austere great-grandson when the victory of Lepanto was announced to him.

The country here about is filled with memories of Juana la Loca, who should have been queen. And the barren monotonous country is

her very fit background. Through these plains, from city to city, Juana carried with her the body of Philip the Handsome, keeping her long death-watch for fifty years, opening the casket from time to time, and near Tordesillas beyond Medina camping all the night in the snows rather than take Philip into a convent for shelter, the ruling passion of her jealousy strong to the death. Pradilla's famous picture has a suggestion of King Lear in its madness, but Juana's was really that of the quiet deeps, not of a tempest. It was fifty years after her mother died that Juana went to rejoin her lord.

We found it difficult to adjust ourselves to this Northern part of Spain, these Northern towns. They are entirely provincial, though Madrid is that also. But they have a crudeness about them, and a separation from their history which offended us. We trust that we have made it clear to you that we object not at all to the people of to-day living in their own towns, since they are theirs; we enjoyed the life of Seville. But here, and especially in Valladolid, there is a harshness to the life, to the surface of things.

We walked about this old capital under its brilliant electric light, wondering again at the

brilliance of electric light in Spain, and we found that Valladolid does live and likes living. But with a different accent from what we had known elsewhere. The Historian admitted that he had never found Valladolid to his taste, except in the very splendid documents of carved wood in the Museum; and the Painting Lady protested that but for the façade of San Pedro — which we went with her early next morning to see — there was nothing for her. So we contented ourselves in lingering out the evening in a café on the Plaza Mayor, which is almost as lively as the Puerta del Sol, and quite as historic as the Plaza Mayor in Madrid. It was here Imperial Charles killed his bull, and here Philip came to the great *auto da fé* in 1559. It was here that brave men had come to their taking off, because of the caprice of vacillating sovereigns. We shut out the brilliant light as we could, and imagined how the fires must have looked when the heretics were burned for the royal delight of Philip. No place in all Spain speaks more characteristically of the dark side of the Spanish temperament.

The next morning we said good-bye to these American friends; and Valladolid seemed more empty and more stern than ever. The

house in which Columbus died has been taken down, and after that we could not forgive Valladolid, nor accept the houses it had to offer. The house of Cervantes smells even worse than every traveller who had preceded us says it does; but what can you expect after four hundred years and in the Street of the Slaughterhouse? Still, it is something to have seen the very place where Don Quixote was born. And at this distance the smell does not seem so vile. The house where Philip Second actually as a baby entered this vale which he made so much more a vale of tears, is characteristic, stern and square, but with an attractive sun parlour on its roof. The Royal Palace we visited because Napoleon had lodged there, and perhaps had sunned himself in its charming *patio*; which gave us too much sun and must have given him too little. Valladolid scarcely seems the place for *patios*. The house which interested us most was the Casa del Sol, the House of the Sun, where that redoubtable ambassador, Count Gondomar, had lived, had died, on his return from England, which he made so nearly a province of Spain. Doña even insisted on searching out the house wherein Alonso Cano is said to have killed his wife — whom he may not have had — before his

flight to Granada. We were not certain of the house in which Ferdinand and Isabella were married, rather clandestinely in 1469, and we could not identify the house where Dr. Sangrado lived and taught Gil Blas the gentle art of mediæval surgery.

We were not sorry to take the afternoon train for the farther North.

“ My heart was happy when I turned to Burgos from Valladolid,
My heart that day was light and gay — it bounded like a kid.”

With a change in Lockhart's prepositions of direction we made the journey. Very Northern in truth is this Burgos, once the proud capital of Old Castile — and yet, we had scarce been in a city in all the Peninsula which did not arrogate to itself some peculiar ancestral splendour because of having been the capital; this arrogant characteristic of Aragon is not confined to that province; it would be an exception among Spanish cities not to have been a capital.

No one who ever visited Burgos failed to report on the cold. Mr. Howells heads his chapter specifically, “ Burgos and the cold of Burgos.” Gautier, coming toward the city,

DAY OF COLUMBUS

STREET SCENE, BURGOS.

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complained "the cold was still bitter, a regular Siberian temperature." And our Anglo-American friend of the Escorial was still shivering, is yet, I know, from the cold of Burgos thirty years ago.

We admit that after reading and hearing of these ancient and modern instances, we looked forward to Burgos. The customary "icy winds from the Guadarramas" had failed to blow on us. We should permit the old Castilian Burgos to be as intemperate with its winds and its cold as though we were shorn lambs.

And speaking of shorn lambs, let me say, since it is the first time I have thought of it and my last opportunity, that we suffered not once nor in the smallest degree from that debased currency which travellers so uniformly report out of Spain. Not even a bad "dog" came our way.

I may as well admit that Burgos, which may be cold, so cold that strong men die therefrom, can also be hot. It was hot all the days of our stay, not a heat that gives you fear, but the kind you can experience in Canada, in Winnipeg, where heat can be unmitigated but not dangerous. We appreciated the old saying of nine months *inverno*, and three months *inferno*

— exactly as it is said of Canada. But our experience was of inferno.

And yet we cared intensely for Burgos. And ~~not only because it was the first city~~ in the first country that ever assembled a parliament of the people; this in 1169, nearly a half-century before Simon de Montfort called Englishmen together to talk over public affairs. Perhaps it was because of this very republican event, so soon to be frustrated by absolute monarchs, that Burgos never seemed quite Spain to us.

Our hotel was kept by a French hostess, and was filled, for the time being, by a German party of ten couples and a guide, who had been crossing our paths all the way from Cordova. The entire thoroughness and entire absorption of the German travellers was much impressed upon us. One night at dinner we did not have artichokes, and they did! But it was not quite worth a battle.

And not even the robbery of artichokes could rob us of the Burgos cathedral, Santa Maria la Mayor, certainly the greater to us of all those Spanish cathedrals which are dedicated to the patron saint of Spain, the Virgin. It is called Spanish Gothic, but it has such reminding touches of Germany and of France

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THE EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, BURGOS.



that it seemed to us simply the most inspiring cathedral in the world. Of course we reserve the right to find equal inspiration in other cathedrals and to think them the most uplifting; although we know they will not be in Spain.

Spain offers nothing grander, and nothing so little obvious as Burgos. There are subtleties here, and romance and mystery. The church was begun within a decade of those two Northern satisfactions, Salisbury and Amiens, and it speaks plainly of the thirteenth century. Ferdinand the Saint, grandson to England, began it in honour of his marriage with Beatrice of Suabia. As she had brought with her the English bishop, Maurice, — although late investigators into these Spanish facts throw some doubt on his Anglicism, — Burgos is supposed to be Northern in inception; and it surely is Northern in inspiration, in that sense of reverence and mystery which is the gift of Northern Gothic to the church.

The exterior of Burgos was to us the most satisfying churchly thing we had seen in Spain. And you can see it; the ground is uneven but cleared more than is usual about Spanish churches which the people approach with such familiarity. The lovely twin spires fretting

the blue sky with their stone triumphs are the first evidence of Burgos across the Castilian plain, and the last memory of it as you go on. And the cathedral seen near at hand recalls what Tennyson said of Milan —

“ O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires! . . .
I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.”

Or, as Gautier said, “ a goodly fellowship of statues of saints, archangels, kings and monks, animate the design, and this population in stone is so numerous, so closely pressed, it swarms so amazingly, that unquestionably it is larger than the living population which inhabits the town.”

It is most elaborate and detailed, and it has many odd features and carries many styles no doubt, but still it has attained a harmony, and among the cathedrals of Christendom, to the seeing of which I confess myself given — I like to see how these people worshipped God within these confessional images of themselves — Burgos has ever a place very near the first.

No cathedral I have ever been in spoke to me with greater compelling actual beauty or

more mysterious sense of awe. There is a richness, a luxury of richness about it, which fills the place with loveliness yet does not crowd it, does not seem applied, is a part of the very being of the cathedral. The great piers of the crossing which support the lantern give a Romanesque suggestion to the church. They have engaged columns and are inset with large sculptured figures of the saints, which take from the severity.

It is the one church where I would not have protested the placing of choir and high altar. They occupy the very body of the church, extending even farther back than usual into the nave; they form distinctly a church within a church. The aisles of the cathedral form an ambulatory about this inner sanctuary, and the great pillars are screened between with rejas, even the crossing of the transepts is filled with wide, high screens, with open gates for entrance.

It was in the porch of the cathedral that we made the acquaintance of Juanito, our last *muchacho*, so I think it must be we like Burgos as well as any Spanish city. Juanito offered himself as companion quite gravely, if shyly. He was true Castilian. He knew where the things we ought to see were to be found. And

he was nine years old, and very small for that, and very chubby. His *madre* would think it right for him to accompany us that morning. And so he went. And we often wonder if, after a few years are rolled by, Juanito will be numbered among the numbers of soldiers we saw as we made our way through Spain; and we hope he will fight for the king; he was too truly Spanish and Castilian to be found by way of Barcelona.

“Cid,” said Juanito, wasting no time in asking or being asked questions of preference when the schedule was so definite. And we paid our respects to the bones of the condottiere which lie in the town hall, but not visible to the skeptical eye. The Cid was something of a mayor and it seems fitting that the Ayuntamiento should claim his remains. They must be “as white as a rain-washed bone” by this time. But it would take centuries of Spanish rains to wash “my Cid” clean of his high adventures as champion of diverse and opposing causes. Doña repudiated “my Cid” any way, and she declared him the first of mugwumps.

— In an anteroom of the cathedral chapter house we had seen the coffer which the Cid had filled with sand and represented as filled

with precious jewels and gold to the Jews of Burgos, who loaned him unsight and unseen. The Cid did pay back, and has since been noted as one of the world's greatest financiers. It reminded me not a little of the financing of a certain great transcontinental railroad in the United States which was purchased, in the first place, with the moneys of the workmen of a Great Company left in an Eastern bank until the men should come from the Far West for them; and the banker-president was a purchaser of the road and borrowed of his workmen their accumulated wages without warrant. There are even high financial parallels between Spain and America.

Then Juanito guided us past the cathedral to the Solar del Cid, the site where the Cid was born — or as Gautier says, “there is nothing to prove the contrary, and therefore there is no reason why we should not trust the tradition.”

The ruined castle is on the hill above, where the Cid dwelt and dictated right royally to kings and princes. It is ruined since the days when it defied Wellington, and blood-red poppies grow where there has been so much shedding of blood. But we looked at it with interest, not because the cruellest of so-called hu-

mans, Don Pedro, was born there, but with affection because our First Edward of England — Doña and I have a habit which may offend your anglophobia of claiming the kings and queens of English-speaking folk up to at least 1620 — was married to Eleanor, sister to the Wise Alfonso, “ dear queen ” of the English crosses.

From here, of course, we must go to Las Huelgas, and immediately, according to Doña’s sense of historic sequence. Juanito said *inmediamente* also, for the convent was closed at noon. And so this capable *chico* led us down by the river, and skilfully choosing the shaded side of shaded avenues of chestnuts which were white with blossom, he brought us to this ancient “ Place of the Pleasures.” The convent was founded by an Alfonso whose number is mixed, since he was of the succession of two different provinces. And he married our Eleanor of England, daughter of the wolfish Plantagenet, Henry II. And Alfonso founded Las Huelgas for his sins, or because of his defeat by the Moors at the battle of Alarcon.

“ What news, O king Alfonso,
What news of the Friars five,
Have they slain the Mirammamolin,
And are they still alive? ”

At Alarcon he did not defeat the Miramamolin, which Doña told me on our walk was no other than the Khalif of the time. I rolled the word over with satisfaction as we went on. But alas, in twenty years Alfonso defeated the Moors at Las Navas de Tolosa, even the Mirammamolin. It did seem so jabberwocky in the twentieth century.

It is a strange name for a place of expiation, but the Plantagenet days were strange in or out of England. There is a simplicity, an "earliness" about the architecture which fitly represents those twelfth century times; we might have been at Fontrevault, where Henry II lies buried — and then dug up again, like Omar's aureate earth. His daughter Eleanor lies here very quiet under her marble tomb.

The effigies of the knights are carefully shrouded to-day away from the gaze of the cloistered sisterhood. And yet the chapel of Santiago in this convent saw strange scenes more typical of the time than dying, which is universal. Before the altar of this chapel of the patron saint of Spain, those who would be knights *sans peur et sans reproche* have knelt night-long, watching their arms and keeping vigil that on the morning they might go forth

and battle for God and the right. Ferdinand the Saint made vigil here, and so also did Alfonso the Eleventh, of Salado and of Leonora.

But chiefly we remembered that before this very altar and in the dark shadows of this very chapel, so many nights ago it is back to 1254, Edward, who had come out of the English North for his Castilian bride, knelt here in the simple faith of those large, simple times, and won his knighthood. King Arthur still had a meaning then. And we remembered that it is in this very Spain, at Monserrat near Barcelona, that Parsifal, the pure knight, found the Holy Grail.

The convent is still the home of nuns; the North of Spain has been filled with the exiled orders from France and the Philippines during the past few years. The women of the convent were and are high born, and the abbess was a very great personage, with the powers of life and death over all subjects or temporary subjects. We ventured to wonder if she still possessed that power, and we doubted if she was either of the shy sisters who went about with us. But in spite of the *horca y cuchilla*, we did not hasten from this, to us so romantic a spot.

To Miraflores we went next morning to do

honour to Isabella as she herself has done honour to her sovereign father and mother. The road which Juanito led us through on the early summer morning runs through avenues of tall poplar trees along the river bank. The Cartuju is older than the "early Spanish" of Las Huelgas, and except that it possesses some of the most magnificent sculptures in the world, it did not so tease us out of thought. No doubt after all our Peninsular pilgrimage, we are too English not to prefer the tomb of the sister of Cœur de Lion to that of Juan II, grandson of John of Gaunt, and of Isabella of Portugal, parents of Isabella the Great.

But the sculptured ~~architecture~~ holds the appreciation in awe. Particularly we were impressed with the sixteen lions which support the royal arms, more leonine than at the Alhambra, and we wondered if Isabella made the comparison or only recalled Leon.

It was interrogatory to come upon the tomb of the Infante, brother to Isabella, and wonder what might have been the fate of the great queen had the Infante lived; no doubt as an abbess, the greatest abbess, with the powers of life and death in her hands.

The church of this Cartuja is whitewashed into utmost monotony. And at the early morn-

ing prayers, when surely the entire brotherhood should have been praying, only two white-robed monks, with their deep-set, inquisitorial eyes roving from the book to us, from us to the book, muttered the prayers which perhaps give peace to these long dead monarchs.

It was good to find our way back to the avenue of poplars where Juanito awaited us, and where we spent the rest of the morning exchanging English for Spanish. We trust you may find it good currency should you go thither within a few years.

It was our last night in Burgos and in Spain; for San Sebastian, in spite of its history, is in Spain but not of it. We were leaving so much unexplored territory to east and west, from Valencia, whence Mary Queen of Scots once received a present of red silk stockings that must have become her well, to Santiago de Compostella, where the holiest shrine of the patron Saint James stands in all its splendour, and where in the fifteenth century as many English pilgrims came as English tourists come to-day. But sometime we should return to Spain, and in order to do justice to Northern Spain we should enter by the North and battle with the Christians to beat back the tide of Infidel invasion — if we could.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, BURGOS.

NO. 100
JANUARY 1900

On this last night in Burgos we happened quite by chance upon one of our high moments. After dinner, when there was still a little daylight left, we walked toward the cathedral to see once more the night come down and darken the openwork of those lovely silver filigree spires until they were dark against the dark. At the Gate of the Furriers we saw people entering, townspeople, men and women. And we entered with them, to find the cathedral at its holiest moment.

It was dark in the aisles, and we could but sense the great pillars that bulked dark against the darkness. In the upper heights of the clerestory and the lantern day still lingered and threw deep shadows and cast high lights in a striking contrast. Within the rejas, in the "inner church," the people were gathering. The altar blazed with candles which threw their light on the kneeling figures that increasingly filled the processional nave of the church.

A faint trembling, and the stillness was broken by the organ playing some ethereal music which must have been Mozart; I can think of nothing else which would have sounded with such perfection of accompaniment to the very scene itself; and the voices were exqui-

site, the most beautiful we had heard in the Peninsula.

There was chanting and response from the altar; and then while the organ played in shadowy tones that seemed rather to be evoked in the high places still touched with daylight and to be lingering there, the priests who had been chanting came down from the choir, perhaps thirty of them, all in dark robes and each carrying a candle. Making their way through the narrow processional path left between the ranks of kneeling figures, they, too, knelt at the foot of the altar, still chanting softly as the organ whispered in echoes through the darkening spaces of the cathedral.

Then the chanting ceased, and only the whisper of the organ in a soft *vox humana* spoke the twilight mood of the hour and service.

The priest before the altar, whose robe may have been red, but the dark of the night claimed it as black, half murmured, half sang, out of an unfamiliar ritual, and the kneeling priests answered in a low, antiphonal cry, like the cry of the Good Friday spell. The altar candles blazed and the single candles here and there glimmered like stars; but above in the high places day had well nigh faded.

There were so many things in Spain that

seemed of other time than ours that we had grown accustomed to accept its other worldliness, its other timeliness, without question if with continued wonder. And this processional vesper, which in Spain is sung at twilight for ten days after Corpus Christi, was the very climax of the mystery of its living faith, the very visible embodiment of its vital mediævalism.

We lingered on in the cathedral until the organ had ceased to whisper and the voices were silent and the dark figures had faded into the dark. And only we apparently were left in all the mysterious holy place, even more mysterious and beautiful now as we could but remember its loveliness while in the very place. And far beyond us, as it were, through the centuries, one single point of perpetual light glimmered before a high shrine.

As we went next day to the North on the Sud express, Doña asked me the old question — “What rhymes with Spain?” I should have been unworthy of our hundred and one days and nights had I not been able to answer — “Again.”

THE END.

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